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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
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VOLUME IX

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FÉNELON

FÉNELON.

François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, a French prelate and religious writer, born at Perigord, Dordogne, Aug. 6, 1651; died at Cambrai, Jan. 7, 1715. At the age of twelve he entered the University of Cahors, and finished his philosophical studies in the Collège du Plessis, at Paris. He then gave himself to work as a preacher and catechist in the parish of St. Sulpice, until his appointment as Superior of the Nouvelles Catholiques. He wrote a treatise "On the Education of Girls," which became an elementary work of high repute among the upper classes of France. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Fénelon was appointed head of a mission among the Protestants of Poitou and Saintonge. On his return to Paris, he was appointed preceptor of the King's grandsons, the Duke of Burgundy, the heir-apparent to the crown, and the Dukes of Anjou and Berry. For the use of the princes Fénelon wrote his "Fables," the "Dialogues of the Dead," "Directions for the Conscience of a King," "Abridgment of the Lives of Ancient Philosophers," and the "Adventures of Telemachus," embodying the principles which he made the groundwork of his royal pupils' education.

In 1694, the abbacy of St. Valery was given him. In the following year Louis XIV. raised Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambrai.

Fénelon was not long to enjoy the royal favor. He had some years before become acquainted with Madame Guyon, was strongly attracted by the doctrine of "Quietism," became involved in the controversy which ensued, and at length wrote the "Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieur." The French prelates, notable among whom was Bossuet, took strong ground against the "Maximes." Fénelon was deprived of his place as preceptor in the royal family, and was ordered to retire to his See of Cambrai. Just about this time was printed his "Adventures of Telemachus," which he had written many years before for the amusement and instruction of his royal pupils. Louis conceived the work to be a satire upon himself and his Court, and ordered every copy to be destroyed; and Fénelon was ordered to confine himself strictly to his own diocese. Here the remaining fifteen years of his life were

spent in the exercise of every virtue. The works of Fénelon embrace many subjects: theology, philosophy, literature, history, oratory, spirituality. They have been collected in twenty octavo volumes. His letters are many and interesting. "Telemachus" has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. After "Telemachus," his "Demonstration of the Existence of God" is his most important work.

Calypso Seeks To Detain Telemachus.

(From "The Adventures of Telemachus.")

When Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immovably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "What men," said they, "are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part; and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage, by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complaisance, of firmness and modesty! If he was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god — for Bacchus, for Mercury, or perhaps, even for Apollo himself! But who is this Mentor? His first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of a mean condition; but when he is examined with attention, something inexpressible is discovered, something that is more than mortal!"

Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion she could not hide; her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to request a repetition of the story to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length she rose hastily from her seat, and taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighboring grove of myrtle, where she labored with all her art to learn from him whether Mentor was not a deity concealed under a human form. It was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeness of Mentor, thought him too young to be trusted with the secret, and made the confidant of her designs. She was, besides, desirous to prove him in the greatest dangers; and no fortitude would have been necessary to sustain him against any evil, however dreadful and however near, if he had known himself

to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, mistook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypso to discover what she wished to know were ineffectual.

In the meantime the nymphs who had been left with Mentor gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions. One inquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complaisance and affability; and though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant but graceful.

The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation: her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse. The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle though irresistible influence; but in Mentor there was something which defeated her eloquence and eluded her beauty — something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock that hides its foundation in the earth, and its summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immovable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him with the utmost indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but, just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavoring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes laboring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to inflame the breast of the young hero with desire, and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Tele-

machus, for having treated the worship which she received at Cyprus with disdain; and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief. She therefore complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his superior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the father of the gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could.

The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son. The grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms:

"Who, my son, shall henceforth burn incense upon our altars, if those who despise our power escape unpunished? The wretches who have thus offended with impunity are before thee; make haste, therefore, to secure our honor, and let thy arrows pierce them to the heart: go down with me to that island, and I will speak to Calypso." The goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

"Unhappy goddess!" said she, "thou hast already been despised and deserted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not only of love, but of gratitude should have bound to thee; and the son, yet more obdurate than the father, is now preparing to repeat the insult. But love comes in person to avenge thee; I will leave him with thee; and he shall remain among the nymphs of this island as Bacchus did once among those of the island of Naxos, who cherished him in his infancy. Telemachus will regard him, not as a deity, but as a child; and, not being on his guard against him, will be too sensible of his power." The Queen of Beauty, then turning from Calypso, reascended to Olympus in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth, and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance, which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfumes.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso. Though she was herself a deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her, and Calypso put the boy into her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear. The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging. His playful caresses and perpetual smiles might well have persuaded all about him that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is open to his endearments, it feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view but to betray; and his smiles have no cause, but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates.

But, with all his power and all his subtlety, he did not dare to approach Mentor. In Mentor there was a severity of virtue that intimidated and kept him at a distance; he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the meantime, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing sometimes with one of these nymphs and sometimes with another, was surprised at his sweetness and beauty. He sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause; and the more he endeavored to remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. "The nymphs of Calypso," said he to Mentor, "are very different from the women of Cyprus, whose indecent behavior rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms. In these immortal beauties there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love." The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why. He could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse, which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible.

"O Telemachus," said Mentor to him, "the dangers to which you were exposed in the isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison with those which you do not now suspect. Vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror; we are indignant at the wanton who has thrown off all restraint; but

our danger is much greater when the appearance of modesty remains; we then persuade ourselves that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is indeed the object, and which we seldom learn to distrust till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth; but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt; he has already pierced the heart of Calypso, who is enamored of you; he has inflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth, although thou knowest it not!"

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor during this admonition. "Why," said he, "should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth; he has, without doubt, been long buried in the deep: Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor among the number that surrounds her, especially as it can scarcely be supposed but that her father Icarus must have exerted his paternal authority to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance, and be witness to the violation of that truth which she plighted to my father? And if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people. Neither, indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed at every port, a band of ruffians, to cut us off at our return."

"All that you have said," replied Mentor, "is only another proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labor with great subtlety to find every argument that can favor it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned. You are ingenious only to deceive yourself, and to secure forbidden pleasures from the intrusion of remorse. Have you forgotten that the gods themselves have interposed to favor your return? Was not your escape from Sicily supernatural? Were not the misfortunes that you suffered in Egypt

converted into sudden and unexpected prosperity? and were not the dangers which threatened you at Tyre averted by an invisible hand? Is it possible that, after so many miracles, you should still doubt to what end you have been preserved? But why do I remonstrate? Of the good fortune that was designed for thee, thou art unworthy. As for myself, I make no doubt but I shall find means to quit this island; and if here thou art determined to stay, here am I determined to leave thee. In this place let the degenerate son of the great Ulysses hide himself among women, in the shameful obscurity of voluptuousness and sloth; and stoop, even in spite of heaven, to that which his father disdained."

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart. He was melted with tenderness and grief; but his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor, and the loss of that companion to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted. But, at the same time, the passion which had just taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. "What!" said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon as nothing that immortality which I may now share with Calypso?" "I hold as nothing," replied Mentor, "all that is contrary to the dictates of virtue and to the commands of heaven. Virtue now calls you back to your country, to Ulysses, and to Penelope. Virtue forbids you to give up your heart to an unworthy passion. The gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, that your name might not be less illustrious than that of Ulysses, command you to quit this island. Only the tyranny of love can detain you here. Immortality! alas, what is immortality without liberty, without virtue, and without honor? Is it not a state of misery without hope — still more deplorable, as it can never end?"

To this expostulation Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes without fearing to be reproached for his weakness. A thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns. His mind, therefore, was like the sea when agitated by contending winds. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained

a long time extended motionless on the beach; sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints. His body had become emaciated; his eyes had grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered as scarcely to be known. His beauty, his sprightliness, and his vigor had forsaken him. All the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost, and life itself suffered by a swift but silent decay. As a flower that blooms in the morning, fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colors, droops, withers, and at length falls with its own weight, so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from its most pernicious effects. He had remarked that Calypso was enamored of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis; for, as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens that we are loved by those whom we love. He therefore resolved to make Calypso jealous. It having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus that they should go out together a hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. "I have observed," said he, "that Telemachus has of late been more fond of the chase than I ever knew before; he seems now to take pleasure in nothing else, and is in love only with mountains and forests. Is the chase also thy favorite pleasure, O Goddess? and has he caught this ardor from thee?"

Calypso was so stung by this question, that she could neither dissemble her emotion nor hide the cause. "This Telemachus," said she, "whose heroic virtues despised the pleasures that were offered him in the isle of Cyprus, has not been able to withstand the charms of one of my nymphs, who is not remarkable for beauty. How did he dare to boast of having achieved so many wonders? — he, whom luxury has rendered sordid and effeminate, and who seems to have been intended by nature only for a life of indolence and obscurity among women!" Mentor observed with pleasure that Calypso suffered great anguish from her jealousy, and therefore said nothing more to inflame it at that time, lest she should suspect his design; but he assumed a look that expressed dejection and concern. The goddess manifested, without reserve, her uneasiness at all she saw, and

incessantly entertained him with new complaints. The hunting-match, to which Mentor had called her attention, exasperated her beyond all bounds. She knew that Telemachus had nothing in view but to draw Eucharis from the rest of the nymphs, that he might speak to her in private. A second hunting-match was proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso knew that it was intended for the same purpose as the first. In order to disconcert the plans of Telemachus, she declared she would be of the party. But, her emotion being too violent to be concealed, she suddenly broke out into this reproachful expostulation:

"Is it thus, then, presumptuous boy, that thou hast made my dominions an asylum from the resentment of Neptune and the righteous vengeance of the gods? Hast thou entered this island, which mortals are forbidden to approach, only to defy my power and despise my love? Hear me, ye gods of the celestial and infernal world, let the sufferings of an injured deity awaken your vengeance! Overtake this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious mortal, with swift destruction! Since thy obduracy and injustice are greater than thy father's, may thy sufferings also be longer and more severe! May thy country be forever hidden from thy eyes, — that wretched, that despicable country, which, in the folly of thy presumption, thou hast, without a blush, preferred to immortality with me! or rather, mayst thou perish, when in the distant horizon it first rises before thee! mayst thou then, plunged in the deep, be driven back, the sport of the waves, and cast lifeless upon these sands, which shall deny thee burial! May my eyes see the vultures devour thee! — they shall see them, and she whom thou lovest shall see them also; she shall see them with despair and anguish, and her misery shall be my delight!"

While Calypso was thus speaking, her whole countenance was suffused with rage: there was a gloomy fierceness in her looks, which continually hurried from one object to another. Her lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded them; and her color, which was sometimes pale as death, changed every moment. Her tears, which she had been used to shed in great plenty, now ceased to flow, as if despair and rage had dried up their source; and her voice was hoarse, tremulous, and interrupted.

Mentor remarked all the changes of her emotions, but said nothing more to Telemachus. He treated him as a man infected with an incurable disease, to whom it was in vain to ad-

minister remedies; but he frequently regarded him with a look that strongly expressed his compassion.

Telemachus was sensible of his weakness, and conscious that he was unworthy of the friendship of Mentor. He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should meet those of his monitor, by whose very silence he was condemned. He was often ready to throw himself upon his neck, and at once confess and renounce his folly; but he was sometimes restrained by a false shame, and sometimes by a consciousness that his profession would not be sincere, and by a secret fondness for a situation which, though he knew it to be dangerous, was yet so pleasing, that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the meantime the deities of Olympus kept their eyes fixed, in silent suspense, upon the island of Calypso, to see the issue of this contest between Venus and Minerva. Cupid, who like a playful child had been caressed by all the nymphs in their turns, had set every breast on fire. Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herself of that jealousy which is inseparable from love, to preclude its effects; and Jupiter resolved to sit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might escape from her chains, practiced a thousand arts to detain him. She was now ready to go out with him to the second chase, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dressed herself like Diana. The deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now superior even to those of Calypso. Calypso beheld her at a distance; and, seeing her own reflection also in a fountain near which she stood, the comparison filled her with grief and shame. She hid herself in the innermost recess of her grotto, and gave herself up to these reflections:

"I have then vainly endeavored to interrupt the pleasure of these lovers, by declaring that I will go with them to the chase. Shall I still go? Alas! shall I be a foil to her beauties? shall I increase her triumph and his passion? Wretch that I am! what have I done? I will not go, nor shall they: I know well how to prevent them. If I entreat Mentor to quit the island with his friend, he will immediately conduct him to Ithaca. But what do I say? When Telemachus is gone, what will become of Calypso? Where am I? what shall I do? O cruel Venus! O Venus, thou hast deceived me! thou hast betrayed me with a fatal gift! Pernicious boy! I opened my

heart to thee, seduced by the pleasing hope that thou wouldst introduce felicity; but thou hast perfidiously filled it with anguish and despair. My nymyhs have combined against me, and my divinity serves only to perpetuate my sufferings. Oh that I could put an end to my being and my sufferings together! But I cannot die, and therefore, Telemachus, thou shalt not live. I will revenge myself of thy ingratitude; thy nymph shall be the witness of thy punishment: in her presence will I strike thee to the heart. But I rave. O unhappy Calypso, what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou destroy the guiltless youth whom thou hast already made wretched? It is I that have kindled, in the chaste bosom of Telemachus, a guilty flame. How pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue! how noble his detestation of vice, how heroic his disdain of inglorious pleasure! Why did I taint so immaculate a breast? He would have left me, alas! And must he not leave me now? or, since he lives but for my rival, if he stays, must he not stay only to despise me? But I have merited the misery that I suffer. Go then, Telemachus; again let the seas divide us: go, and leave Calypso without consolation, unable to sustain the burden of life,—unable to lay it down in the grave. Leave me, without consolation, overwhelmed with shame, and despoiled of hope, the victim of remorse, and the scorn of Eucharis."

Thus she spoke alone in the obscurity of her grotto; but the next moment, starting suddenly from her seat, she ran out with a furious impetuosity, and cried out: "Where art thou, Mentor? Is it thus that thy wisdom sustains Telemachus against the mischief that is even now ready to overwhelm him? Thou sleepest while love is vigilant against thee. I can bear this slothful indifference no longer. Wilt thou always see the son of Ulysses dishonor his birth, and forego the advantages of his fortune, with this negligent tranquillity? It is to thy care and not mine, that his friends have committed him; wilt thou, then, sit idle while I am busy for his preservation? The remotest part of this forest abounds in tall poplars, of which a commodious vessel may easily be built; in that place Ulysses himself built the vessel in which he set sail from this island. In that place you will find a deep cave, which contains all the implements that are necessary for the work."

She had no sooner given Mentor this intelligence than she repented of it; but he lost not a moment to improve it. He

hastened immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and in one day constructed a vessel fit for the sea; for, to Minerva, a short time was sufficient for a great work.

Calypso, in the meantime, suffered the most tormenting anxiety and suspense. She was impatient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information, and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chase. Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers, and therefore she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest where she supposed Mentor would be at work. She soon thought she heard the strokes of the ax and the mallet; she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted in the very moment of attention by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sigh or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to rally her lover. "Are you not afraid," said she, "that Mentor will chide you for going to the chase without him? What a pity it is that you have so severe a master! He has an austerity that nothing can soften; he affects to despise pleasure himself, and therefore interdicts it to you, not excepting the most innocent amusements. It might, indeed, be proper for you to submit to his direction before you were able to govern yourself; but after you have given such proofs of wisdom, you ought no longer to suffer yourself to be treated like a child."

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart: he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke, yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work. Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance: a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes. Her knees trembled, she was covered with a cold sweat, and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her; among whom Eucharis pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had finished his work, and had retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended? She could

not answer him immediately; but at length she told him it was to send away Mentor, whom she had directed to build it for that purpose. "You," said she, "shall be no longer distressed by the austerity of that severe censor, who opposes your happiness, and would become jealous of your immortality."

"To send away Mentor!" said Telemachus. "If he forsakes me I am undone; if he forsakes me, whom shall I have left, Eucharis, but thee?" Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprise and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import. He discovered his indiscretion the moment it was too late; the whole company was struck dumb with confusion; Eucharis blushed and fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear. But, though shame glowed upon her cheek, joy reveled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection that he scarcely knew what he had done: the whole appeared to him like a dream, but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going. At length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting her return. "Begone," said she, "from this island, O stranger, who art come hither only to interrupt my peace! Begone, thou hoary dotard, with that infatuated boy, and be assured that, if he is found another hour within my dominions, thou shalt know the power of a deity to punish. I will see him no more, nor will I suffer my nymphs to have any further intercourse with him. This I swear by the waters of the Styx, an oath at which the inhabitants of eternity tremble. But thou, Telemachus, shalt know that thy sufferings are yet but begun. I dismiss thee from this island, but it is only to new misfortunes; I will be revenged, and thou shalt regret the abuse of my bounty in vain. Neptune still resents the injury which he received from thy father in Sicily, and solicited by Venus, whose worship thou hast since despised in the isle of Cyprus, he is now preparing to excite new tempests against thee. Thou shalt see thy father, who is not dead; but when thou seest him, thou shalt not know him. Thou shalt meet him in Ithaca, but thou shalt first suffer the severest persecutions of fortune. Begone! I conjure the celestial deities to revenge me! Mayst thou be suspended in the middle of the deep, by the crag of

some solitary and naked rock: there may the thunder strike thee from above; and there mayst thou invoke Calypso, who shall scorn thy repentance and enjoy thy punishment."

But the rage of Calypso evaporated with the very breath that expressed it, and the desire of retaining Telemachus revived in her bosom. "Let him live," said she to herself, "and let him live here; perhaps in time he will learn to set a just value upon my friendship, and reflect that Eucharis has no immortality to bestow. But, alas! I have insnared myself by an inviolable oath; it has bound me with everlasting bonds, and the waters of the Styx, by which I have sworn, preclude forever the return of hope." While these thoughts passed silently in her bosom, all the furies were painted upon her countenance, and all the pestilential vapors of Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance struck Telemachus with horror. She instantly perceived it,—for what is hidden from the perspicacity of love?—and the discovery added new violence to her frenzy. She suddenly started away from the place where she stood, with all the fury that inspires the votaries of Bacchus when their shouts echo from the mountains of Thrace; she rushed into the woods with a javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs to follow her, and threatening to pierce those who should stay behind. Terrified at this menace they thronged round her, and Eucharis among the rest, her eyes swimming in tears, and her last look directed to Telemachus, to whom she did not dare to speak. The goddess trembled when she approached her, and was so far from being softened by her submission, that she burned with new rage when she perceived that affliction itself only heightened her beauty.

Telemachus was now left alone with Mentor. After a short interval of silence and confusion, he threw himself on the ground, and embraced his knees: he did not dare to throw himself on his neck, or even to lift up his eyes upon him. He burst into tears: he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him, and he was yet more at a loss for words: he knew not what he ought to do, what he did, or what he would do; but at length he cried out: "O more than father! O Mentor! deliver me from the evils that surround me. I can neither forsake nor follow you: deliver me from evils that are worse than death; deliver me from myself; put an end to my being!"

Mentor embraced him, comforted and encouraged him; and, without soothing his passion, reconciled him to life.

TELEMACHUS and MENTOR,
after having Suffered Shipwreck Arriving at the
ISLAND of CALYPSO.

On Fidelity in Small Matters.

(From "Christian Counsels.")

Great virtues are rare; they are seldom needed; and, when the occasion comes, we are prepared for it by everything which has preceded, excited by the greatness of the sacrifice, and sustained either by the brilliancy of the action in the eyes of others, or by self-complacency in our ability to do such wonderful things. Small occasions, however, are unforeseen; they recur every moment, and place us incessantly in conflict with our pride, our sloth, our self-esteem, our haughtiness, and our readiness to take offense; they are calculated thoroughly to subdue our wills, and leave us no retreat. It would please us much better to make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, on condition of obtaining liberty to follow our own desires and retain our old habits in all the little details of life. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that the grace of true love to God can be sustained, and distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

Sometimes we cling more tenaciously to a trifle than to a great interest. It would give us more pain to relinquish an amusement than to bestow a great sum in charity. We are more easily led away by little things, because we believe them more innocent, and imagine that we are less attached to them; nevertheless, when God deprives us of them, we soon discover, from the pain of privation, how excessive and inexcusable was our attachment to them. Besides, if we are in the habit of neglecting little things, we shall be constantly offending our family, our domestics, and the public. No one can well believe that our piety is sincere, when our behavior is lax and irregular in its little details. What probability is there that we should not hesitate to make the greatest sacrifices, when we shrink from the smallest?

But the greatest danger of all consists in this, that, by neglecting small matters, the soul becomes accustomed to unfaithfulness. We grieve the Holy Spirit, we return to ourselves, we consider it nothing to fail in our duty to God. On the other hand, true love thinks nothing small; all that can either please or displease Him always seems to be great; not that true love disturbs the soul with constraint and weak scruples, but it puts no limits to its faithfulness. It acts simply with God; and, as

it does not concern itself about those things which God does not require from it, so it never hesitates a moment about what He does command, whether it be great or small.

Those persons, who are naturally less exact in small matters, ought to make an inviolable law with themselves in respect to them. They are tempted to despise them; they have a habit of thinking them of no consequence, and do not sufficiently estimate their importance; they are not aware of the insensible growth of the passions; they forget even their own most fatal experiences. "It is a trifle," they say; "it is a mere nothing." True; but it is a nothing which will be everything to you; it is a trifle which you love well enough to refuse to give it up to God; a trifle which you pretend to despise in words, that you may have an excuse for retaining it; it is a trifle which you hold back from God, and which will be your ruin.

There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance, which have in fact such extensive consequences. The more trouble it occasions us to be on our guard against small matters, the more need have we to fear negligence, to distrust our strength, and to interpose invincible barriers between ourselves and the least remissness.

Finally, judge by your own feelings. What would you think of a friend who owed everything to you, and who was willing from a sense of duty to serve you on those rare occasions which are called great, but who should manifest neither affection nor the least regard for your wishes in the common intercourse of life?

Do not be afraid of this continual attention to small things; it needs courage at first, but it is a penance which you deserve, which you need, and which will bring you peace and security; without it, all is trouble and relapse. God will gradually render this state pleasant and easy to you, for true love is attentive without constraint and without disturbance of spirit.

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On Simplicity.

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul which checks all useless dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. It is different from

sincerity, which is a much lower virtue. We see many people who are sincere without being simple; they say nothing but what they believe to be true, and do not aim at appearing anything but what they are; but they are always in fear of passing for something they are not; they are always thinking about themselves, weighing all their words and thoughts, and dwelling upon what they have done in the fear of having done too much or too little.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too sedate; the soul is not carried away by external things, so as to be unable to reflect; neither does it make those continual references to self, which a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to dwell upon those which it has already taken, is true simplicity.

Dwelling too much upon self, produces in weak minds useless scruples and superstition, and in stronger minds a presumptuous wisdom which is incompatible with the spirit of God. Both are contrary to true simplicity, which is free and direct, and gives itself up to God without reserve, and with a generous self-forgetfulness. How free, how intrepid are the motions, how glorious the progress that the soul makes when delivered from all low and interested and unquiet cares.

If we desire that our friends be simple and free with us, disencumbered of self in their intimacy with us, how much more must God, our true Friend, desire that we should surrender our souls to Him, without fear or reserve, in that holy and sweet communion with Himself which He allows us! It is this simplicity which is the perfection of the true children of God. This is the end which we must have in view, and to which we must be continually advancing.

This deliverance of the soul from all useless and selfish and unquiet cares, brings to it an unspeakable peace and freedom; this is true simplicity. It is easy to perceive at the first glance, how glorious it is; but experience alone can show how it enlarges the heart. We are like a little child in the arms of its mother; we wish nothing more, we fear nothing for ourselves; in this purity of heart we are no longer anxious about what others may think of us, save so far as charity would shun scandal; we do everything as it arises as well as possible, quietly, cheerfully, heartily, regardless of success or failure.

But you will ask, how can I help being occupied with myself when a crowd of anxious thoughts disturbs me, tyrannizes over me and sets me ill at ease? I only ask that which is in your own power. Never voluntarily give way to these disturbing anxieties, that is enough; faithfulness in resisting them whenever you perceive them, will deliver you from them by degrees; but do not seek a collision with them in order to have a combat; you would only feed the evil. A continual attempt to repress thoughts of self and self-interest, would continually occupy our thoughts with ourselves, and would turn our minds away from the sense of God's presence and the duties which he has laid upon us.

The great thing is to yield ourselves up sincerely to God, to place all our interests, pleasures, comfort, and reputation in His hands. He who unreservedly accepts whatever God may give him in this world — humiliation, trouble, and trial from within or from without — has begun to fortify himself against self-love; he does not fear the disapproval of men, or feel anxiety to avoid their criticism; he is no longer sensitive, or if he finds himself wincing, he deals so severely with his sensitiveness that it soon diminishes.

This state of entire resignation and perpetual acquiescence produces true liberty, and this liberty brings perfect simplicity. The soul which knows no self-seeking, no interested ends, is thoroughly candid; it goes on straightforward without hindrance, its path opens daily more and more to "perfect day," in proportion as its self-renunciation and its self-forgetfulness increase; and its peace, amid whatever troubles beset it, will be as boundless as the depths of the sea.

A person full of defects, who does not attempt to hide them, who does not seek to dazzle, who does not affect either talents or virtue, who does not appear to think of himself more than of others, but to have lost sight of this self of which we are so jealous, pleases greatly in spite of his defects. On the contrary, a person full of acquired virtues, talents, and outward graces, if he appear artificial, if he seem to be always thinking of himself, if he affect even the best things, becomes repulsive, wearisome, and distasteful to all.

But, you will say, am I never to think of myself or of what affects me, and never to speak of myself? No indeed, you need not practice such constraint; such an attempt at being simple would destroy all simplicity. What is to be done then? Make

no rules about it, but try to avoid all affectation. When you are disposed to talk about yourself from vanity, thwart this strong desire by quietly turning your attention to God, or to some duty He sets before you.

As to our faults, we should be watchful to correct them. There are many ways of doing this, but in general, it is certain that we shall extirpate our faults more surely by recollection, by the habit of checking eager longings and dislikes, in short, by pure love and unselfish surrender to God, than by an uneasy self-inspection. When God undertakes the work, and we do not frustrate Him, it goes on apace.

Such simplicity shows in the outward appearance, and makes people natural and unaffected: they act without thinking of themselves or of their actions by a sort of uprightness of will, which is inexplicable to those who have not experienced it. This true simplicity has sometimes a careless and irregular appearance, but it has the charm of candor and truth, and sheds around it an indescribable artlessness, sweetness, innocence, cheerfulness, and peace; a loveliness that wins us when we see it intimately, and with pure eyes.

Freedom of the Will.

This is the foundation of all merit and demerit; it is this that makes the justice of reward or punishment. Hence it is that we exhort, reprove, menace, or promise. This is the foundation of all government, of all instruction, and of all rules of conduct. Everything in human life brings us to this conclusion, that there is nothing over which we have such entire control, as our own wills; and that we have this free will, this power of election, between two things equally in our reach. It is this truth that the shepherds sing among the mountains, that merchants and artisans take for granted in their negotiations, that the actor represents on the stage; the magistrate recognizes it in his decisions, and learned doctors teach it in their schools; it is what no man of sense can seriously doubt. This truth imprinted on our hearts is acknowledged in the practice of those philosophers who attempt to overthrow it by their chimerical speculations. The internal evidence of this truth is like that we have of those first principles, which have no need of demonstration, and by which we prove other truths less certain.

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER.

Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, a Scottish novelist, born at Edinburgh, Sept. 7, 1782; died there, Nov. 5, 1854. Her father, James Ferrier, was for a time one of the Clerks of the Court of Sessions with Sir Walter Scott. She herself was an intimate friend of the author of "Waverley," and contributed much to relieve the sadness which overclouded the later years of his life. She wrote only three novels: "Marriage" (1818), "The Inheritance" (1824), and "Destiny" (1831). These novels were all published anonymously, and by many the authorship was attributed to Scott. Thus in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (November, 1826), the Ettrick Shepherd is made to say: "I aye thocht that 'The Inheritance' was written by Sir Walter as weel's 'Marriage,' till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy." Sir Walter was wont to give Miss Ferrier a high place among the novelists of the day. Her writings give a faithful and spirited delineation of Scotch character; and her pages are illumined by a genial wit and a quick sense of the ludicrous.

The Heiress of Rossville.

(From "The Inheritance.")

It is a truth, universally acknowledged, that there is no passion so deeply rooted in human nature as that of pride. Whether of self or of family, of deeds done in our own bodies, or deeds done in the bodies of those who lived hundreds of years before us — all find some foundation on which to build *their* Tower of Babel. Even the dark uncertain future becomes a bright field of promise to the eye of pride, which, like Banquo's bloody ghost, can smile even upon the dim perspective of posthumous greatness.

As the noblest attribute of man, family pride had been cherished time immemorial by the noble race of Rossville. Deep and incurable, therefore, was the wound inflicted on all its members by the marriage of the Honorable Thomas St. Clair, youngest son of the Earl of Rossville, with the humble Miss Sarah Black, a beautiful girl of obscure origin and no fortune.

In such an union there was everything to exasperate, nothing to mollify, the outraged feelings of the Rossville family, for youth and beauty were all that Mrs. St. Clair had to oppose to pride and ambition. The usual consequences, therefore, were such as always have, and probably always will, accompany unequal alliances, viz. the displeasure of friends, the want of fortune, the world's dread laugh, and, in short, all the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to when it fails in its allegiance to blood. Yet there are minds fitted to encounter and to overcome even these — minds possessed of that inherent nobility which regards honor as something more than a mere hereditary name, and which seeks the nobler distinction, open to all, in the career of some honorable profession. But Mr. St. Clair's mind was endowed with no such powers; for he was a man of weak intellects and indolent habits, with just enough of feeling to wish to screen himself from the poverty and contempt his marriage had brought upon him. After hanging on for some time in hopes of a reconciliation with his family, and finding all attempts in vain, he at length consented to banish himself, and the object of their contumely, to some remote quarter of the world, upon condition of receiving a suitable allowance so long as they should remain abroad. The unfortunate pair, thus doomed to unwilling exile, therefore retired to France, where Mr. St. Clair's mind soon settled into that state which acquires its name from the character of its possessor, and, according to that, is called fortitude, resignation, contentment, or stupidity. There, too, they soon sunk into that oblivion which is sometimes the portion of the living as well as the dead. His father's death, which happened some years after, made no alteration in his circumstances. The patrimony to which he expected to succeed was settled on his children, should he have any, and a slender life annuity was his only portion.

The natural wish of every human being, the weakest as well as the wisest, seems to be, to leave some memorial of themselves to posterity — something, if but to tell how their fathers thought or fought, at least to show how they talked or walked. This wish Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair possessed in common with others; but year after year passed away, and it still remained ungratified, while every year it became a still stronger sentiment, as death seemed gradually clearing the way to the succession. At the time of his marriage Mr. St. Clair had been the youngest of five sons; but three of his brothers had fallen victims to war or

pestilence, and there now only remained the present Earl and himself, both alike childless.

At length, when hope was almost extinct, Mrs. St. Clair announced herself to be in the way of becoming a mother, and the emigrants resolved upon returning to their native land, that their child might there first see the light. Previous to taking this step, however, the important intelligence was communicated to Lord Rossville, and also their intention of immediately proceeding to Scotland, if agreeable to him; at the same time expressing a wish that he would favor them with his advice and opinion, as they would be entirely guided by him in their plans.

Lord Rossville was a man who liked to be consulted, and to overturn every plan which he himself had not arranged; and as Mr. St. Clair had spoken of taking shipping from Bordeaux, where they then were, and so going by sea to Scotland, Lord Rossville, in his answer, expressed his decided disapprobation of such a scheme, in Mrs. St. Clair's situation, and in stormy winter weather. But he inclosed a route by way of Paris, which he had made out for them with his own hand, and directed them, upon their arrival there, to signify the same to him, and there to remain until he had resolved upon what was next to be done, as he had by no means made up his mind as to the propriety, or at least the necessity, of their returning to Scotland. The packet also contained an order for a sum of money, and letters to some friends of his own at Paris, who would be of service to Mrs. St. Clair. So far, all was kind and conciliating, and the exiles, after much delay, set forth upon their journey, according to the rules prescribed by the Earl; but, within a day's journey of Paris, Mrs. St. Clair was taken prematurely ill, and there, at an obscure village, gave birth to a daughter, which, as Mr. St. Clair sensibly remarked, though not so good as a boy, was yet better than nothing at all. As the Salique law was not in force in the Rossville family, the sex of the child was, indeed, a matter of little consequence, save in the eyes of those sturdy sticklers for man's supremacy. Its health and strength were, therefore, the chief objects of consideration, and, although born in the seventh month, it was a remarkably fine thriving baby, which Mrs. St. Clair, contrary to the common practice of mothers, ascribed entirely to the excellence of its nurse.

They had been fortunate enough to meet with a woman of a superior class, who, having recently lost her husband and her

own infant, had readily adopted this one, and as readily transferred to it that abundant stock of love and tenderness which those dealers in the milk of human kindness always have so freely to bestow on their nursling for the time. Mrs. St. Clair's recovery was tedious, and her general health she declared to be so much impaired that she could not think of encountering the severity of a northern climate. Instead of prosecuting their journey, therefore, they retired to the south of France, and, after moving about for some time, finally settled there. This was not what the Earl had intended, for, although pride still opposed his brother's return to Scotland, he had, at the same time, wished to have the family somewhere within the sphere of his observation and control — the more especially as, having lately separated from his lady, his brother's child might now be regarded as presumptive heiress to the family honors. He had purposed, and indeed pressed, to have the little Gertrude transmitted to him, that she might have the advantage of being trained up under his own eye, but to this Mrs. St. Clair would not consent. She declared, in the most polite but decided manner, her determination never to part with her child, but promised that, as soon as her health was sufficiently re-established, they would return to Britain, and that Lord Rossville should have the direction and superintendence, if he pleased, of the young heiress's education. But some obstacle, real or pretended, always arose to prevent the accomplishment of this plan, till, at length, Mr. St. Clair was struck with a palsy, which rendered it impossible for him to be removed. Dead to all the purposes of life, he lingered on for several years, one of those melancholy mementos, who, with a human voice and human shape, have survived everything human besides.

At length death claimed him as his own, and his widow lost no time in announcing the event to the Earl, and in craving his advice and protection for herself and daughter. A very polite, though long-winded, reply was received from Lord Rossville, in which he directed that Mrs. and Miss St. Clair should immediately repair to Rossville Castle, there to remain until he should have had time and opportunity fully to digest the plans he had formed for the pupilage of his niece. This invitation was too advantageous to be refused, even although the terms in which it was couched were not very alluring either to the mother or daughter. With a mixture of pleasure and regret,

they therefore hastened to exchange the gay vineyards and bright suns of France for the bleak hills and frowning skies of Scotland.

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Many years had elapsed since Mrs. St. Clair had left her native land, and those who had known her then could scarcely have recognized her now, so completely had the *tout ensemble* changed its character. The blooming hoyden, with her awkward habits and provincial dialect, had been gradually transformed into the beautiful woman, graceful in her movements, and polished, though elaborate in her manners. Though now long past her meridian, she was still handsome, and to superficial observers could be captivating; but the change was merely outward, proceeding from no innate delicacy of thought or ennobling principle of action. It was solely the result of nice tact, knowledge of the world, and long intercourse with foreigners. The mind remained the same, although the matter had been modified.

In her early days her pride and ambition had been excited by making what was considered a splendid alliance, and it was not till her understanding was thoroughly ripened that she made the mortifying discovery that high birth, when coupled with personal insignificance, adds no more to real distinction than a flaming sign does to an ill-kept inn. It was this disappointment which, operating on a naturally proud and violent temper, had brought into play all the worst qualities of her nature, and made her look upon the world as indeed a stage, where all the men and women were merely players. To act a grand and conspicuous part, and regain the station her husband's pusillanimity had lost, was therefore now her sole aim.

It rarely happens that one artificial mind can succeed in forming another — we seldom imitate what we do not love. There is something in human nature which recoils from an artificial character even more than from a faulty one, and where the attempt fails, the revulsion generally produces a character of a totally different stamp. Mrs. St. Clair had spared no pains to render her daughter as great an adept in dissimulation as she was herself; but all her endeavors had proved unsuccessful, and Miss St. Clair remained pretty much as nature had formed her — a mixture of wheat and tares, flowers and weeds. There existed no sort of sympathy or congeniality of mind between the

mother and daughter — there seemed little even of that natural affection which often supplies the want of kindred feeling, or similar tastes, and which serves to bind together hearts which no human process ever could have brought to amalgamate. Without any point of resemblance in their characters or ideas, there was consequently little interchange of thought, and when Gertrude did address her mother, it was more from the overflowings of an open heart and buoyant spirits than from any reciprocity of feeling.

"How I wish I had Prince Houssain's glass," exclaimed she, as they drew near the borders of Scotland, "that I might take a peep at the people I am going amongst — a single glance would suffice to give me some idea of them, or, at least, to show whether they are the sort of persons it will be possible for me to love."

"You have formed very high and somewhat presumptuous ideas of your own powers of discrimination, it seems," said Mrs. St. Clair, with a disdainful smile; "but I should humbly conceive that my knowledge and experience might prove almost as useful as your own observations or theories are likely to do."

"I beg your pardon, mamma, but I did not know you had been acquainted with the Rossville family."

"I am not personally acquainted with any of them — I never was — I never would have been, but for you; it is upon your account I now stoop to a reconciliation, which otherwise I would have spurned as I have been spurned." She spoke with vehemence, then in a calmer tone proceeded: "It is natural that you should wish to know something of the relations you are going amongst, since there is nothing more desirable than a previous knowledge of those whom it is necessary we should please. But it is only from report I can speak of the Rossville family, though even from report we may form a tolerably accurate idea of people's general character. Report, then, says that Lord Rossville is an obstinate, troublesome, tiresome, well-behaved man; that his sister, Lady Betty, who resides with him, is a harmless, dull, inquisitive old woman; then there are nephews, sister's sons, to one of whom you are probably destined; there is Mr. Delmour, a weak, formal parliamentary drudge, son of Lord Somebody Delmour, and nephew to the Duke of Burlington, and his brother, Colonel Delmour, a fashionable, unprincipled gamester; and Mr. Lindsay, a sort of quakerish, methodistical, somber person — all, of course, brim-

ful of pride and prejudice. Nevertheless, beware how you contradict prejudices, even knowing them to be such, for the generality of people are much more tenacious of their prejudices than of anything belonging to them; and should you hear them run out in raptures at such a prospect as this" — pointing to the long bleak line of Scottish coast — "even this you too must admire; even this cold shrubless tract of bare earth and stone walls, and yon dark stormy sea, you will perhaps be told (and you must assent), are fairer than the lilied fields and limpid waters of Languedoc."

Miss St. Clair remained silent for a few moments contemplating the scene before her; at last she said, "Indeed, mamma, I do think there is something fine in such a scene as this, although I can scarcely tell in what the charm consists, or why it should be more deeply felt than scenes of greater beauty and grandeur; but there seems to me something so simple and majestic in such an expanse of mere earth and water, that I feel as if I were looking on nature at the beginning of the creation, when only the sea and the dry land had been formed."

"Rather after the fall, methinks," said Mrs. St. Clair, with a bitter smile, as she drew her cloak round her; "at least, I feel at present much more as if I had been expelled from Paradise than as if I were entering it."

The scene was indeed a dreary one, though calculated to excite emotions in the mind true to nature in all her varied aspects; and more especially in the youthful heart, where novelty alone possesses a charm sufficient to call forth its admiration. The dark lead-colored ocean lay stretched before them, its dreary expanse concealed by lowering clouds, while the sea-fowl clamoring in crowds to the shore announced the coming storm. The yet unclothed fields were black with crows, whose discordant cries mingled with the heavy monotonous sound of the waves as they advanced with sullen roar and broke with idle splash. A thick mist was gradually spreading over every object — an indescribable shivering was felt by every human thing which had bones and skin to feel — in short, it was an east wind; and the effect of an east wind upon the east coast of Scotland may have been experienced but cannot be described.

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, as her teeth chattered in her head, and her skin began to rise into what is vulgarly termed goose-skin.

"You do look ill, mamma — you are quite a pale blue, and

I certainly feel as I never did before;" and Miss St. Clair pulled up the windows, and wrapped her *roquelaire* still closer. The French valet and abigail, who sat on the dicky, looked round with pitiful faces, as though to ask, "*Qu'est-ce que cela?*" Even the postilion seemed affected in the same manner, for, stopping his horses, he drew forth a ponderous many-caped greatcoat, and buttoning it up to his nose, with a look that bade defiance to the weather, he pursued his route. The air grew colder and colder; the mist became thicker and thicker; the shrieks of the sea-fowl louder and louder; till a tremendous hail shower burst forth, and dashed with threatening violence against the windows of the carriage. The undaunted driver was compelled to bend his purple face beneath its pitiless pelting, while he urged his horses as if to escape from its influence.

"This is Scotland, and this is the month of May!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, with a groan, as she looked on the whitened fields, and her thoughts recurred to the smiling skies and balmy vernal airs of Languedoc.

"Scotland has given us rather a rude welcome, I must confess," said her daughter; "but, happily, I am not superstitious; and, see! it is beginning to smile upon us already."

In a few minutes the clouds rolled away; the sun burst forth in all his warmth and brilliancy; the tender wheat glittered in the moisture; the lark flew exulting aloft; the sea-fowl spread their white wings, and skimmed over the blue waters; the postilion slackened his pace and put off his greatcoat: such is Scotland's varying clime — such its varying scenery!

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It was on a lovely evening that the travelers reached their destination near the western coast of Scotland. The air was soft, and the setting sun shed his purple light on the mountains which formed the background of the Rossville domains. The approach wound along the side of a river which possessed all the characteristic variety of a Scottish stream — now gliding silently along, or seeming to stand motionless in the crystal depth of some shaded pool, now chafing and gurgling, with lulling sound, over its pebbly bed; while its steep banks presented no less changing features. In some places they were covered with wood, now in the first tints of spring — the formal poplar's pale hue and the fringed larch's tender green mingling with the red seared leaf of the oak and the brown opening bud of the syca-

more. In others, gray rocks peeped from amidst the lichens and creeping plants which covered them as with a garment of many colors, and the wild rose decked them with its transient blossoms.

Farther on the banks became less precipitous, and gradually sank into a gentle slope, covered with smooth green turf, and sprinkled with trees of noble size. The only sounds that mingled with the rush of the stream were the rich full song of the blackbird, the plaintive murmur of the wood pigeon, and the abrupt but not unmusical note of the cuckoo. Gertrude gazed with ecstasy on all around, and her heart swelled with delight as she thought this fair scene she was destined to inherit; and a vague poetical feeling of love and gratitude to Heaven caused her to raise her eyes, swimming in tearful rapture, to the Giver of all good. But it was merely the overflowing of a young, enraptured, and enthusiastic mind; no deeper principle was felt or understood — no trembling mingled with her joy — no dark future cast its shadow on the mirror imagination presented to her; but visions of pomp and power, and wealth and grandeur — visions of earthly bliss — swam before those eyes which yet were raised from earth to heaven. She was roused from her reverie by a deep sigh, or rather groan, from her mother, who leant back in the carriage, seemingly overcome by some painful sensation either of mind or body. Miss St. Clair was accustomed to hear her mother sigh, and even groan, upon very slight occasions, sometimes upon no occasion at all; but, at present, there was something that betokened an intensity of suffering too sincere for feigning.

"You are ill, mamma!" exclaimed she, in terror, as she looked on her mother's pale and agitated countenance.

It was some moments ere Mrs. St. Clair could find voice to answer; but at length, in much emotion, she said —

"Is it surprising that I should feel at approaching that house from which my husband and myself were exiled — nay, were even denied an entrance? Can you imagine that I should be unmoved at the thoughts of beholding that family by whom we were rendered outcasts, and whom I have only known as my bitterest enemies?"

Mrs. St. Clair's voice and her color both rose as she enumerated her injuries.

"Oh! mamma, do not at such a time suffer your mind to dwell upon those painful recollections; it is natural that melan-

choly thoughts should suggest themselves: but — ah! there is the castle," cried the young heiress, forgetting all her mother's wrongs as the stately mansion now burst upon their view; and again her heart exulted as she looked on its lofty turrets and long range of arched windows glittering in the golden rays of the setting sun. In another moment they found themselves at the entrance; a train of richly-liveried servants were stationed to receive them. Mrs. St. Clair's agitation increased; she stopped and leaned upon her daughter, who feared she would have fainted; but making an effort, she followed the servant, who led the way to the presence of his Lord, when, quickly recovering her self-possession, she advanced, and gracefully presented her daughter, saying —

"To your Lordship's generous protection I commit my fatherless child."

Lord Rossville was a bulky, portentous-looking person, with nothing marked in his physiognomy except a pair of very black, elevated eyebrows, which gave an unvarying expression of solemn astonishment to his countenance. He had a husky voice, and a very tedious elocution. He was some little time in preparing an answer to this address, but at last he replied, —

"I shall, rest assured, madam, make a point of fulfilling, to the utmost of my power and abilities, the highly-important duties of the parental office."

He then saluted his sister-in-law and niece, and taking a hand of each, led them to a tall, thin, gray old woman, with a long, inquisitive-looking nose, whom he named as Lady Betty St. Clair.

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The usual, and more than the usual, questions were put by the Earl and his sister, as to time and distance, and roads and drivers, and inns and beds, and weather and dust; and all were answered by Mrs. St. Clair in the manner most calculated to conciliate those with whom she conversed; till, in the course of half-an-hour, Lord Rossville was of opinion that she was one of the best-bred, best-informed, most sensible, lady-like women he had ever conversed with — and his Lordship was not a person who was apt to form hasty opinions upon any subject.

Lord Rossville's character was one of those whose traits, though minute, are as strongly marked as though they had

been cast in a large mold. But, as not even the powers of the microscope can impart strength and beauty to the object it magnifies, so no biographer could have exaggerated into virtues the petty foibles of his mind. Yet the predominating qualities were such as often cast a false glory around their possessor — for the love of power and the desire of human applause were the engrossing principles of his soul. In strong, capacious minds, and in great situations, these incentives often produce brilliant results; but in a weak, contracted mind, moving in the narrow sphere of domestic life, they could only circulate through the thousand little channels that tend to increase or impair domestic happiness. As he was not addicted to any particular vice, he considered himself as a man of perfect virtue; and having been, in some respects, very prosperous in his fortune, he was thoroughly satisfied that he was a person of the most consummate wisdom. With these ideas of himself, it is not surprising that he should have deemed it his bounden duty to direct and manage every man, woman, child, or animal who came within his sphere, and that, too, in the most tedious and tormenting manner. Perhaps the most teasing point in his character was his ambition — the fatal ambition of thousands — to be thought an eloquent and impressive speaker; for this purpose, he always used ten times as many words as were necessary to express his meaning, and those, too, of the longest and strongest description. Another of his tormenting peculiarities was his desire of explaining everything, by which he always perplexed and mystified the simplest subject. Yet he had his good points, for he wished to see those around him happy, provided he was the dispenser of their happiness, and that they were happy precisely in the manner and degree he thought proper. In short, Lord Rossville was a sort of petty, benevolent tyrant; and any attempt to enlarge his soul or open his understanding would have been in vain. Indeed, his mind was already full, as full as it could hold, of little thoughts, little plans, little notions, little prejudices, little whims, and nothing short of regeneration could have made him otherwise. He had a code of laws, a code of proprieties, a code of delicacies all his own, and he had long languished for subjects to execute them upon. Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter were therefore no small acquisitions to his family; he looked upon them as two very fine pieces of wax, ready to receive whatever impression he chose to give them; and the humble, confiding manner in

which his niece had been committed to him had at once secured both to mother and daughter his favor and protection.

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Mrs. St. Clair's Confession.

When Lady Rossville awoke one subject naturally engrossed her mind to the utter exclusion of every other. This was the day of her cousin Anne's marriage, and she had promised to be present; but the thoughts of that never once occurred to her; everything was absorbed in the intense interest she felt as to the disclosure that was to take place; or failing that, the strong measure which she had determined upon as to her own disposal. Upon leaving her own apartment she hastened to her mother's, but the door was still fastened; she knocked repeatedly, but no answer was returned; she listened, all was silent; her heart trembled within her, and she was on the point of calling out, when she bethought her of a back-stair communicating with the dressing-room, by which she might probably gain access. She was not disappointed; the door was open, and she entered her mother's bedroom; but it was dark, except here and there where a bright ray of sunshine chequered the floor, and the candles, which had been burning all night, cast a sickly gleam as they died away in their sockets. Gertrude hastily withdrew a window-curtain and opened a shutter, and there discovered her mother asleep in an arm-chair, in the dress she had worn the preceding evening, and which formed an unnatural contrast with her situation and appearance.

A phial, marked Laudanum, stood on a table by her, and it was evident that she owed her sleep to medicine, not to nature. Such as it was, it was certainly not rest that she enjoyed, for she was disturbed and agitated — sighed heavily, and muttered some unintelligible words, as if in agony, and Gertrude's name was once or twice pronounced with a kind of shriek. Shocked beyond expression at beholding her mother thus haunted by her sense of wretchedness even in sleep, Lady Rossville felt it would be humanity to rouse her from such a state, and after a while she succeeded. Mrs. St. Clair opened her eyes, but it was some time before she came to her recollection, or that her daughter could make her comprehend perfectly how and where she was.

"I fear, mamma, you have taken too much laudanum," said she in alarm, as she looked at the bottle.

"Too much, and yet not enough," answered her mother, with a sigh.

"Allow me to send for Doctor Bruce," cried the Countess in increasing agitation; "you are ill, mamma, indeed you are;" as she pressed her mother's burning hand in hers.

"I shall soon be better," said Mrs. St. Clair with a still deeper sigh. "What time is it? I have been asleep, I believe; shall we sup?" as she looked upon her dress with a bewildered eye.

"Oh, mamma, suffer yourself to be undressed and put to bed."

"No, I will go to — to breakfast, is it? yes, I remember now, to breakfast," as she looked up to a blazing sun, then turned to a mirror. "Will my dress do, Gertrude?"

Lady Rossville was too much shocked to reply, for the contrast was frightful between her mother's gay, handsome dress, and her parched lips, haggard cheeks, and distended eyeballs.

"The air will revive you, mamma," said she, as she led her mother to the window, and threw it open; but the lovely landscape seemed as though it smiled in scorn upon her, for all things looked fresh and renovated and happy. Mrs. St. Clair sat for some time with her head resting on her hand; at length she suddenly looked up, and said abruptly, "You are very fond of Rossville, are you not, Gertrude?"

"Oh! it is Paradise to me," said the Countess, as she looked on her towering woods and far-spreading domain; "but why do you ask, mamma?"

"Then you will never part with it?" cried Mrs. St. Clair in a tone of wild interrogation.

"Never, never!" exclaimed Lady Rossville emphatically; then recalled to her mother's situation, she said in a soothing voice, "Do, mamma, allow me to ring for Lisle to undress you: it will refresh you."

"And what then?" interrupted Mrs. St. Clair; "but I know what I have to do; yet I would see that man once more before — perhaps — yes — I will — ring for Lisle then;" and she began impatiently to tear rather than to take off her ornaments. "Now go, leave me; why do you stand there looking upon me?" cried she angrily.

Lady Rossville burst into tears. "It is distracting to me to see you thus, mamma, and to think I am perhaps the cause" —

"Perhaps!" repeated Mrs. St. Clair bitterly; "there is no perhaps; you *are* the cause."

"Only say in what way — tell me how — trust me, and I will do all" —

"All but the very thing I require of you," interrupted Mrs. St. Clair impatiently; "all but obedience and forbearance; all but duty and patience; all but love and tenderness. Answer me, then, once for all — 'tis for the last time I put the question — its consequences be upon your own head. Can you — will you be guided by me in your behavior to Lewiston?"

"I cannot," said Lady Rossville, in an agony of grief.

"Then go," cried her mother, ringing the bell violently for her maid, "not another word; if your fate is sealed do not blame me;" then, as her maid entered she waved her hand for her daughter to leave her, and Gertrude withdrew, afraid to irritate her by further opposition.

"What can this dreadful mystery be?" was the question that had naturally presented itself at every turning of her mind, till thought had been lost in the mazes of conjecture. The idea which most frequently occurred was, that her mother must have been previously married to Lewiston, and, in the belief of his death, had become the wife of St. Clair. But then his youthful appearance ill accorded with such a supposition — indeed, seemed to render it altogether impossible; and again the idea was rejected for others which were no less improbable. "Be it what it may," thought she, "this day must end it;" and at that moment, in crossing the hall, she suddenly encountered the object of her dread and her wonder. He looked heated and ruffled, and as if he had been engaged in a squabble. "So," said he, seizing her hand before she was aware, and looking earnestly in her face, which bore traces of her agitation. "So you have been with the old lady, I see! Well, has she let the cat out of the bag, or has she left it to me?"

Some of the servants just then entered the hall, and Lady Rossville, without answering, passed on to the saloon, where she hoped to find Delmour; but he was not there. Lewiston followed, and again began —

"What, all in the dark yet? What's the old lady about? But, by Jove! I'll not wait another day to be treated as I have been by you and your confounded rapscallions. But I've given one of your grooms, as you call them, a settler. I've given him a bit of a knob on the side of his head to keep him in mind of

his duty, and I'll have them all broke in for you by-and-bye; — a set of lazy, insolent, eating and drinking scoundrels that you keep about you; and one of these low-lived rascals to pretend to pass off his airs to a gentleman like me" —

"This is past all bearing!" cried Lady Rossville, as her face flushed with shame and indignation at having been thus disgraced to her servants — "I command you instantly to quit my house, or my servants shall compel you to it"; and she stretched out her hand to ring the bell. Lewiston hastily snatched it, and looked at her with an expression which made her tremble even in spite of her resentment.

"Do you know who it is you are speaking to?" said he.

"I neither know nor care," said the Countess, while her heart beat as though it would have burst. Lewiston was silent for a minute; he then said abruptly, but in some agitation —

"What if I am your father?"

Gertrude gazed upon him with a look almost bordering on idiocy; her lips were apart, but no sound came from them.

"It's very true, though — ask the old lady, her you call your mother, if it an't; she'll confess it — that she will. She'll tell you you're no more Countess of Rossville than I am; you're the daughter of Jacob Lewiston here and your nurse" —

But Gertrude could hear no more; she had fainted.

"The deuce!" exclaimed he, in some consternation at this unlooked-for result. "Why, I'd better have let the old one manage it her own way, after all"; and, ringing the bell, he desired the servant to fetch Mrs. St. Clair cleverly, for that her Ladyship the Countess was in a fit. The alarm was instantly communicated, and the whole house was presently in commotion.

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Long ere Gertrude had power to unclose her eyes the frantic exclamations of her lover had pierced her ear, as he hung over her in an agony of apprehension; and joy sent the first faint blush to her cheek, and spoke in the look with which she met his anxious gaze. For a moment all was forgot by her, or rather seemed as a hideous dream, and Delmour, kneeling by her side in all the agitation of love and fear, was the only image that presented itself.

"I hope, my Lady, your Ladyship feels better," said Lewiston, thrusting himself forward; but at the sound of his voice

a deadly paleness again overspread her face, and her senses forsook her.

"Will none of you drag that madman away?" cried Delmour passionately, to some of the servants, who were bustling pompously about with glasses and decanters.

"No — no — no," shrieked Mrs. St. Clair, throwing herself between Lewiston and them, as they approached him; "Marshall — Jourdain — on your peril touch him."

"Send instantly for advice," cried Delmour wildly, as Gertrude's lifeless hand grew colder even in his grasp; "make haste — bring Bruce — Smith — all of them. Why do you stand there? By Heaven! she will be gone" — and snatching every restorative offered by the housekeeper and ladies' maids, he would administer them himself. Once more Gertrude slowly opened her eyes, and again they rested on her lover.

"It was — all — a dream — was it not?" said she in a low, gasping voice.

"Ah! our Countess is herself again," cried Lewiston, in a loud, significant tone, as much as to say, "Keep your own secret."

"Protect me!" murmured she, as she convulsively held Delmour's hand, and again relapsed into a death-like swoon.

"For Heaven's sake retire!" cried Mrs. St. Clair to Lewiston, dreading some scene of violence when Delmour should extricate himself from Gertrude's unconscious grasp — "only to the next room, till this is over — if," added she in a whisper — "if you would prevent discovery, go" — and she led him to an adjoining room, and shut the door. Once more Gertrude's marble features showed signs of returning life; but she neither spoke nor opened her eyes. She remained motionless, as if unwilling to be scared by sight or sound, or aught that could break the death-like repose in which she lay.

"Lady Rossville, dearest" — exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, as she would have lifted her hand, but when she spoke, a tremor shook Gertrude's whole frame, and she recoiled from her touch with a shudder.

"Gertrude, my life! suffer Mrs. Roberts and Masham to assist you to your dressing-room. You will be quieter there; no one shall enter but those you wish to see — they shall not indeed, my angel."

But a low convulsive sigh was Gertrude's only answer.

"Gertrude, speak to me; say what it is that has alarmed

you; tell me what you wish, and it shall be done," cried Delmour, in an accent of grief and tenderness which seemed to thrill to her heart. "Shall I order the carriage to take you to Lord Millbank's?" added he in a low voice.

"Oh — no — no," cried she, putting her hands to her face.

"Colonel Delmour, I must entreat that you will not thus agitate Lady Rossville," cried Mrs. St. Clair; "this is neither a time nor a place for such questions; when she has had a little quiet repose in her own apartment" —

"I will not lose sight of her again," interrupted Delmour passionately, "till I see her in safer hands than any here."

"This is too much," cried Mrs. St. Clair, struggling to preserve her composure, and dreading every instant lest the disclosure (which she at once perceived had taken place) should burst from Gertrude's lips if Delmour persisted in talking to her, "but I submit. Suffer her to be removed to her own apartment, with Mrs. Roberts and Masham to attend upon her till this nervous attack has subsided, and I consent to remain here till the arrival of Dr. Bruce."

Delmour could not object to this arrangement, for Mrs. Roberts was a discreet and respectable person in her way, and both she and Masham were devoted to their lady. He therefore consented, and she was accordingly conveyed there and left to the care of her two faithful attendants, who received the strictest injunctions upon no account to speak to her. Mrs. St. Clair felt secure that, unless in a fit of delirium, she would not betray herself to them, and if, in that state, she did drop anything of the truth, it would all pass for the raving of fever. Gertrude was therefore left to silence and to darkness, while Mrs. St. Clair and Colonel Delmour, by a sort of mutual understanding, seemed resolved not to lose sight of each other. He indeed was bent upon more than that; he was determined that instant to force an explanation of the mystery which involved such a person as Lewiston (and that in no common way) in the family concerns of Lady Rossville, and, ringing the bell, he ordered the servant to inform Mr. Lewiston, who was in the next room, that his presence was desired in the saloon.

At this message Mrs. St. Clair turned pale and trembled. She rose from her seat; she would have stopped the servant, but she knew not what to say; and before she could summon recollection, Lewiston entered, and her confidence returned at sight of his free unabashed air.

"Well," said he, accosting Mrs. St. Clair with an air of freedom; "you see I am yours to go and to come; but what have you made of my Lady?"

"You are not here to ask questions but to answer them, sir," said Delmour, his lip quivering with passion. "I insist upon knowing by what right you have intruded yourself into this house?"

"I must first know what right you have to ask the question," retorted the other boldly.

"Colonel Delmour," exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair eagerly, as she saw his flashing eyes, and dreaded some act of violence, "Mr. Lewiston is a friend of the family — he is my friend, that is enough"—

"Your friend!" repeated Delmour contemptuously; "that is indeed enough, quite enough, to warrant Lady Rossville seeking other protection." He rang the bell furiously. "Desire Lady Rossville's traveling-carriage and my riding-horses to be ready at a minute's warning," called he to the servant.

"Hark ye, my man, there's no hurry about the first," cried the intolerable Lewiston; "we shall have two words about that yet, by Jove!"

But the servant, evidently disregarding him, bowed his acquiescence to Delmour, and withdrew.

"What is the meaning of this, Colonel Delmour?" cried Mrs. St. Clair in the most violent agitation.

Delmour endeavored to speak coolly while he said —

"It was settled last night by Lady Rossville, that while Mrs. St. Clair's unknown friend remained here this was no fit residence for her. She leaves it, therefore, for the protection of her guardian, Lord Millbank; and when Dr. Bruce arrives I intend that he shall accompany her." And he looked with the sort of resolute indifference of one whose determination could not be affected by any circumstances.

"This is the most extraordinary proceeding, Colonel Delmour," said Mrs. St. Clair, pale and trembling. "You can have no authority for such interference in my — in Lady Rossville's situation, to take her from her own house, from my protection — it shall not be."

"No, faith — by Jove! she shall not stir a foot from this house to-day," said Lewiston, "nor any day, without the leave of those who have something of a better right to dictate to her Ladyship than you have, sir;" and he nodded to Mrs. St. Clair as if to encourage her.

Delmour's passion was at its climax, and he could no longer suppress it.

"What is this infernal mystery," cried he to Mrs. St. Clair, "which allows such a person to dare to talk in this manner? I will know it! Something is at the bottom of all this — if "— and he seemed almost choked to utter it — "if this man is, as I suspect, your husband — "

"No — oh no!" shrieked Mrs. St. Clair wildly.

"Well, and if I am the lady's husband, sir, what then? What is your objection to me, sir? My Lady Countess's proud stomach, it seems, can't put up with me for her father, but what is that to you? you're not my Lord yet, and one gentleman's as good's another."

"Colonel Delmour — oh no — help me — I am not — I" — exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, in a state of distraction at finding herself caught in such horrible toils. But again Lewiston interposed — "Come, come, 'tis of no use to deny it now; the thing's over, and my Lady will come to herself by and by, when she finds she can't make a better of it; there, I told you" — as a servant entered to say that his Lady wished to see Mrs. St. Clair immediately.

Delmour, who had been pacing the room in a perfect tumult of passion, stopped short at this, and demanded of the servant who had brought this message.

"Miss Masham, sir," was the reply.

"Then desire Miss Masham to come and deliver it herself, sir," cried he fiercely; and Masham, not without fear and trembling, confirmed the fact. He then abruptly quitted the room to traverse the gallery opposite the Countess's apartment, and see that no one else obtained entrance.

At sight of Mrs. St. Clair, all Gertrude's tremors returned upon her, and again she relapsed into successive fainting-fits, from which her attendants with difficulty recovered her. At length she became more composed, whether from strength or weakness, and in a faint voice inquired for Mrs. St. Clair, who, conscious of the impression she made upon the victim of her guilt, had retired out of sight.

"Mrs. St. Clair is there, my Lady," whispered Mrs. Roberts.

"Then leave me, Roberts. Masham, go — I will ring when I want you."

But they still lingered.

"Colonel Delmour, my Lady, forbade that we should lose sight of your Ladyship, upon no account, till the doctor's arrival."

"Colonel Delmour!" repeated Gertrude. "Ah!" — and tears, the first she had shed, burst from her eyes; they gave her a temporary relief, and she with some difficulty dismissed her faithful attendants, and Mrs. St. Clair once more approached her. Many and bitter were the tears shed on both sides before either had power to utter a syllable. At length Mrs. St. Clair said —

"Can you forgive me, Gertrude?"

But Gertrude only turned away her head and wept the more; then suddenly looking up, by a violent effort she stopped her tears; and while they yet hung round her eyes, and her pale lips quivered, she said —

"Tell me all" —

"Oh, not now — spare yourself — spare me," cried Mrs. St. Clair, with a fresh burst of weeping.

"No, no, there is nothing to spare — say that it is not — that he" — and again she seemed as though she would have fainted, as the thoughts of Lewiston, her father, rushed upon her.

"Oh, tell me all — I must — I will know all!" And Mrs. St. Clair was obliged to commence a broken and weeping narrative of the events of her early days.

. . . . . .

She dwelt upon the injurious and exasperating treatment she had received from the Rossville family, as though she sought in their conduct an excuse, or at least a palliation, for her own. She spoke of the exile and the poverty in which she had for so many years dragged out a joyless existence, of her husband's disinheritance, of the utter hopeless insignificance of their lot, as outcast, childless annuitants on the one hand, or the brilliant destiny which seemed to court them on the other, where riches and honors awaited them in the person of their offspring.

"It was at this time," continued the wretched narrator of her own guilt, "that accident brought me acquainted with — with Marian La Motte" —

"With my mother — was she not?" interrupted Gertrude in a voice of repressed agony. Mrs. St. Clair's only answer was a burst of tears. Gertrude hid her face on the cushion of

the couch on which she lay, and without looking up, in the same tone, said — "Go on; tell me all."

"In her I discovered the daughter of Lizzie Lundie, whose name and history had been familiar to me in my younger days. She had emigrated to America with her husband, and upon his death had married a French Canadian. Marian was the child of that union, but at this time her parents were both dead, and she was the wife of Jacob Lewiston, an American trader, whom she had accompanied to Bordeaux. She was then in absolute want, for his vessel had been wrecked, and the whole cargo lost; but, at the time I became acquainted with them, he obtained a situation on board a merchantman, and went to sea again, leaving his wife in delicate health to earn her livelihood, as best she could, till his return. To complete her wretchedness, she looked forward to giving birth to a child" —

Here Mrs. St. Clair stopped, overcome with her feelings, then suddenly seizing Gertrude's hands —

"Gertrude! Gertrude! God knows I had then no evil thoughts! I had not, indeed; but when she besought me on her knees, that if she should die a stranger in a strange land, and leave an orphan baby, I would be as a mother to it — Oh, then the tempter assailed me!"

"Would that I had died ere I saw the light!" exclaimed Gertrude in an agony of grief.

"Oh, Gertrude, do not tear my heart by forcing me to retrace what can be of no avail. What can it signify now to tell you of the thoughts, the fears, the struggles I endured myself, of the arguments and entreaties I used with her and my husband to induce them to coöperate in my schemes? It is enough to tell you that it was done; that we quitted Bordeaux on pretense of returning to Scotland, and that at Bagnolet you were brought into the world as the heiress of Rossville — and such you still are, Gertrude; the secret is known but to yourself, and those who" —

"Hush!" exclaimed Gertrude wildly, and with a shudder.

"There cannot be the possibility of discovery if you will but" —

"You have not told me all," cried Gertrude hurriedly.

"Gertrude, I will not survive the shame, the infamy" —

"Tell me all — all quickly. Why did he leave her? Why has he so long — it is about him," gasped she, "I would know."

"From the day that he left her, his wife never heard any

tidings of him, and we at last naturally concluded he had perished at sea. Still there was no positive certainty of this being the case, and she always cherished the hope of seeing him again — for she loved him, Gertrude, indeed she did." But Gertrude only wept the more to think that she could not love her father.

"Your mother — oh, Gertrude, how dreadful it is to me to call another by that title!" and again Mrs. St. Clair wept long and bitterly, then went on. "Your mother had been long threatened with a consumption, and when she found herself dying, she had, it seems, unknown to me, written a letter containing the secret of your birth, which she had had attested by her priest (for you know she was a Catholic); this she confided to his care, receiving his solemn promise in return never to divulge its contents, or part with it to another than Jacob Ruxton Lewiston, of Perth-Amboy, New Jersey.

"Years after, this man went to America as a missionary; and there, alas! it was our evil fortune that he should find your father! I need not tell you that he came immediately to Britain to claim you. You must well remember our first meeting, and the mysterious interviews that followed; he would even then have made himself known to you, that he might have established his authority over you; but I prevailed upon him to forego his claims, at least till the Earl's death. Oh! had he known you as I do, he would never have dared the disclosure; But you will not, Gertrude — you cannot be so infatuated — he is your father — as such he is entitled to your duty, your obedience" —

"Now, now — no more," cried Gertrude, covering her face with her hands.

"Gertrude, only say you will not be so mad — for Heaven's sake, promise me you will not. Gertrude, he threatens to carry you off to America should you drop a hint of — Oh! for the love of Heaven, be calm, — think of your mother. You loved her, Gertrude, for her sake then" —

"My mother! Oh, how could she sell her child!" exclaimed Gertrude, wringing her hands in an agony.

"She did not sell you, Gertrude. Never mother loved her child as she doted upon you. While she lived, you may remember, you were never out of her sight; worlds would not have bribed her to have parted with you; and now could she see you thus great, and" —

"Oh! that she had suffered me to remain the beggar I was born!"

"Do not talk thus, dearest Gertrude, if you would not kill me; compose yourself, and all will yet be well — it will indeed — your father" —

"Do not — oh! do not call him — O God! forgive me, wretch that I am!" exclaimed she, almost frantic with horror for so abhorring his name.

"Well, your mother, my dearest, think of her — think how you loved her; had she lived you would not have shamed her with this disclosure. You will not bring disgrace upon her memory." And Gertrude wept softer tears, as she called to mind the well-remembered proofs of her mother's love.

"How could she do it?" cried she again, roused to agony.

"Ah, Gertrude! can you wonder the temptation was too strong to be resisted? Consider how we were both situated. You could bring nothing but additional care and poverty to her; to me you would insure riches and honor. Do not condemn us. Gertrude, say you forgive me!"

Gertrude's whole frame shook with emotion, but she remained silent.

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" cried Mrs. St. Clair, seizing her hands. "Have I not been as a mother to you? Will you not say you forgive me?"

"I cannot!" gasped Gertrude, in a wild suffocating voice, and she turned shuddering away.

Her maid now entered to announce the arrival of Dr. Bruce, adding that Colonel Delmour hoped her Ladyship would see the Doctor without delay.

"Lady Rossville will ring when she is ready," said Mrs. St. Clair in violent agitation. Then when Masham withdrew she cried, "Gertrude, you will not betray yourself to Dr. Bruce! Promise me — promise me that, for the love of Heaven!" and she wrung her hand.

"To him!" repeated Gertrude. "No; I will not see him at all. Why should I? 'Tis a mockery — leave me — leave me to myself," cried she, with a fresh burst of grief.

But just then Masham returned to say that Colonel Delmour was very impatient for her Ladyship to see the Doctor; and as she spoke, Delmour's voice was heard outside the door. At the dear loved sound again Gertrude's pale cheek glowed for a moment, and her eyes brightened; but in another instant she dropped her head with an air of hopeless dejection, and Dr. Bruce was now ushered in.

Mrs. St. Clair anticipated all questions by taking the Doctor apart and telling him candidly, as she called it, that the Countess was suffering under a severe nervous attack, and that something of a composing nature was what was wanted. Gertrude was therefore spared answering any questions, and having felt her pulse, administered some drops, and recommended quietness, the Doctor withdrew to make his report to Delmour, who was impatiently waiting for him. Mrs. St. Clair, at the same time, hastened to Lewiston to prevent him, if possible, from doing more mischief; and Gertrude was once more left to the care of her attendants, who imagined she slept, from the still and silent state in which she lay.

. . . . . .

But sleep was far from Gertrude's eyelids, and in the multitude of her thoughts within her, she felt as though she should never know repose again. Her very soul sickened and her brain whirled at the horrible destiny just opened to her: to fall from her high estate to a condition so vile and abject; instead of the heiress of a mighty house, the daughter of a noble line, to be a beggar, an impostor, the child of one against whom her whole being revolted! Yet voluntarily to proclaim this to the world — to stand forth a mark for the finger of scorn to point at; to be laughed at by some, despised by others; to leave each thing beloved most dearly; to become an outcast, an alien — could she do this and live? No! she would pass away in secret; she would consume her days in grief and in penitence; she would abjure, renounce, fly all that she had loved and enjoyed; she would dwell in darkness and in solitude; few and sad would be her days, but she would go down to the grave as Countess of Rossville; her "soul was ready to choose strangling rather than life," for what had life now to offer to her of good or fair? Delmour — ah! there her heart trembled within her: this day she had promised to be his! At that instant a note was delivered to her, which Colonel Delmour himself had brought to the door of her apartment, and insisted on its being instantly delivered.

"I claim your promise, dearest Gertrude. Dr. Bruce is of opinion you may be removed to Millbank with perfect safety. If you wish it, he and Masham will accompany you in the carriage, and I shall attend it. Say but yes, my angel, to your adoring F. D."

Here was a fresh wave of misery to overwhelm the unhappy

Gertrude! The cup of happiness was held to her lips by the hand she loved, and she herself must dash it to the ground for ever! Poor, low-born, degraded as she was — what a bride for the proud high-minded Delmour!

"And Delmour — would even Delmour despise and reject me if he knew all?" thought she, as for a moment she covered her face with her hands and bowed beneath the humiliation. But soon a loftier feeling succeeded. "No," thought she, as a bitter pang shot through her heart; "if we must part, it shall be nobly; he shall learn all from myself. He loves me, and he will love me still; but he loved me as Countess of Rossville; he must now love me as an outcast, a beggar" —

She desired her maid to say to Colonel Delmour that she would see him in the library. Then, rising, she bathed her eyes and adjusted her hair and endeavored to dispel, as much as possible, the traces of grief and agitation from her face.

"I will not go to him a weeping supplicant!" thought she. "I will owe nothing to his pity"; and she repressed each rising emotion, and with a calm and lofty air entered the apartment where her lover awaited her. But what a change had a few hours of intense suffering made upon her! Her mutable countenance had now all the fixedness and the paleness of marble, and those eyes — those lovely eyes — which had so often met him with smiles, and which always "seemed to love whate'er they looked upon" — now heavy and brimful, drooped beneath the weight of her swollen eyelids.

"Gertrude, my own — my adored," cried Delmour, as he took her passive hand and led her to a seat. "Speak to me, dearest — it is death to me to see you thus."

Gertrude opened her lips and vainly tried to articulate; but her tongue seemed to cleave to her mouth.

"This is dreadful! it will kill you to remain in this house; you must leave it — indeed you must, my love; your carriage is ready — suffer me to order it," and he was going to ring the bell, when Gertrude laid her hand upon his arm. Again she strove to speak, but a sigh so deep, so sad, burst from her heart, as told the unutterable anguish of her soul.

"Gertrude! my life!" exclaimed Delmour, terror-struck, as he felt her hand grow colder, and saw her features gradually becoming more rigid; "for God's sake speak to me!"

Gertrude spoke, but her voice was so changed that Delmour started at the sound.

"You love me, Delmour, I know you do; and I — but no matter; I never can be yours now. Delmour, I have a strange, a frightful tale to tell you. I — I am not what I seem; I am not Countess of Rossville — I am a beggar!" she hid her face for a moment, while Delmour, too much amazed to answer, remained silent.

"It is true; they have told me all, all, all. I am *his* daughter; *he* is my father," and her voice grew wilder in her attempts to speak calmly and firmly.

"My dearest Gertrude, you take this matter too violently; although your mother has made a degrading marriage that ought not to affect you in this manner; it does not interfere with your rights, or diminish my attachment to you; why then" —

"Ah! Delmour, you are deceived; she is not my mother. I am *his* daughter — the daughter of Jacob Lewiston. I have been an usurper, but I did not know it."

The dreadful truth now flashed upon Delmour with the force and the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and he remained horror-struck beneath its shock. For some minutes neither of them spoke; but Gertrude's breast heaved with agitation she would not betray, and her eyes were distended in endeavors to retain her tears within the brim.

"Good God!" at length exclaimed Delmour, striking his forehead in a distracted manner; "Gertrude, dearest Gertrude!" and he seized her hands. "No, it cannot be, you are mine — my own" —

"Not now, Delmour," said Gertrude, and her heart almost broke in the effort to appear calm in resigning him. "Not now — you are free!" — added she in an accent of despair.

"Free — oh! Gertrude, my life!" and he paced the room with disordered steps; then suddenly stopping — "No, you must — you shall be mine! I will not believe it — by Heaven 'tis false! you — You the daughter of that" —

"Oh! he is my father!" cried Gertrude, shuddering.

"No, there is some infernal plot at the bottom of this — it shall be cleared up," and he was hurrying towards the door, when Gertrude called to him —

"Stay, Delmour, 'tis from me you shall hear it all; I will not that you should hear it from another, that you have loved an impostor — a beggar;" and with desperate energy she recapitulated to him the evidence of her birth, as detailed by Mrs.

St. Clair. When she had ended Delmour said nothing, but he buried his face in his handkerchief, as in an agony of grief, and Gertrude's high-wrought fortitude almost forsook her as she beheld her lover thus overcome; she felt she could not long support the continuance of the scene, and she said—

"Now I have told you all, Delmour. I am no longer what I have been; from this hour let my shame, my disgrace, be proclaimed, and—let us part."

"Gertrude, if you would not drive me mad, do not— Oh! you know not how I love—how I adore you!" and he pressed her hands to his lips, and Gertrude felt his burning tears fall upon them, and every drop was as a life-drop from her heart.

"Gertrude!" exclaimed he passionately, "you have never loved as I do, or you could not be thus unmoved."

A faint smile of anguish was on Gertrude's pale lip, and a single tear rolled slowly down her bloodless cheek.

Again a long and bitter pause ensued. Delmour still held her hands in his, while he seemed to struggle with contending emotions. Suddenly Lewiston's loud voice was heard, as if issuing some orders in his usual authoritative tone. The blood rushed to Delmour's face; he started up, and dropped the hands he had but a moment before clasped in his own. Gertrude too rose; cold drops were upon her brow, and she shook in every joint; but by a desperate effort she gained the door. She thought she heard her name pronounced by Delmour in an accent of tenderness and despair; but a thousand sounds were ringing in her ears, a thousand figures were before her eyes; and she only reached her own apartment when all sights and sounds had vanished, for she had fainted.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, an Irish lawyer, antiquarian, and poet, born at Belfast, Ireland, March 10, 1810; died at Howth, County Dublin, Aug. 9, 1886. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the Inner Bar in 1859. He was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland in 1867, and in 1878 received the honor of knighthood on account of his antiquarian and literary merits. As president of the Royal Irish Academy he gave a powerful impetus to the scientific study of early Irish art. His contributions to the magazines began to attract attention in 1832. Besides numerous contributions, in verse and in prose, to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, he published: "Lays of the Western Gael" (1865); "Congal, a Poem" (1872); "Leabhar Breac" (1876); "Poems" (1880); "Shakespearian Breviates" (1882); "The Forging of the Anchor" (1883), a stirring poem by which he will be best remembered; "Ogham Inscription" (1887). "The Cromlech on Howth" (1864) is enriched with valuable notes on Celtic ornamental art. Among his best known contributions to periodical literature, besides those already mentioned, are: "Father Tom and the Pope," "The Widow's Cloak," and a series of Irish pictorial tales entitled "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments (1887)." During his life he collected all the known antiquarian literature of his native land.

The Forging of the Anchor.

Come see the Dolphin's Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now,
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leather panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;

It rises, roars, rends all outright — O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the bright sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout; "leap out — leap out!" bang, bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing front of fire is struck at every swashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"
Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad.
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of the ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save where ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing — here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be:
"The Anchor is the Anvil-King, and royal craftsmen we!"
Strike in, strike in; the sharks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bow, or an oozy couch of clay:
Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer,
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far, from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.
In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last:
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,

What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! Methinks what joys 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the charmed sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle wonder-fish, a bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles,
Then snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls.
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or haply in his cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
The dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs the cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
Which sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend —
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide, with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave —
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

Octave Feuillet, French novelist and dramatist, born at Saint Lô, Manche, Aug. 11, 1821; died in Paris, Dec. 29, 1890. He distinguished himself at the College of Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, where he was educated. He began his literary work with part of a romance entitled "Le Grand Vieillard," to which two other authors also contributed. It was the beginning of a life of constant literary activity. Both as dramatist and novelist he was very successful, and he contributed many articles to newspapers and reviews. In 1862, he was elected a member of the French Academy. Among his dramatic works are "La Nuit Terrible" (1845); "La Grise" (1848); "Le Pour et le Contre" (1849); "Delila" (1857); "Montjoye" (1863); "La Belle au Bois Dormant" (1865); "Le Cas de Conscience" (1867), and "Le Sphinx" (1874). Among his novels are "Punchinello" (1846); "Onesta" (1848); "Rédemption" (1849); "Bellah" (1850); "Le Cheveu Blanc" (1853); "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" (1858); "Histoire de Sibylle" (1862); "Monsieur de Camors" (1867); "Un Mariage dans le Monde" (1875); "Le Journal d'une Femme" (1878); "La Morte," translated under the title of "Aliette, Honneur d'Artiste," and "Le Veuve" (1890). Many of these novels have been rendered into English. The most popular of his works is "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," which has been translated into many languages.

At Château de Laroque.

(From "The Romance of a Poor Young Man.")

Château de Laroque (d'Arz), *May* 1.

I quitted Paris yesterday. My last interview with M. Laubepin was sad. I have promised a son's affection to the old man. The railroad carried me as far as Rennes, where I passed the night. This morning I took my seat in a diligence, which put me down, five or six hours later, at the village of Morbihan, a short distance from the Château de Laroque.

A few moments later and I should enter an unknown family

on a footing of a sort of disguised servitude, with a title which would hardly secure me the consideration and respect of the menials of the house; this was new for me. I marked out my plan of conduct toward the members of the Laroque family, promising myself to display a conscientious zeal for their interests, and a proper deference for their persons, equally removed from servility and rudeness. But I could not conceal from myself that this last part of my task, the most delicate without contradiction, would be simplified or complicated by the special nature of the characters and minds I was about to find myself in contact with.

M. Laubepin was obstinately reserved on this point, though he acknowledged that my eagerness to gain information was perfectly reasonable. But at the moment of my departure, he put a confidential letter into my hands, recommending me to throw it into the fire, as soon as I was master of its contents. I took this letter from my portfolio, and studied its sibyllic words, which I will copy here exactly:

"Château de Laroque (d'Arz).

"List of persons who inhabit the above-named château.

"I. Monsieur Laroque (Louis Auguste), an octogenarian, head of the family and chief founder of its fortune, an old sailor, celebrated under the first empire as a licensed privateer; he acquired his wealth upon the sea by honest enterprises of different kinds; for a long time a resident of the colonies. Originally from Brittany, he returned to his native province thirty years ago, accompanied by his only son, the late Pierre-Antoine Laroque, husband of —

"II. Madame Laroque (Josephine-Clara), daughter-in-law of the above-named; a Creole by birth, aged forty years; indolent and romantic in character; is fanciful; an excellent soul.

"III. Mlle. Laroque (Marguerite Louise), the granddaughter, daughter, and presumptive heiress of the before-named persons, aged twenty years; Creole and Bretonnese; has idle fancies; a fine mind.

"IV. Madame Aubry, widow of Mr. Aubry, exchange broker, deceased in Belgium, a second cousin; received as an inmate of the house; sour and crabbed.

"V. Mlle. Helouin (Caroline Gabrille), aged twenty-six; a former governess, now a companion; mind cultivated; character doubtful.

"Burn this."

This document has been very useful to me, notwithstanding its reserve, for it dissipated my horror of the unknown, the half of my fears. Besides, if there were, as M. Laubepin asserted, two beautiful characters in the Château de Laroque, it was certainly a greater portion than one had any right to hope for among its five inhabitants.

After two hours' traveling, the carriage stopped before the barred gate, flanked by two pavilions, which were occupied by a porter. I left my baggage there, and walked toward the château, carrying my little carpet-bag in one hand, and beheading with blows of my cane in the other hand the daisies which peeped through the turf. After walking several hundred yards between two rows of enormous chestnut-trees, I found myself in a large, circular-shaped garden, which seemed to transform itself into a park at a little distance. I perceived on both right and left deep perspectives, opened between dense thickets already green, bits of water glimmering under the trees, and white boats housed under rustic roofs. Before me rose the château, of considerable size, built in the elegant half-Italian style of the early days of Louis XIII. It was surrounded by a terrace which formed a kind of private garden in front, and was accessible by several broad, low steps. The stately and smiling aspect of this building really disappointed me, and this feeling did not diminish when on approaching the terrace I heard the sound of young and joyful voices above the tinkling of a more distant piano. I was decidedly entering a house of pleasure, instead of the old rigid castle I had chosen to imagine.

However, this was not a time for reflection; I slowly ascended the steps and found myself in front of a scene, which, under other circumstances, I should have admired. Half a dozen laughing young girls were twirling in couples on the turf of the parterre, while a piano, touched by a skillful hand, sent them through an open window the measures of an impetuous waltz. I had hardly time to see the animated faces of the dancers, their disordered hair, their large hats flapping upon their shoulders: my sudden apparition was saluted by a general shout, followed instantly by profound silence; the dancing ceased, and the band, ranged in order for battle, gravely waited for the stranger to pass. The stranger had stopped, not, however, without exhibiting a little embarrassment. Although my mind had not for a long time been directed to social pretensions,

I confess that at that moment I should have sold my traveling-bag at a very low price. But it was necessary for me to act. As I advanced, hat in hand, toward the double staircase leading to the vestibule of the château, the music ceased, and there appeared first at the open window an enormous Newfoundland dog, which rested his leonine muzzle on the window-sill, between his two hairy paws; then an instant afterward a tall young girl presented herself; her slightly brown and earnest face was set in a frame, as it were, of thick, shining black hair. Her eyes, which were extraordinarily large, examined the scene passing outside with indifferent curiosity. "Ah, well? what is the matter?" said she, in a calm voice. I made her a low bow, and once more execrating my traveling-bag, hastened up the flight of steps.

A gray-haired servant dressed in black took my name. I was shown a few minutes later into a large drawing-room hung with yellow silk, where I recognized at once the young person whom I had seen at the window, and who was extremely beautiful. Near the bright fire a middle-aged lady, whose features showed her to be a Creole, sat in a large arm-chair, almost buried in its eider-down cushions of all sizes and shapes. A tripod of antique form, placed over a lighted *brasero*, stood at her side, and she frequently held to it her thin pale hands. By the side of Madame Laroque was seated a lady, knitting; her morose and disagreeable countenance made me recognize her as unquestionably the "second cousin, widow of the exchange broker, deceased in Belgium."

The first look which Madame Laroque gave me was stamped with surprise bordering on stupidity. She made me repeat my name.

"I beg pardon — monsieur!"

"Odiot, madame."

"Maximilian Odiot, the agent, the steward from M. Laubepin?"

"Yes, madame."

"Are you very sure?"

I could not help smiling. "Yes, madame, perfectly sure!"

She cast a rapid glance on the exchange broker's widow, then on the young girl with the earnest face, as if to say, "Only imagine it!" After which she fidgeted slightly among her cushions and resumed:

"Be so good as to be seated, Monsieur Odiot. I thank

you very much for devoting your talents to our service. We are in great need of your assistance, I assure you, for it cannot be denied that we have the misfortune to be very rich."

Perceiving that her second cousin shrugged her shoulders at these words, she went on: "Yes, my dear Madame Aubry, I think so. In making me rich, God wished to try me. I was born positively for poverty, for privation, for devotion and sacrifice; but I have always been thwarted. For example, I should have loved to have an infirm husband. Well! Monsieur Laroque was a man of the most robust health. You see how my destiny has been and will be missed from one end of life to the other."

"That will do," said Madame Aubry harshly; "poverty would be a fine thing for you, who cannot deny yourself any refinement and luxury."

"Allow me, dear madame," replied Madame Laroque, "I have no taste for useless sacrifices. If I were to condemn myself to endure the hardest privations, who or what would be benefited thereby? If I were to freeze from morning till night, would you be any happier?"

Madame Aubry made us understand by an expressive gesture that she should be no happier, but that she thought Madame Laroque's language prodigiously affected and ridiculous.

"After all," continued the latter, "happy or unhappy, it matters little. We are very rich, Monsieur Odiot, and though I had little to do with the making of this fortune, it is my duty to preserve it for my daughter, although the poor child cares no more for it than I do myself — is it not so, Marguerite?"

At this question a feeble smile was visible on the disdainful lips of Mlle. Marguerite, and her eyebrows were slightly raised, after which this dignified and superb physiognomy regained its repose.

"Monsieur," said Madame Laroque, "you shall be shown the apartments that have been prepared for you at the express desire of M. Laubepin; but, previous to that, will you be so good as to visit my father-in-law, who will be glad to see you? Will you ring, my dear cousin? I hope, Monsieur Odiot, that you will do us the pleasure to dine with us to-day. Good-morning."

I was confided to the care of a servant, who begged me to wait in a room adjoining that which I had just quitted till he

had received his orders from M. Laroque. This man had left the door half open, and it was impossible not to hear these words, spoken by Madame Laroque, in the tone of ironical good-nature, evidently habitual to her: "Can any one understand Laubepin, who promised me an honest, sober, middle-aged man, and who sends me a young gentleman like that?"

Mlle. Marguerite murmured several words, which escaped me, to my regret, I confess, and to which her mother replied: "I do not contradict you, my daughter; but that does not render it any the less ridiculous on Laubepin's part. How can you suppose that such a gentleman will go trotting in wooden shoes over the plowed fields? I wager that man never put on wooden shoes; he does not even know what they are. Well! it is perhaps one of my faults, but I cannot imagine a good steward without wooden shoes. Tell me, Marguerite, now I think of it, if you will conduct him to your grandfather?"

Mlle. Marguerite came immediately into the room where I was. On seeing me, she seemed scarcely pleased. "I beg pardon, mademoiselle; but the servant desired me to wait here for him."

"Be so good as to follow me, monsieur."

I followed her. She led me up a staircase, through several corridors, and showed me into a gallery, where she left me. I began to examine the pictures suspended on the walls. These were mostly very inferior sea-pieces devoted to the glory of the old privateers of the Empire. There were several pictures of sea-fights, a little smoked, in which it was evident that the little brig Amiable, Captain Laroque, twenty-six guns, had caused John Bull serious disasters. Then came full length portraits of Captain Laroque, which naturally attracted my special attention. They all represented, with some slight variations, a man of gigantic size, wearing a sort of republican uniform, with large facings, long-haired, like Kleber, and sending right before him an energetic, fiery look; on the whole, a man who had little that was pleasing about him. As I was studying curiously this figure, which realized wonderfully the general idea of a privateer, and even of a pirate, Mlle. Marguerite came and begged me to enter another room. I there found myself in the presence of a thin, decrepit old man, whose eyes hardly preserved the vital spark, and who, to welcome me, touched with

a tremulous hand the black silk cap which covered his bald head, as shining as ivory.

"Grandfather," said Mlle. Marguerite, raising her voice, "this is Monsicur Odiot."

The poor old captain raised himself a little in his arm-chair, as he looked at me with a dull, uncertain expression. I seated myself at a sign from Mlle. Marguerite, who repeated: "M. Odiot, the new steward, grandfather."

"Ah! good-day, sir," murmured the old man. A most painful silence followed, Captain Laroque continued to watch me with his bleared eyes as he sat bent double, and his head hanging down. At length, seeming to recollect an interesting subject of conversation, he said to me in a deep, hollow voice, "M. de Beauchêne is dead!"

I could make no answer to this unexpected communication; I was ignorant who this M. de Beauchêne could be, and as Mlle. Marguerite did not give herself the trouble to explain to me, I could only express by some feeble exclamation of condolence the share I took in this sad event. This was not apparently to the taste of the old sailor, for he repeated the moment after, in the same lugubrious tone: "M. de Beauchêne is dead!"

My embarrassment was redoubled by this persistency. I saw Mlle. Marguerite's foot beat the floor with impatience; I was in despair, and unluckily expressed the first thought which came into my mind: "Ah! and of what did he die?"

This question had scarcely escaped my lips when an angry glance from Mlle. Marguerite warned me that I was suspected of I know not what irreverent raillery. Feeling I had been guilty of a silly blunder, I was anxious to give the interview a happier turn. I spoke of the pictures in the gallery, of the emotions they must recall to the captain, of the respectful interest I felt in seeing the hero of such glorious deeds. I even entered into details, and instanced two or three combats in which the brig Amiable seemed to me to have really accomplished miracles. Though I was giving such a proof of courtesy and good taste, Mlle. Marguerite, to my extreme surprise, continued to look at me with manifest discontent and vexation. Her grandfather, however, listened attentively, raising his head little by little. A strange smile lighted up his thin face, and seemed to efface the wrinkles. Suddenly placing his hands on the arms of his chair, he rose to his full height, a war-like flame

shot from his deep-sunk eyes, and he cried in a loud voice that made me tremble: "Up with the helm! To windward! Fire the larboard guns! Come along-side! Throw the grappling irons! Quick! We hold him! Fire high! Sweep his deck! Now! together! Fall upon the English, the cursed Saxon! Hurrah!" In uttering this last shout, which rattled in his throat, the old man, vainly supported by the pious hands of his granddaughter, fell as if crushed into his arm-chair. Mlle. Laroque made me an imperious sign, and I left the room. I found my way back as I could, through the maze of passages and staircases, felicitating myself warmly on the wit and discretion I had displayed in my interview with the old captain of the Amiable.

The gray-haired servant who received me on my arrival, and whose name was Alain, I found waiting for me in the vestibule to tell me from Madame Laroque that I had no time to visit my apartments to dress before dinner — that I was very well as I was. At the moment when I entered the saloon, some twenty persons were about leaving it, with the usual ceremony, to go to the dining-room. It was the first time since the change in my condition, that I had mingled in society. Accustomed to the preference which etiquette accords in general to birth and fortune, I did not receive without a bitter feeling this first indication of the neglect and disdain to which my new situation inevitably condemns me. Repressing as I best could the mutinous feelings, I offered my arm to a young girl, short, but well-formed and graceful, who remained alone behind the guests, and who was, as I supposed her to be, Mlle. Helouin, the governess. My place at the table was near hers. As the company were seating themselves, Mlle. Marguerite appeared, like Antigone, guiding the slow and dragging steps of her grandfather. She seated herself on my right, with that air of tranquil majesty which becomes her so well, and the powerful Newfoundland, seemingly the authorized guardian of the princess, was not long in posting himself as a sentinel. I expressed to my neighbor, without delay, the regret I felt at having so awkwardly evoked memories that agitated her grandfather in so sad a manner.

"It is I who ought to make excuses, monsieur," she answered: "I ought to have told you we must not speak of the English before my grandfather. Are you familiar with Brittany?"

I replied that I had not seen the province before this day, but that I was very glad to become acquainted with it; and in

order to prove that I was worthy of it, I spoke in a poetic strain of the picturesque and beautiful scenery I had passed through. I thought this adroit flattery would gain the good-will of the young Bretonnese, and I was astonished to see symptoms of impatience and annoyance in her face. I was decidedly unfortunate with this young girl.

"I see, monsieur," said she, with a singular expression of irony, "that you love that which is beautiful, which appeals to the imagination, to the soul; nature, verdure, stones, and the fine arts. You will succeed wonderfully with Mlle. Helouin, who adores these things, which, for my part, I do not love."

"But in heaven's name, then, what do you like, mademoiselle?"

At this question, which I addressed to her in a tone of amiable pleasantry, she turned abruptly toward me, gave me a haughty glance, and answered coldly, "I like my dog. Here! Mervyn."

Then she plunged her hand affectionately into the long hair of the Newfoundland, as he stretched his formidable head between my plate and hers while standing on his hind-legs.

I could not but observe with new interest the physiognomy of this singular person, and seek for the external signs of that barrenness of soul of which she boasted. Mlle. Laroque, who seemed to me very tall at first, owed this appearance to the ample and perfectly harmonious character of her beauty. She was in reality of ordinary size. Her face of a slightly rounded oval, and her neck exquisitely arched and proudly set upon her shoulders, are lightly tinged with a dull golden color. Her black hair forms a striking relief to her forehead and throws wavy, bluish reflections at each movement of her head; the nostrils, delicate and thin, seem copied from the divine model of the Roman Madonna, and sculptured in living mother of pearl. Beneath the large, deep, and pensive eyes, the tawny golden hue of the cheeks shades into a browner circle which looks like a mark traced by the shadow of the eyelashes, or as if burned by the fiery radiation of her glances. It is difficult to describe the sovereign sweetness of the smile which comes occasionally to animate this beautiful face, and to temper, by a gracious contraction, the brilliancy of those large eyes. Truly, the goddess of poesy, and of dreams, and of the enchanted realms, might confidently present herself for the worship of mortals under the form of this child, who loves only her dog.

Nature, in her choicest productions, often prepares for us these cruel mystifications.

Moreover, to me it matters little. I feel that I am destined to play the part of a negro in Mlle. Marguerite's imagination — the object, as every one knows, of slight attraction for a Creole. On my side, I flatter myself that I am as proud as Mlle. Marguerite; the most impossible of all attachments for me, would be that which would expose me to the suspicion of intrigue and fortune-hunting. I do not think, besides, that I shall need to arm myself with great moral strength against an improbable danger, for the beauty of Mlle. Laroque is of that order which challenges the pure contemplation of the artist, rather than a more human and tenderer sentiment.

On hearing the name of Mervyn, which Mlle. Marguerite has given to her body-guard, my left-hand neighbor, Mlle. Helouin, launched full sail into the time of Arthur, telling me that Mervyn was the authentic name of the celebrated enchanter, vulgarly called Merlin. From the Knights of the Round Table, she went back to the time of Cæsar, and I saw defile before me in a somewhat tedious procession the whole hierarchy of druids, bards and ovates, after which we had a fatal tumble from *menhir* to *dolmen* and from *galgal* to *cromlech.*

While I wandered in Celtic forests, guarded by Mlle. Helouin, who only needed to be a little fatter in order to make an excellent druidess, the exchange broker's widow, who sat near us, kept up an incessant complaining, "they had forgotten to give her a foot-stove; they had brought her cold soup; the meat which was served her was nothing but skin and bones; this was the way she was treated. But she was accustomed to it. It was sad to be poor, very sad. She wished she was dead."

"Yes, doctor," she continued, addressing her neighbor, who seemed to listen to her grievances with an affectation of interest mingled the least in the world with irony — "yes, doctor, it is not a jest; I wish I were dead. It would be a great relief to all the world. Think, doctor! When one has been in my position, when one has eaten off silver plate marked with one's own crest — to be reduced to living on charity, and to see one's self the sport of servants! No one knows what I suffer in this house, no one ever will know. Those who have pride, suffer without complaining; it is for this reason that I hold my peace, doctor, but I think none the less."

"That is right, my dear lady," replied the doctor, whom they called Desmarests, I believe, "do not let us talk of it any more; drink some wine, that will calm you."

"Nothing, nothing will calm me but death!"

"Ah well! madame, whenever you please!" replied the doctor, quietly.

Near the center of the table the attention of the guests was engrossed by the careless, satirical, and vainglorious sallies of a personage whom I heard addressed as M. de Bévallan, and who seemed to enjoy here the privileges of an intimate friend. He was a large man, of mature age, whose head belonged strictly to the type of Francis First. They listened to him as to an oracle, and Madame Laroque herself granted him as much interest and admiration as she seemed capable of feeling for anything in the world. For myself, as the greater part of the witticisms related to local anecdotes, and occurrences, I could not fully appreciate the merits of this Armorican lion.

I had, however, to acknowledge his politeness to me; he offered me a cigar after dinner, and showed me into the room appropriated to smoking. He did the honors, at the same time, to three or four young men just out of their teens, who evidently regarded him as a model of good manners and elegant wickedness.

"Eh! Bévallan," said one of these young fellows, "you do not, then, give up the priestess of the sun?"

"Never," answered Bévallan; "I will wait ten months, ten years, if necessary; but I will have her or nobody shall."

"You are not in the meantime unhappy, old fellow: the governess will help you to be patient."

"Ought I to cut off your tongue or your ears, Arthur?" replied M. Bévallan in a low voice, advancing toward his interlocutor, and reminding him of my presence by a quick gesture.

There were then brought on the carpet, in charming confusion, all the horses, all the dogs, all the ladies of that part of the country. It is to be wished, by the way, that women could be secretly present for once in their lives at the conversations held between men after a good dinner; they would then understand exactly the delicacy of our customs, and the confidence we ought to inspire them with. I do not pride myself on my prudery, but the talk to which I was a listener had the serious fault, in my opinion, of exceeding the limit of the loosest jesting; it hit

at everything by the way, outraged gayety, and finally took a character of universal profanation.

But my education, doubtless very incomplete, has left in my heart a fund of respect, which it seems to me ought to be preserved in the midst of the liveliest expansions of good humor. We have our Young America in France, however, which is not content if it does not utter blasphemy after dinner; we have amiable little vagabonds — the hope of the future — who have had neither fathers nor mothers, who have no country, and no God, but who would seem to be the brutal production of some machine without heart or soul, which has deposited them accidentally on this globe to be indifferent ornaments to it.

In short, M. de Bévallan, who did not fear to constitute himself the cynical professor of these beardless roués, did not please me, and I think I pleased him as little. I pretended to be fatigued, and took my leave.

At my request, old Alain equipped himself with a lantern, and guided me across the park to the building allotted to my use. After some minutes' walking, we crossed a stream on a wooden bridge, and found ourselves before a massive door surrounded by a kind of belfry and flanked by two turrets. This was formerly the entrance of the old château. Oak and fir trees formed a mysterious circle around this feudal ruin, which gave it an air of deep seclusion. This was to be my habitation; my three rooms, very suitably furnished with chintz, extended above the door from one turret to the other. This melancholy abode pleased me; it suited my fortune.

As soon as I was rid of old Alain, who was in a talkative humor, I seated myself to record the doings of this important day, stopping at intervals to listen to the soft murmur of the little river, flowing beneath my windows, and the cry of the legendary owl celebrating its sad love in the neighboring woods.

October 3.

It really seems as if some malign power took the trouble to devise the most singular and the cruelest temptations, and to offer them by turns to my conscience and my heart! M. Laubepin not having arrived this morning, Madame Laroque asked me for some information which she needed in order to determine upon the preamble of the contract which, as I have said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for several days longer, I begged Madame Laroque to send me the

titles and private papers, which were in the possession of her father-in-law, and which were indispensable to me, in order to solve the difficulties that had been pointed out.

They soon brought me two or three drawers filled with them, that had been secretly taken out of M. Laroque's cabinet, while the old man was asleep, for he had always shown himself very jealous of his private papers. In the first which I took up the repetition of my own family name caught my eye, and appealed to my curiosity with irresistible force. This is the literal text of the paper:

"To My Children.

"The name that I bequeath to you and that I have honored, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was manager of a plantation of considerable size in the island, at that time belonging to France, of Saint-Lucie, owned by a wealthy and noble family of Dauphiny, that of the Champceys d'Hauterives. My father died in 1793, and I inherited, although still quite young, the confidence they placed in him. Toward the close of that sad year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were delivered up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive (Jacques Auguste), whom the orders of the Convention had not then attainted, commanded at that time the frigate Thetis, which had cruised in these waters for three years.

"A large number of French colonists scattered through the Antilles had acquired large fortunes, with the loss of which they were now daily threatened. They contrived, with the aid of Commandant Champcey, to organize a flotilla of light transports, to which they transferred all their movable property, hoping to return to their native land, protected by the guns of the Thetis. I had long before received orders to sell the plantation which I had managed since my father's death, at any price, in view of the pending troubles. On the night of the 14th of November, 1793, I secretly quitted Saint-Lucie, already occupied by the enemy, alone in a boat from Cape Mome-au-Sable. I carried with me the sum for which I had sold the plantation, in English bank notes and guineas. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had gained of these coasts, had been able to elude the English cruisers, and had taken refuge in the difficult and obscure channel of the Gros-Ilet. He had ordered me to join him there this very night, and only waited my coming on board before issuing from the channel with the flotilla under his escort, and heading for France. On the way thither, I had the

misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. My captors, masters in treachery as they are, gave me the choice to be shot immediately, or to sell them, by means of the million which I had in my possession, and which they would abandon to me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay. I was young, the temptation was too strong; a half hour later the Thetis was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey grievously wounded. A year passed, a sleepless year. I became mad, and I resolved to revenge myself on the accursed English for the torments which racked me. I went to Guadaloupe, I changed my name, and devoting the greater part of the price of my treason to the purchase of an armed brig, I fell upon the English. For fifteen years, I washed in their blood and my own the stain I had made, in an hour of weakness, on my country's flag. Although more than three-fourths of my real fortune has been acquired in glorious battles, its origin is none the less as I have stated.

"On my return to France, in my old age, I inquired into the situation of the Champceys d'Hauterives; they were happy and rich. I continued, therefore, to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I could not gain courage to blush before them while I live; but my death will reveal this secret to them; they will use it according to the inspiration of their consciences. For myself I have only one prayer to make to them; there will be, sooner or later, a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each other too much; we must ruin them, or they will ruin us! If this war breaks out during the lifetime of my children or my grandchildren, I desire that they shall present to the government a corvette armed and equipped, on the sole condition that she shall be named the *Savage*, and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside that she sends on the Carthaginian shore my bones will shake with pleasure in my grave!

"Richard Savage, called Laroque."

The recollections that were roused in my mind, on reading this dreadful confession, confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father, twenty times, relate, with a mixture of pride and sorrow, the incident in my grandfather's life which was here spoken of. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage was the victim, and not the actor, in the treason which had betrayed the commander of the Thetis.

I now understood all that had struck me as singular in the old sailor, and in particular his timid bearing toward me. My father had always told me that I was the living portrait of my grandfather, the Marquis Jacques; and without doubt some glimmering of this resemblance penetrated occasionally his

clouded brain, and even reached the unquiet conscience of the poor old man.

Hardly was I master of this secret when I fell into a terrible quandary. I could not feel animosity against this man, whose temporary loss of moral strength had been expiated by a long life of repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred which was not wanting in grandeur. I could not recognize without a kind of admiration the savage spirit which still animated these lines, written by a culpable but heroic hand.

But what ought I to do with this terrible secret? The first thought which occurred to me was that it would destroy all obstacles between Mlle. Marguerite and me; that henceforth this fortune, which had separated us, would be an almost obligatory bond between us, since I alone, of all the world, could render it legitimate in sharing it with her. In truth, the secret was not mine; and although the most innocent of chances had revealed it to me, strict probity demanded, perhaps, that I should leave it to reach, in its own good time, the hands for which it was intended; but in waiting for this moment that which was irreparable had taken place — and I should allow it when I could prevent it by a single word! And these poor women themselves, when the day came for the fatal truth to make them blush, would, perhaps, share my sorrow, my despair! They would be the first to cry to me, "Ah! if you knew it, why did you not speak?"

Well, no! neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, if I can help it, shall those noble faces blush with shame. I will not purchase my happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret, known only to me, which this old man, henceforth mute forever, cannot betray — this secret exists no longer — the flames have devoured it!

I had considered it well. I know what I have dared to do. It was a will — a testament — and I have destroyed it! Moreover, it would not have benefited me alone. My sister, who is confided to my care, would have gained a fortune through it — and, without her consent, I have thrust her back into poverty with my own hand. I know all that. But two pure, elevated, proud souls, will not be crushed and blighted by the weight of a crime which was foreign to them. There is here a principle of equity which seemed to me superior to all literal justice. If I have committed a crime, in my turn I will answer for it! But this inward struggle has wearied me. I can write no longer.

October 4.

M. Laubepin arrived at length this evening. He came for a moment only, to speak to me. He was abstracted, abrupt, and dissatisfied. He spoke to me very briefly of the proposed marriage: "A very happy operation," said he; "a very praiseworthy union in all respects, where nature and society both find the guaranties that they have a right to demand on such an occasion. Upon which, young man, I wish you a good-night, and I will go and clear the ticklish ground of the preliminary articles, in order that the car of this interesting Hymen may reach its destination without jolting."

The contract is to be signed at one o'clock to-day, in the saloon, in the presence of friends, and the customary attendants. I cannot be present at the ceremony, and I bless my injury, which has saved me from enduring this torture.

I was writing to my little Helen, to whom I shall endeavor for the future to devote all my thoughts, when M. Laubepin and Mlle. de Porhoet entered my room. M. Laubepin had not failed to appreciate the many virtues of my venerable friend during his frequent visits to Laroque, and a warm, respectful attachment has existed for a long time between these two old people. After an interminable exchange of ceremonies, salutations and bows, they took the seats I had prepared for them, and began to look at me with an air of great beatitude.

"Well," said I, "it is ended?"

"It is ended!" they replied, in concert.

"Has everything gone on well?"

"Very well," said Mlle. de Porhoet.

"Excellently," added M. Laubepin. Then, after a pause, "That Bévallan is gone to the devil!"

"And young Helouin is on the same road," added Mlle. de Porhoet.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise: "Good God, what does all this mean?"

"My friend," said M. Laubepin, "the proposed union presented all the advantages desirable, and it would have secured undoubtedly the mutual happiness of the parties, if marriage were a purely commercial association; but it is not so. My duty in these interesting circumstances was, since my assistance was demanded, to consult the inclination of the hearts, and the suitableness of the characters, as well as the proportion of their fortunes. But I perceived from the first that the marriage in

question had the inconvenience not to exactly please any one, neither my excellent friend, Madame Laroque, nor the amiable bride, nor the clearest-sighted friends of these ladies; nobody, in short, unless it were the bridegroom, about whom I cared very little. It is true (this remark is due to Mlle. de Porhoet), it is true, I said to myself that the bridegroom is gentle" —

"A *gentleman*, if you please," interrupted Mlle. de Porhoet, in a stern voice.

"Gentleman," returned M. Laubepin, accepting the amendment; "but it is a kind of gentleman which does not please me."

"Neither does it please me," said Mlle. de Porhoet. "He was one of the buffoons of his species, and resembled those mannerless grooms that we saw in the last century, issue from the English stables, under the management of the Duc de Chartres, as a prelude to the revolution."

"Oh! If they had done nothing but act as a prelude to the revolution, one could forgive them," said M. Laubepin.

"I ask a thousand pardons, my dear sir; but speak for yourself. Besides, there is no need of discussing that; will you continue?"

"Therefore," resumed M. Laubepin, "seeing that all were going to these nuptials as to a funeral, I sought for some means, both honorable and legal, not to break our faith with M. de Bévallan, but to induce him to withdraw from the marriage. This was the more allowable, because, in my absence, M. de Bévallan had taken advantage of the inexperience of my friend, Madame Laroque, and the softness of my confrère from Rennes, in order to secure himself most exorbitant interests. Without departing from the letter of the articles agreed on, I succeeded in sensibly modifying their spirit. However, honor and the promises given imposed bonds I could not break. The contract, in spite of all I could do, remained quite as advantageous as any man could accept, who possessed the least nobleness of soul, and tenderness for his future wife. Was M. de Bévallan this man? We must risk the chance of that. I confess to you that I was not unmoved when I began the reading this morning of this irrevocable instrument before an imposing audience."

"For myself," interrupted mademoiselle, "I had not a drop of blood in my veins. The first part gave so fine a portion to the enemy, that I gave up all for lost."

"Without doubt, mademoiselle; but, as we say, the venom is in the tail, *in cauda venenum*. It was pleasant, my friend,

to see the faces of M. de Bévallan and that of my colleague from Rennes, who was present, when I abruptly unmasked my batteries. They looked at each other in silence at first, then they whispered together, and finally they rose, and approaching the table before which I was seated, asked in a low voice, for explanations.

"'Speak aloud, if you please, gentlemen,' said I to them; 'there is no need of mystery here. What do you wish?'

"The spectators began to attend to the conversation. M. de Bévallan, without raising his voice, insinuated that this contract was a suspicious work.

"'A suspicious work!' I replied, in as loud a voice as possible. 'What do you mean by that? Is it against Madame Laroque, against me, or against my colleague here present, that you direct this strange imputation?'

"'Chut! silence! no noise!' said the notary from Rennes, in a prudent tone; 'but see, it was agreed from the first that the marriage settlement should be dispensed with' —

"'The marriage settlement, sir? And where do you find any question of a marriage settlement?'

"'Come, brother, you know very well that you restore the marriage settlement by a subterfuge.'

"'Subterfuge, brother! Permit me, as your senior, to advise you to erase that word from your vocabulary.'

"'But really,' muttered M. de Bévallan, 'my hands are tied on all sides; I am treated like a little boy.'

"'How, monsieur? What are we doing here, according to you? Is this a contract or a will? You forget that Madame Laroque is living, that her father-in-law is living, that you are marrying, not inheriting — not yet, at least, monsieur; have a little patience; what the deuce' —

"At these words Mlle. Marguerite rose. 'That is enough,' said she. 'Monsieur Laubepin, throw the contract into the fire. Mother, return the gentleman his presents.' Then she left the room, with the step of an insulted queen. Madame Laroque followed her. At the same moment I threw the contract into the fireplace.

"'Monsieur,' said M. de Bévallan to me, in a threatening tone, 'there is some maneuver here, of which I will learn the secret.'

"'I will tell it to you,' I replied to him. 'A young person, who has a just pride in herself, had conceived the fear that your

wooing was addressed solely to her fortune; she no longer doubts it. I have the honor to wish you a good-day.'

"From him I went to find the two ladies, who, on my faith, threw their arms around my neck. A quarter of an hour afterward M. de Bévallan quitted the château with my colleague from Rennes. His departure and his disgrace had the inevitable result of unloosing the tongues of the domestics, and his impudent intrigue with Mlle. Helouin was soon known. The young woman, suspected for some time past in other respects, asked for her dismissal, and it was not refused her. It is needless to add that the ladies will secure her a comfortable support. Well, my lad, what do you say to all this? Are you suffering more? You are as pale as a dead man."

The truth is, that this unlooked-for news had given rise to such a crowd of happy and painful feelings that I nearly fainted.

M. Laubepin, who was to set out on his return the next morning at sunrise, came this evening to say good-by. After a few embarrassed words between us he said, "There my dear child, I am not going to question you as to what has taken place here; but if, by chance, you need a confidant and a counselor, I ask your preference."

I could not unbosom myself to a more trusty friend. I gave the worthy old man a detailed account of all the circumstances affecting my relations with Mlle. Marguerite since my arrival at the château. I even read him some pages of this journal in order to show him more precisely the state of those relations, and the state of my feelings. And, finally, the secret that I had discovered the preceding day among the papers of M. Laroque; I concealed nothing from him.

When I had ended, M. Laubepin, whose face had become very thoughtful and anxious, replied, "It is useless to disguise from you that in sending you hither I meditated a union between you and Mlle. Laroque. All went, at first, according to my wishes. Your hearts, which in my opinion, are worthy of each other, seemed to approach insensibly; but this strange adventure of which Elven was the romantic theater, entirely disconcerts me, I acknowledge. What the deuce, my friend, to leap from the window at the risk of breaking your neck; this was, let me tell you, a sufficient proof of your disinterestedness; it was quite superfluous to add to this honorable proceeding, the solemn oath never to marry this poor child, except in contin-

gencies which we cannot possibly hope for. I pride myself on being a man of resources, but I own I am incapable of giving you two hundred thousand francs a year or of taking them away from Mlle. Laroque!"

"Well, sir, give me your counsel. I have more confidence in you than in myself, for I feel that misfortune, by constantly exposing me to suspicion, has roused in me the sensitiveness of honor even to excess. Speak. Will you tell me to forget the unwise, but still solemn oath which, at this moment, alone separates me, I believe, from the happiness you have dreamed of for your adopted son?"

M. Laubepin rose and paced the room for some minutes, with his thick eyebrows drawn down over his eyes; then stopped, and seizing my hand, "Young man," said he, "it is true I love you as my own child; but, were your heart to break and mine with yours, I cannot trifle with my principles. It is better to exceed the demands of honor than to fall short of them; in the matter of oaths, all those which are not exacted at the point of the sword, or at the mouth of a pistol, should be either not taken, or if taken, should be kept. Such is my opinion."

"It is also mine. I will leave here to-morrow with you."

"No, Maximilian, remain here a little while longer. I do not believe in miracles, but I believe in God, who rarely suffers us to perish through our virtues. Give Providence a little time. I know that what I ask will require great resolution, but I claim it formally of your friendship. If, in a month, you do not receive any news from me — well, you shall leave."

He embraced me, and left me with a peaceful conscience but a desolate heart.

October 12.

It is now two days since I left my retreat and went to the château. I had not seen Mlle. Marguerite since the moment of our separation in the town of Elven. She was alone in the saloon when I entered there; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement as if to withdraw; then she remained immovable, her face becoming crimson. This was contagious, for I felt myself flush to the very roots of my hair.

"How do you do, monsieur?" said she, holding out her hand, and pronouncing these simple words in a voice so soft, so humble — alas! so tender, that I could hardly restrain myself from kneeling before her. But I replied in a tone of cold po-

liteness. She looked sadly at me, then cast down her large eyes and resumed her work.

At that moment her mother sent for her to come to her grandfather, whose state had become very alarming. He lost his voice and all power of motion several days previous, the paralysis having attacked his whole body; the last glimmerings of intellectual life were also extinguished; sensibility alone contended with disease. No one could doubt that the old man drew near his end; but his energetic heart had so strong a hold on life, that the struggle promised to be a long and obstinate one. From the first appearance of danger, however, Madame Laroque and her daughter had been lavish of their strength, watching beside him day and night with the passionate abnegation and earnest devotion which are the special virtue and glory of their sex. But they succumbed to fatigue and fever on the night before last; we offered, M. Desmarests and I, to supply their places beside M. Laroque during the night. They consented to take a few hours' repose.

The doctor, very tired himself, soon announced that he was going to lie down in the adjoining room. "I am of no use here," said he; "the matter is decided. You see he suffers no longer, the poor old man! He is in a state of lethargy, which has nothing disagreeable in it; he will awake only to die. Therefore you can be easy. If you remark any change, you will call me; but I do not think this will be before to-morrow. In the meantime I am dead with sleep!" and, yawning aloud, he left the room. His language, his bearing in the presence of a dying man, shocked me. He was an excellent man, however; but in order to render to death the respect which is due, it is necessary to believe in an immortal principle which it sets free, not to see merely the brute matter which it dissolves.

Left alone in the sick-room, I seated myself near the foot of the bed, the curtains of which had been raised, and tried to read by the light of a lamp that stood near me on a little table. The book fell from my hands: I could think only of the singular combination of events which gave to this old man the grandson of his victim, as a witness and protector of his last sleep. Then, in the midst of the profound quiet of the hour and the place, I conjured up the scenes of tumult and violence, of which his life, now about to close, had been so full. I sought for some dim impression of them on the face of the sufferer, but I saw there only the heaviness and premature repose of death. I approached

his pillow at intervals, to assure myself that the vital breath still moved in his sinking breast.

At length, toward the middle of the night an irresistible torpor seized me, and I fell asleep, my forehead leaning on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by some mournful sound; I raised my eyes, and I felt a shivering in the very marrow of my bones. The old man was half risen in his bed, and had fixed upon me an attentive, astonished look, in which shone a life and an intelligence that, up to this time, I had never beheld in him. When my eye met his he trembled; he stretched out his crossed arms, and said to me, in a supplicating voice, the strange, unusual sound of which suspended the very beating of my heart:

"Monsieur le Marquis, forgive me!"

I tried to rise, I tried to speak, but in vain. I sat in my chair like one petrified.

After a silence, during which the eyes of the dying man had not ceased to plead to me, he again spoke:

"Monsieur le Marquis, deign to forgive me!"

I found power at last to go to him. As I approached, he shrunk backward, as if to escape some dreadful contact. I raised one hand and lowering it gently before his eyes, which were distended and wild with terror, I said to him:

"Go in peace. I forgive you."

I had not finished speaking these words, when his withered face became illuminated with a flash of joy and youth and a tear flowed from each sunken eye. He extended one hand toward me, but suddenly clinched it, waving it threateningly in the air; I saw his eye-balls roll as if a ball had been sent to his heart — "The English," he murmured, and fell back upon the pillow, an inert mass. He was dead.

I called aloud quickly; attendants came running in. He was soon surrounded by prayers and pious tears. I withdrew, deeply moved by this extraordinary scene, which would forever remain a secret between myself and the dead.

This sad family event has caused numerous duties and cares to devolve upon me, which have justified in my own eyes my prolonged stay at the château. It is impossible to conjecture what could have been M. Laubepin's motives in counseling me to defer my departure. What can he hope from this delay? It seems to me that he yielded in this case to a feeling of vague superstition and puerility, to which a mind tempered like his

should never have bowed, and which I was wrong myself in submitting to. Did he not understand that he was imposing on me a part entirely wanting in openness and dignity, besides the increase of useless suffering? Could not one justly reproach me now with trifling with sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguerite had sufficed to reveal to me all the severity of the test I am condemned to, but the death of M. Laroque has given a little naturalness to my relations with her, and propriety to my continued stay.

RENNES, *October* 26.

The last word is spoken — My God! How strong was this tie! How it has rent my heart to break it.

Last night at nine o'clock I was surprised as I sat at my open window, to see a faint light approaching my dwelling through the dark alleys of the park and from a different direction to that used by the servants at the château. An instant afterward some one knocked at my door and Mlle. de Porhoet entered breathless. "Cousin," said she, "I have business with you."

I looked in her face. "Is there some new misfortune?"

"No, it is not exactly that. You shall judge of it yourself. Sit down, my dear child, you have spent two or three evenings at the château in the course of this week; have you observed anything new or singular in the bearing of the ladies?"

"Nothing."

"Have you not, at least, remarked in their faces an expression of unusual serenity?"

"Perhaps so, yes. Aside from the melancholy of their recent affliction, they have seemed to me calmer and even happier than formerly."

"Without doubt. You would have been struck by other peculiarities if you had, like me, lived for fifteen years in their daily intimacy. Thus I have lately often surprised some sign of secret intelligence of mysterious complicity between them. Besides, their habits are perceptibly changed. Madame Laroque has put aside her brasero, her easy-chair with its turret, and her innocent Creole fancies; she rises at fabulous hours, and seats herself with Marguerite, at their work-table. They have both become passionately fond of embroidery, and have inquired how much money a woman can earn daily at this kind of work. In short it has been an enigma to which I have striven to discover the clew. This has just been disclosed to me, and without

intruding upon your secrets, I have thought it right to communicate it to you without delay."

On my protestations of the entire confidence I would gladly repose in her, Mlle. de Porhoet continued in her sweet, firm style. "Madame Aubry came secretly to see me this evening; she began by throwing her two covetous arms around my neck, which greatly displeased me; then with a thousand jeremiads that I will spare you, she begged me to stop her cousins, who were on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at the doors according to her delicate custom: these ladies are soliciting at this moment the authorization of giving all their property to a church at Rennes, in order to destroy the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and you, which now separates you. Being unable to make you rich, they intend to make themselves poor. It seemed impossible, cousin, to leave you ignorant of this determination, equally worthy of those generous hearts, and those childish heads. You will forgive me for adding that your duty is to thwart this design at any cost. What repentance it prepares for our friends, what terrible responsibility it threatens you with, it is needless to tell you; you will understand it all as well as I, at first sight. If you could, my friend, receive Marguerite's hand at once, that would be the best ending in the world, but you are bound in this respect, by a promise which, blind, imprudent as it was, is none the less obligatory on you. There remains, then, only one thing for you to do, to leave this country without delay, and to crush resolutely all the hopes your presence here inevitably keeps alive. When you are gone it will be easier for me to bring these children back to reason."

"Well! I am ready; I will set out this very night."

"That is right," she replied. "In giving you this advice, I have myself obeyed a very harsh law of honor. You charm the last hours of my solitude; you have restored the illusions of the sweetest attachments of life, which I had lost for many years. In sending you away I make my last sacrifice, and it is very great." She rose and looked at me a moment, without speaking. "One does not embrace young men, at my age," she resumed, with a sad smile, "one blesses them. Adieu, dear child! may the good God help you!" I kissed her trembling hands, and she left me.

I hastily made my preparations for departure, then I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque. I begged her to abandon a

determination, the consequences and extent of which she could not measure, and to which I was firmly determined, for my part, to be in no way an accessory. I gave her my word — and she knew she could rely on it — that I would never accept my happiness at the price of her ruin. In conclusion, in order the better to divert her from her foolish design, I spoke vaguely of an approaching future where I pretended to see glimpses of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a painful farewell, to my retreat, to this old tower, where I have suffered and loved so deeply! and I crept into the château by a private door, the key of which had been confided to me. I stealthily crossed the galleries, now empty and resounding, like a criminal, guiding myself as well as I could in the darkness; at length I reached the saloon where I had seen Marguerite for the first time. She and her mother could hardly have quitted it an hour before; their recent presence was betrayed by a soft sweet perfume that intoxicated me. I sought for and found her basket, in which her hand had just replaced her newly begun embroidery — Alas! my poor heart! I fell on my knees by her chair, and there, with my forehead throbbing against the cold marble of the table, I sobbed like an infant!

Oh! how I have loved her!

I profited by the remaining hours of night to be secretly driven to the little neighboring town, where I took this morning the carriage for Rennes. To-morrow night I shall be in Paris. Poverty, solitude, despair — all that I left there, I shall find them again! Last dream of youth, of heaven, farewell!

PARIS.

The next morning as I was about going to the railroad, a post-chaise entered the court-yard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain descend from it. His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah! monsieur, how lucky! you are not gone! Here is a letter for you!" I recognized the handwriting of M. Laubepin. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoet was seriously ill, and that she asked for me. I took time only to change horses, and threw myself into the chaise, compelling Alain, with great difficulty, to take the seat opposite me.

I then pressed him with questions, and made him repeat the incredible news he brought me. Mlle. de Porhoet had received the evening before an official paper conveyed to her by M.

Laubepin, informing her that she was put in full and complete possession of the estates of her Spanish relatives. "And it seems," added Alain, "that she owes it to monsieur, who discovered in the pigeon-house some old papers which nobody knew of, and which have established the old lady's right and title. I do not know how much truth there is in that; but if it be so, the more pity, said I to myself, that she has got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and which she will not let go of — for, take notice, that she holds to them more than ever, monsieur. At first, when the news came, she fell stiff on the floor, and it was thought she was dead; but an hour afterward she began to talk, without end or rest, about her cathedral, of the choir and the nave, of the chapter-house, and the canons, of the north aisle and the south aisle, so that, in order to calm her, an architect and masons were sent for, and all the plans of her cursed edifice were placed round her on her bed. At length, after three hours' conversation with them, she fell asleep; on waking she asked to see monsieur — Monsieur Marquis (Alain bowed, shutting his eyes), and I was sent after him. It seems she wishes to consult monsieur about the lobby."

This strange event caused me great surprise. But with the help of my memory, and the confused details given me by Alain, I arrived at an explanation of the matter which subsequent information soon confirmed. As I have before said, the question of the succession of the Spanish branch of the Porhoet family had two phases. There was, first, a protracted lawsuit between Mlle. de Porhoet and a noble house of Castile, which my old friend lost on its final trial; then, a new suit, in which Mlle. de Porhoet was not involved, between the Spanish heirs and the crown, which claimed that the property in question devolved to it by escheatage. During these transactions, a singular paper fell into my hands, as I was pursuing my researches in the archives of the Porhoets, two months before my departure from the château. I will copy it literally:

"Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, of the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaen, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, seigneur of Biscay and Molina, etc.

"To thee, Horve Jean Jocelyn, sieur de Porhoet-Gael, Count of

Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my dominions, and hast served me with exemplary fidelity, I promised as a special favor that, in case of the extinction of thy direct and legitimate heirs, the property of thy house shall return, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and legitimate heirs of the French branch of the Porhoets-Gael, so long as it shall exist.

"And I promise this for me and my successors upon my faith and kingly word.

"Given at the Escurial, the 16th of April, 1716.

"Yo el Rey."

Aside from this paper, which was only a translation, I found the original, bearing the royal seal. The importance of this document did not escape me, but I was fearful of exaggerating it. I doubted greatly whether the validity of a title, over which so many years had passed, would be admitted by the Spanish government; I doubted also whether it would have the power, if it had the will, to make it good. I decided therefore to leave Mlle. de Porhoet in ignorance of a discovery, the result of which was so problematical, and limited myself to sending the title to M. Laubepin. Having received no news respecting it I had forgotten it amidst the personal anxieties which had overwhelmed me. Contrary to my unjust suspicions, the Spanish government had not hesitated to redeem the kingly promise of Philip V., and as soon as a supreme decree had adjudged the immense property of the Porhoets to the crown, it nobly restored them to the legitimate heir.

It was nine o'clock at night, when I descended from the carriage at the threshold of the humble house where this almost royal fortune had so tardily come. The little servant opened the door. She was weeping. I heard the grave voice of M. Laubepin saying at the head of the staircase: "It is he!" I hastened up the stairs. The old man grasped my hand firmly, and led me into Mlle. de Porhoet's chamber, without speaking. The doctor and the Curé of the town stood silently in the shade of a window. Madame Laroque was kneeling on a hassock near the bed; her daughter was at the bed's head, supporting the pillows upon which reposed the head of my poor friend. When the sufferer perceived me, a feeble smile spread over her features, now sadly changed; she extended one hand, but with evident pain. I took it as I kneeled beside her, and I could not restrain my tears. "My child!" said she, "my dear child!" Then she looked earnestly at M. Laubepin. The old notary took up

from the bed a sheet of paper, and appeared to continue an interrupted reading:

"For these reasons, I appoint by this will, written by my own hand, Maximilian Jacques Marie Odiot, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, noble in heart as well as by birth, general legatee of all my property both in France and in Spain, without reserve or condition. Such is my will. JOCELYNDE JEANNE,

"Countess de Porhoet-Gael."

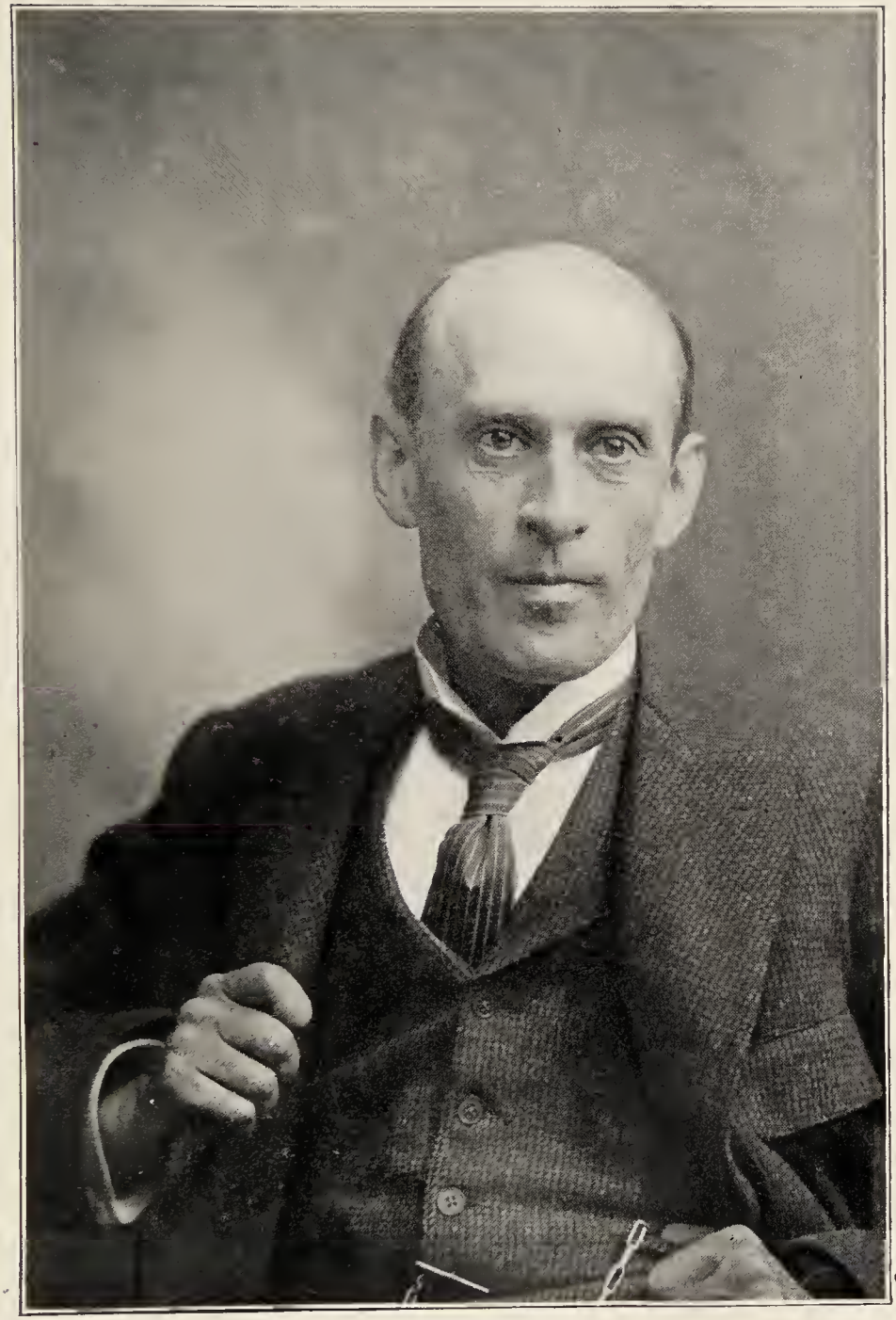
In the excess of my surprise, I rose abruptly, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoet, drawing my hand gently back, placed it in Marguerite's. The dear girl started at this sudden contact, and laying her blushing face on the pillow, whispered a few words into the dying woman's ear. For myself, I could not speak; I could only fall on my knees and thank God. Several minutes passed thus in solemn silence, when Marguerite suddenly withdrew her hand from mine, and made a sign of alarm. The rector approached hastily; I rose. Mlle. de Porhoet's head had fallen backward; her face was radiant with joy, and her eyes turned upward as if fixed on heaven; her lips half opened, and she spoke as if in a dream: "Oh God! Good God! I see it — up there? yes — the choir — the golden lamps — the windows — the sun, shining everywhere! Two angels kneeling before the altar — in white robes — their wings move — they are living!" This exclamation was smothered on her lips, on which the smile remained; she shut her eyes as if falling asleep, then suddenly a look of immortal youth spread over her face.

Such a death crowning such a life, was full of instruction to my soul. I begged them to leave me alone with the priest in the chamber. This pious watching will not be lost to me, I hope. More than one forgotten or doubtful truth appeared to me with irresistible evidence upon that face stamped with a glorious peace. My noble and sainted friend! I knew that you had the virtue of self-sacrifice; I saw that you had received your reward!

Some hours after midnight, yielding to fatigue, I went to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and avoiding the saloon, where I saw a light, I entered the garden. The night was extremely dark. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, I heard a slight noise under the elm tree; at the same instant an indistinct form disengaged itself from the foliage. My heart beat

violently, my sight grew dim, I saw the sky fill with stars. "Marguerite!" I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured softly, then — I felt her lips meet mine!

I have given Helen half my fortune; Marguerite is my wife. I close these pages forever. I have nothing more to confide to them. That can be said of men, which has been said of nations: "Happy those who have no history!"



EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD.

Eugene Field, an American poet and journalist, was born at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 2, 1850; and died at Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1895. He studied at Williams College, at Knox College, and at the University of Missouri; and then went to Europe. Returning to America, he was for some time co-editor of several papers in the larger cities of his native State. He first became generally known in 1881 as a humorous writer for the Denver *Tribune;* and later for his "Sharps and Flats" in the *Daily News,* now the *Record,* of Chicago. In the "Sharps and Flats" column first appeared the dialect poems and charming children's verses which have endeared him to the hearts of American and European readers; chief among them being his "Little Boy Blue," "Intry-Mintry," "Gander-feather's Gift," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." His separately published works are: "The Denver Tribune Primer" (1882); "A Model Primer" (1882); "Culture's Garland" (1887); "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889); "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" (1889); "Echoes From the Sabine Farm" (1891); "With Trumpet and Drum" (1892); "Second Book of Verse" (1893); "The Holy Cross" (1893); "Love Songs of Childhood" (1894). "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" was left unfinished, and was published after the author's death.

His poems, which were widely copied, are all marked "by daintiness and pathetic beauty, some of his child-poems being among the best in the language."

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"

So toddling off to his trundle-bed
  He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand.
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

The Little Peach.

A little peach in the orchard grew —
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
  It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue —
  Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw —
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
  Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew —
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
  Too true!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
  Adieu.

Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe —

Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars of the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three —
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, an English novelist, dramatist and essayist, born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707; died at Lisbon, Oct. 8, 1754. He was of an ancient family which could trace its descent from the same stock as the Imperial house of Hapsburg. After distinguishing himself at Eton, he was sent to the University of Leyden. He subsequently took up his residence in London, and began writing for the stage, his first comedy, "Love in Several Masks," being produced while he was yet a minor. He wrote comedies and farces for the theater; essays, poems, and squibs for periodicals, and even produced an elaborate treatise on "Crown Law." The entire number of his dramatic pieces was about thirty; but the only ones which have kept the stage are his burlesque "Tom Thumb the Great," produced at twenty-three, and "The Miser" (an adaptation from the French), three years later.

Fielding did not discover wherein his true strength lay until he had reached the age of thirty-four, when (in 1742) appeared his first novel, "Joseph Andrews," which was begun as a burlesque upon Richardson's "Pamela," but which grew into something of a far higher order. In 1743 he put forth three volumes of "Miscellanies," including the "Journey from This World to the Next," and the great prose satire, "The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great." In 1749 appeared the second of his novels, and the best of all, "Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling," which some have styled "the greatest of all compositions of its class." In 1751 was published his third novel, "The History of Amelia," in which he attempts to portray the virtues of his first wife and the reckless conduct of his own early years. His health gave way wholly and he was induced to make a voyage to Portugal, in the hope of being benefited by a milder climate. He sailed in the summer of 1754, but died in two months after reaching Lisbon. Few authors have been so warmly praised by famous critics as Fielding has been.

As one critic has said, he "has shown more than any predecessor the possibilities of fiction in the study of character and the illustration of manners, and to the art of the narrator he has added that of the dramatist."

HENRY FIELDING

Joseph Andrews's Hunting Adventure, and Parson Adams's Miraculous Escape.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

"I HAVE often wondered, sir," said Joseph, "to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honor should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things, at a great expense, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman, by a sum of money, to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a jail, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honor and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things, which, when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lacemaker, the tailor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who, by his money, makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady, in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them, I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it has been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I suppose were the names of the painters; but if it was asked, Who redeemed such a one out of prison? Who sent such a ruined tradesman money to set up? Who clothed that family of poor small children? It is very plain what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honor at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house, where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her, at her return home, make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended; and I have been told, by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families; but I defy the wisest man

in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavor it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh.

"Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed, it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavor to deserve that commendation; whilst on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is as plain as daylight to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years." — "Are all the great folks wicked, then?" says Fanny. "To be sure there are some exceptions," answered Joseph. "Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al — Al — I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill, — ay, and brings him more honor too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them." — This was all of Mr. Joseph Andrews's speech, which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of Parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative; and indeed, if the reader considers that so many hours had passed since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even Henley himself, or as great an orator, (if any such be,) had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who whilst he was speaking had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though consistent with the purest innocence and

decency, neither he would have attempted nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore, than it seated itself on its hinder legs and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it; but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and traversing the meadows again, passed the little rivulet on the opposite side. It was, however, so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way.

This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenseless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now passed the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, obtained the bank, (for the rivulet was not at all deep;) and without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses; but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and, being

driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favor of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them, (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin,) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having, therefore, escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say, (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation,) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer, nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus: nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out as we have before mentioned.

This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species: for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing that it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and whooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by those two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero: lastly, thou, who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand; a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a morning; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from

the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories; as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that, "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb" — he did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirts of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose; for, indeed, what instance could we bring, to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions, and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he leveled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no over-runner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and

Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana, (the reader may believe or not if he pleases,) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle, we apprehend, never equaled by any poet, romance or life-writer whatever, and, having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style, with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull- or bear-baiting, had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for his safety of person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered with great intrepidity, That they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop

of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman, (pointing to Adams,) abused either by man or beast; and having so said both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much, that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph, (for otherwise, probably, they would have been forgotten,) he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all; they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty: which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them;

so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favor which was likewise intended for Adams; which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated, (if we may use the expression,) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood: for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty, his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university, — this is what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and

servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country: especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them, were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows, whom we have before called curs, and who did, indeed, no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him: so that when he endeavored to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and thus completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth to the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practiced on him, which the inoffensive

disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable, that some more jokes were, (as they call it,) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty,

AN EXTEMPORE POEM ON PARSON ADAMS.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not over-new.
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon:
But would it not make any mortal stare,
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipt off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of restoring the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents: he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk, dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance"; and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, "his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying, "He believed so, too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman": he then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clinching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for

he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist, than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. Adams being a stranger to this sport and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in a posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, "Hear him, hear him"; and he then spoké in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors, make so ill and ungrateful return for them; for though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me, indeed, towards yourself if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection.

"One gentleman hath thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath been pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says, they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they, themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners, (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman;) my appearance might very well persuade you, that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At

which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty, (and you see I am not very poor,) the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it," (in which probably he spoke the truth.) Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent, "That he hoped he did not mean to reflect upon him; damn him, he had as much humanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams smiling said, "He believed he had spoken right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? if you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown"; and clinching his fist, declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle; but he was disappointed for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson"; and so drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and lastly recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams; who immediately answered, "that everything was forgiven"; and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine,) and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who, indeed, had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements: for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw, or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded." — "Ay," says the parson, eagerly: "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to

the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I have forgot some particulars: for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was, indeed, a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared, "He resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he, (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man,) "you have a sermon about you, doctor." — "Sir," says Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." — He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants.

Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which was placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom

he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn; he then searched for his crab-stick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travelers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host; whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Tom Jones Plays the Part of a Ghost.

(From "Tom Jones.")

Jones swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock-broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the sergeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the sergeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the sergeant with his design; though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honor, and had killed his man. He would, therefore, have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the sergeant, that, as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him, if he would procure one. "For which," says

he, "I will give you any reasonable price: nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The sergeant who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now, as he had his wit, (to use that word in its common signification,) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humor in the sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that — a blade that — In short, I will fetch it to you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honor so well, with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the sergeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The sergeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said, (nay he swore very heartily,) "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honor, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The sergeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid, lest he should injure his family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise: "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavor to impose upon me. Here, take the sword — No, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The sergeant, as we have said, had always his wits (*in sensu*

prædicto) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones; "why you just now asked me twenty guineas." — "How!" cries the sergeant; "sure your honor must have mistaken me; or else I mistook myself — and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honor flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honor comes to consider everything, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But"—

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you, that I will give you a shilling more than you demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The sergeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the sergeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its color was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he; "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honor. And who is this human being? A rascal, who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called —

ha — coward — scoundrel? — I'll think no more, I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones, softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-colored coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones, seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. — Here, in a solitary situation, he found — an empty quart pot, standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but, upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name; but no one answered: nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of

his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer. He now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors, who are hereafter to represent a man frightened out of his wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures, for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed, whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door of his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead: but they presently saw their mistake; for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and specters.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself: but when they asked him what was the matter? he answered, "I am a dead man, that's all; I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him." — "What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where Ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed

Heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men, too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a sergeant, who was present, answered very coolly: "Young man, you will hear more of this, for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occasion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life,) the guard became the guarded.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harbored another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he

imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any one in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton, then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate, that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close winter-quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honor than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quo modo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was extremely strong and well made. His face too was accounted handsome by the generality of women; for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain

signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular, which might possibly have some share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain having quarreled with his lieutenant, had intrusted the payment of his company to his ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money, and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Everything was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard a great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen, (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in bed

alone,) the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and as it were, nailed down to their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed.

"Joe," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?" — "It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers, — it is Betty Chambermaid's." — "If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your preambles about it." The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, she would turn him away that very morning. "If you do, madam," says he, "I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business." She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavored to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain: Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, "Come, I will put an end to this contention;" and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in not giving up the point; but added, he was sure, if one would consent to go, the other would. To which proposal they both agreed in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady, by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress, that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and he should be very glad of the favor of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bed-side, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavoring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered:

"Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other; because he was the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? And, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the Christian doctrine of patience, and, I warrant, you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honorable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you." The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavored to compose himself to rest.

Partridge sees Hamlet.

Mr. Jones being, at last, in a state of good spirits, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge, from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved, indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something,"

said he, "like what I have seen in the picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la, sir!" said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried "Hush! hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened him-

self, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than, "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's his name, squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there — Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion, shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I would serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings — Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into

the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it were the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never to a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

James Thomas Fields, an American publisher and poet, born at Portsmouth, N.H., Dec. 31, 1817; died in Boston, April 26, 1881. At the age of seventeen he went to Boston, and was employed in a bookstore. He ultimately became a partner in the house in which he was employed, the title of which in 1845 became Ticknor, Reed & Fields, and in 1868 Fields, Osgood & Co. In 1870 he withdrew from the business, and devoted himself to lecturing and other literary occupations. In 1859 the *Atlantic Monthly*, which had been established several years, passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, Mr. Fields for some time acting as editor. He visited Europe several times, and was personally intimate with nearly every prominent American and English author. His published writings include three small volumes of "Poems" (1849, 1854, 1858); "Yesterdays with Authors" (1872); "Hawthorne" (1875); "Old Acquaintance: Barry Cornwall and Some of his Friends" (1875); "In and Out of Doors with Dickens" (1876); "Underbrush" (1877), essays; "Ballads and Other Verses" (1881); and (with Edwin P. Whipple) edited "The Family Library of British Poetry" (1878).

Ballad of the Tempest.

We were crowded in the cabin, not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters, and a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in Winter to be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
So we shuddered there in silence, for the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring, and the breakers talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered down the stairs,
But his little daughter whispered, as she took his icy hand:
"Isn't God upon the ocean just the same as on the land?"
Then we kissed the little maiden, and we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor when the moon was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS

Hawthorne.[1]

(From "Yesterdays With Authors.")

I first saw Hawthorne when he was about thirty-five years old. He had then published a collection of his sketches, the now famous "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow, ever alert for what is excellent, and eager to do a brother author opportune and substantial service, at once came before the public with a generous estimate of the work in the *North American Review;* but the choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty in this new writer, and they never afterwards lost sight of him.

In 1828 Hawthorne published a short anonymous romance called "Fanshawe." I once asked him about this disowned publication, and he spoke of it with great disgust, and afterwards he thus referred to the subject in a letter written to me in 1851: "You make an inquiry about some supposed former publication of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct answers as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage; and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward. Anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal; and so far from assisting your researches in that direction, I especially enjoin it on you, my dear friend, not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine."

When Mr. George Bancroft, then Collector of the Port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he did a wise thing, for no public officer ever performed his disagreeable duties better than our romancer. Here is a tattered little official document signed by Hawthorne when he was watching over the interests of the country: it certifies his attendance at the unlading of a brig, then lying at Long Wharf in Boston. I keep this precious relic side by side with one of a similar custom-house character, signed *Robert Burns.*

I came to know Hawthorne very intimately after the Whigs displaced the Democratic romancer from office. In my ardent

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

desire to have him retained in the public service, his salary at that time being his sole dependence, — not foreseeing that his withdrawal from that sort of employment would be the best thing for American letters that could possibly happen — I called, in his behalf, on several influential politicians of the day, and well remember the rebuffs I received in my enthusiasm for the author of the "Twice-Told Tales." One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astounded me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. "Yes, yes," he sarcastically croaked down his public turtle-fed throat, "I see through it all, I see through it; this Hawthorne is one of them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such a man as him round." So the "visionist" was not allowed to remain in office, and the country was better served by him in another way. In the winter of 1849, after he had been ejected from the custom-house, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Mall Street, if I remember rightly the location. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling; and as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. "Now," said I, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press." "Nonsense," said he; "what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the 'Twice-Told Tales'?" I still pressed upon him the good chances he would have now with something new. "Who would risk publishing a book for *me*, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said I, "and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write." "What madness!" he exclaimed; "your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no," he continued; "I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account." I looked at my watch and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I remember that I pressed him to reveal to me what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau

or set of drawers near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a story or stories by the author of the "Twice-Told Tales," and I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave, begging him not to come into the cold entry, saying I would come back and see him again in a few days. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said: "How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad, — I don't know which." On my way up to Boston I read the germ of "The Scarlet Letter;" before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvelous story he had put into my hands, and told him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went on in such an amazing state of excitement when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his appearance again before the public with a book.

This quarto volume before me contains numerous letters, written by him from 1850 down to the month of his death. The first one refers to "The Scarlet Letter," and is dated in January, 1850. At my suggestion he had altered the plan of that story. It was his intention to make "The Scarlet Letter" one of several short stories, all to be included in one volume, and to be called

OLD-TIME LEGENDS:

TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES,

EXPERIMENTAL AND IDEAL.

His first design was to make "The Scarlet Letter" occupy about two hundred pages in his new book; but I persuaded him, after reading the first chapters of the story, to elaborate it, and publish it as a separate work. After it was settled that "The Scarlet Letter" should be enlarged and printed by itself in a volume he wrote to me: —

"I am truly glad that you like the Introduction, for I was rather afraid that it might appear absurd and impertinent to be talking about myself, when nobody, that I know of, has requested any information on that subject.

"As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems to me much preferable to that of the 'Mosses.'

"In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it will be too somber. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot; and, following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half a dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits, individually and in the aggregate. However, I am willing to leave these considerations to your judgment, and should not be sorry to have you decide for the separate publication.

"In this latter event it appears to me that the only proper title for the book would be 'The Scarlet Letter,' for 'The Custom-House' is merely introductory, — an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open to my guests. It would be funny if, seeing the further passages so dark and dismal, they should all choose to stop there! If 'The Scarlet Letter' is to be the title, would it not be well to print it on the title-page in red ink? I am not quite sure about the good taste of so doing, but it would certainly be piquant and appropriate, and, I think, attractive to the great gull whom we are endeavoring to circumvent."

One beautiful summer day, twenty years ago, I found Hawthorne in his little red cottage at Lenox, surrounded by his happy family. He had the look, as somebody said, of a banished lord, and his grand figure among the hills of Berkshire seemed finer than ever. His boy and girl were swinging on the gate as we drove up to his door, and with their sunny curls formed an attractive feature in the landscape. As the afternoon was cool and delightful, we proposed a drive over to Pittsfield to see Holmes, who was then living on his ancestral farm.

Hawthorne was in a cheerful condition, and seemed to enjoy the beauty of the day to the utmost. Next morning we were all invited by Mr. Dudley Field, then living at Stockbridge, to ascend Monument Mountain. Holmes, Hawthorne, Duyckinck, Herman Melville, Headley, Sedgwick, Matthews, and several ladies, were of the party. We scrambled to the top with great spirit, and when we arrived, Melville, I remember, bestrode a peaked rock, which ran out like a bowsprit, and pulled and hauled imaginary ropes for our delectation. Then we all assembled in a shady spot, and one of the party read to us Bryant's beautiful poem commemorating Monument Mountain. Then we lunched among the rocks, and somebody proposed Bryant's health, and "long life to the dear old poet." This was the most popular toast of the day, and it took, I remember, a considerable quantity of Heidsieck to do it justice. In the afternoon, pioneered by Headley, we made our way, with merry shouts and laughter, through the Ice-Glen. Hawthorne was among the most enterprising of the merry-makers; and being in the dark much of the time, he ventured to call out lustily and pretend that certain destruction was inevitable to all of us. After this extemporaneous jollity, we dined together at Mr. Dudley Field's in Stockbridge, and Hawthorne rayed out in a sparkling and unwonted manner. I remember the conversation at table chiefly ran on the physical differences between the present American and English men, Hawthorne stoutly taking part in favor of the American. This 5th of August was a happy day throughout, and I never saw Hawthorne in better spirits.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in the chair I am now occupying by the window, looking out into the twilight. He liked to watch the vessels dropping down the stream, and nothing pleased him more than to go on board a newly arrived bark from Down East, as she was just moored at the wharf. One night we made the acquaintance of a cabin-boy on board a brig, whom we found off duty and reading a large subscription volume, which proved, on inquiry, to be a Commentary on the Bible. When Hawthorne questioned him why he was reading, then and there, that particular book, he replied, with a knowing wink at both of us, "There's consider'ble her'sy in our place, and I'm a studying up for 'em."

He liked on Sunday to mouse about among the books, and there are few volumes in this room that he has not handled or

read. He knew he could have unmolested habitation here, whenever he chose to come, and he was never allowed to be annoyed by intrusion of any kind. He always slept in the same room, — the one looking on the water; and many a night I have heard his solemn footsteps over my head, long after the rest of the house had gone to sleep. Like many other nervous men of genius, he was a light sleeper, and he liked to be up and about early; but it was only for a ramble among the books again. One summer morning I found him as early as four o'clock reading a favorite poem, on Solitude, a piece he very much admired. That morning I shall not soon forget, for he was in the vein for autobiographical talk, and he gave me a most interesting account of his father, the sea-captain, who died of the yellow-fever in Surinam in 1808, and of his beautiful mother, who dwelt a secluded mourner ever after the death of her husband. Then he told stories of his college life, and of his one sole intimate, Franklin Pierce, whom he loved devotedly his life long.

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Hawthorne was a hearty devourer of books, and in certain moods of mind it made very little difference what the volume before him happened to be. An old play or an old newspaper sometimes gave him wondrous great content, and he would ponder the sleepy, uninteresting sentences as if they contained immortal mental aliment. He once told me he found such delight in old advertisements in the newspaper files at the Boston Athenæum, that he had passed delicious hours among them. At other times he was very fastidious, and threw aside book after book until he found the right one. De Quincey was a special favorite with him, and the sermons of Laurence Sterne he once commended to me as the best sermons ever written. In his library was an early copy of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which had floated down to him from a remote ancestry, and which he had read so industriously for forty years that it was nearly worn out of its thick leathern cover. Hearing him say once that the old English State Trials were enchanting reading, and knowing that he did not possess a copy of those heavy folios, I picked up a set one day in a book-shop and sent them to him. He often told me that he spent more hours over them, and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said, if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all

in writing stories out of those books. He had sketched in his mind, several romances founded on the remarkable trials reported in the ancient volumes; and one day, I remember, he made my blood tingle by relating some of the situations he intended, if his life was spared, to weave into future romances. Sir Walter Scott's novels he continued almost to worship, and was accustomed to read them aloud in his family. The novels of G. P. R. James, both the early and the later ones, he insisted were admirable stories, admirably told, and he had high praise to bestow on the works of Anthony Trollope. "Have you ever read these novels?" he wrote me in a letter from England, some time before Trollope began to be much known in America. "They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that the human nature in them would give them success anywhere."

I have often been asked if all his moods were somber, and if he was never jolly sometimes like other people. Indeed he was; and although the humorous side of Hawthorne was not easily or often discoverable, yet have I seen him marvelously moved to fun, and no man laughed more heartily in his way over a good story. Wise and witty H——, in whom wisdom and wit are so ingrained that age only increases his subtile spirit, and greatly enhances the power of his cheerful temperament, always had the talismanic faculty of breaking up that thoughtfully sad face into mirthful waves; and I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor L——'s account of a butcher who remarked that "Idees had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sassingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.

He had an inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes to relate of people and things he had observed on the road. One day he

described to me, in his inimitable and quietly ludicrous manner, being *watched*, while on a visit to a distant city, by a friend who called, and thought he needed a protector, his health being at that time not so good as usual. "He stuck by me," said Hawthorne, "as if he were afraid to leave me alone; he stayed past the dinner hour, and when I began to wonder if he never took meals himself, he departed, and set another man to *watch* me till he should return. That man *watched* me so, in his unwearying kindness, that when I left the house I forgot half my luggage, and left behind, among other things, a beautiful pair of slippers. They *watched* me so, among them, I swear to you I forgot nearly everything I owned."

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Those early days in Salem, — how interesting the memory of them must be to the friends who knew and followed the gentle dreamer in his budding career! When the whisper first came to the timid boy, in that "dismal chamber in Union Street," that he too possessed the soul of an artist, there were not many about him to share the divine rapture that must have filled his proud young heart. Outside of his own little family circle, doubting and desponding eyes looked upon him, and many a stupid head wagged in derision as he passed by. But there was always waiting for him a sweet and honest welcome by the pleasant hearth where his mother and sisters sat and listened to the beautiful creations of his fresh and glowing fancy. We can imagine the happy group gathered around the evening lamp! "Well, my son," says the fond mother, looking up from her knitting-work, "what have you got for us to-night? It is some time since you read us a story, and your sisters are as impatient as I am to have a new one." And then we can hear, or think we hear, the young man begin in a low and modest tone the story of "Edward Fane's Rosebud," or "The Seven Vagabonds," or perchance (O tearful, happy evening!) that tender idyl of "The Gentle Boy!" What a privilege to hear for the first time a "Twice-Told Tale," before it was even *once* told to the public! And I know with what rapture the delighted little audience must have hailed the advent of every fresh indication that genius, so seldom a visitant at any fireside, had come down so noiselessly to bless their quiet hearthstone in the somber old town. In striking contrast to Hawthorne's audience nightly convened to listen while he read

his charming tales and essays, I think of poor Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, facing those hard-eyed critics at the house of Madame Neckar, when as a young man and entirely unknown, he essayed to read his then unpublished story of "Paul and Virginia." The story was simple, and the voice of the poor and nameless reader trembled. Everybody was unsympathetic and gaped, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Monsieur de Buffon, who always had a loud way with him, cried out to Madame Neckar's servant, "Let the horses be put to my carriage!"

Hawthorne seems never to have known that raw period in authorship which is common to most growing writers, when the style is "overlanguaged," and when it plunges wildly through the "sandy deserts of rhetoric," or struggles as if it were having a personal difficulty with Ignorance and his brother Platitude.

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When I returned from abroad I found him getting matters in readiness to leave the country for a consulship in Liverpool. He seemed happy at the thought of flitting, but I wondered if he could possibly be as contented across the water as he was in Concord. I remember walking with him to the Old Manse, a mile or so distant from The Wayside, his new residence, and talking over England and his proposed absence of several years. We strolled round the house where he spent the first years of his married life, and he pointed from the outside to the windows, out of which he had looked and seen supernatural and other visions. We walked up and down the avenue, the memory of which he has embalmed in the "Mosses," and he discoursed most pleasantly of all that had befallen him since he led a lonely, secluded life in Salem. It was a sleepy, warm afternoon, and he proposed that we should wander up the banks of the river and lie down and watch the clouds float above and in the quiet stream. I recall his lounging, easy air as he tolled me along until we came to a spot secluded, and ofttimes sacred to his wayward thoughts. He bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. As we steeped ourselves in the delicious idleness, he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's "Seasons," which he said had been favorites of his from boyhood. While we lay there, hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, "Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody." The solemnity of his man-

ner, and the thought of the down-flat position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish, semi-hysterical fit of laughter, and when he nudged me, and again whispered more lugubriously than ever, "Heaven help me, Mr. —— is close upon us!" I felt convinced that if the thing went further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue.

He kept me constantly informed, after he went to Liverpool, of how he was passing his time; and his charming "English Note-Books" reveal the fact that he was never idle.

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I can imagine him, in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. His religion was deep and broad, but it was irksome for him to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the *sexton* than with the *rector*.

. . . . . .

Many and many a happy time Bennoch, Hawthorne, and myself have had together on British soil. I remember we went once to dine at a great house in the country, years ago, where it was understood there would be no dinner speeches. The banquet was in honor of some society,—I have quite forgotten what,—but it was a jocose and not a serious club. The gentleman who gave it, Sir ——, was a most kind and genial person, and gathered about him on this occasion some of the brightest and best from London. All the way down in the train Hawthorne was rejoicing that this was to be a dinner without speech-making; "for," said he, "nothing would tempt me to go if toasts and such confounded deviltry were to be the order of the day." So we rattled along, without a fear of any impending cloud of oratory. The entertainment was a most exquisite one, about twenty gentlemen sitting down at the beautifully ornamented table. Hawthorne was in uncommonly good spirits, and, having the seat of honor at the right of his host, was pretty keenly scrutinized by his British brethren of the quill. He had, of course, banished all thought of speech-making, and his knees never smote together once, as he told

me afterwards. But it became evident to my mind that Hawthorne's health was to be proposed with all the honors. I glanced at him across the table, and saw that he was unsuspicious of any movement against his quiet serenity. Suddenly and without warning our host rapped the mahogany, and began a set speech of welcome to the "distinguished American romancer." It was a very honest and a very hearty speech, but I dared not look at Hawthorne. I expected every moment to see him glide out of the room, or sink down out of sight from his chair. The tortures I suffered on Hawthorne's account, on that occasion, I will not attempt to describe now. I knew nothing would have induced the shy man of letters to go down to Brighton, if he had known he was to be spoken at in that manner. I imagined his face a deep crimson, and his hands trembling with nervous horror; but judge of my surprise, when he rose to reply with so calm a voice and so composed a manner, that, in all my experience of dinner-speaking, I never witnessed such a case of apparent ease. (Easy-Chair C—— himself, one of the best makers of after-dinner or any other speeches of our day, according to Charles Dickens, — no inadequate judge, all will allow, — never surpassed in eloquent effect this speech by Hawthorne.) There was no hesitation, no sign of lack of preparation, but he went on for about ten minutes in such a masterly manner, that I declare it was one of the most successful efforts of the kind ever made. Everybody was delighted, and, when he sat down, a wild and unanimous shout of applause rattled the glasses on the table. The meaning of his singular composure on that occasion I could never get him satisfactorily to explain, and the only remark I ever heard him make, in any way connected with this marvelous exhibition of coolness, was simply, "What a confounded fool I was to go down to that speech-making dinner!"

During all those long years, while Hawthorne was absent in Europe, he was anything but an idle man. On the contrary, he was an eminently busy one, in the best sense of that term; and if his life had been prolonged, the public would have been a rich gainer for his residence abroad. His brain teemed with romances, and once I remember he told me he had no less than five stories, well thought out, any one of which he could finish and publish whenever he chose to. There was one subject for a work of imagination that seems to have haunted him for years, and he has mentioned it twice in his journal. This was the

subsequent life of the young man whom Jesus, looking on, "loved," and whom he bade to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow him. "Something very deep and beautiful might be made out of this," Hawthorne said, "for the young man went away sorrowful, and is not recorded to have done what he was bidden to do."

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Hawthorne was never weary of standing on London Bridge, and watching the steamers plying up and down the Thames. I was much amused by his manner towards importunate and sometimes impudent beggars, scores of whom would attack us even in the shortest walk. He had a mild way of making a severe and cutting remark, which used to remind me of a little incident which Charlotte Cushman once related to me. She said a man in the gallery of a theater (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming, "No! I pray you don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but — *kill him where he is.*"

One of our most royal times was at a parting dinner at the house of Barry Cornwall. Among the notables present were Kinglake and Leigh Hunt. Our kindhearted host and his admirable wife greatly delighted in Hawthorne, and they made this occasion a most grateful one to him. I remember when we went up to the drawing-room to join the ladies after dinner, the two dear old poets, Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, mounted the stairs with their arms round each other in a very tender and loving way. Hawthorne often referred to this scene as one he would not have missed for a great deal.

His renewed intercourse with Motley in England gave him peculiar pleasure, and his genius found an ardent admirer in the eminent historian. He did not go much into society at that time, but there were a few houses in London where he always seemed happy.

I met him one night at a great evening-party, looking on from a nook a little removed from the full glare of the *soirée.* Soon, however, it was whispered about that the famous American romance-writer was in the room, and an enthusiastic English

lady, a genuine admirer and intelligent reader of his books, ran for her album and attacked him for "a few words and his name at the end." He looked dismally perplexed, and turning to me said imploringly in a whisper, "For pity's sake, what shall I write? I can't think of a word to add to my name. Help me to something." Thinking him partly in fun, I said, "Write an original couplet, — this one, for instance, —

'When this you see,
Remember me,' "

and to my amazement he stepped forward at once to the table, wrote the foolish lines I had suggested, and, shutting the book, handed it very contentedly to the happy lady.

We sailed from England together in the month of June, as we had previously arranged, and our voyage home was, to say the least, an unusual one. We had calm summer, moonlight weather, with no storms. Mrs. Stowe was on board, and in her own cheery and delightful way she enlivened the passage with some capital stories of her early life.

Hawthorne's love for the sea amounted to a passionate worship; and while I (the worst sailor probably on this planet) was longing, spite of the good company on board, to reach land as soon as possible, Hawthorne was constantly saying in his quiet, earnest way, "I should like to sail on and on forever, and never touch the shore again." He liked to stand alone in the bows of the ship and see the sun go down, and he was never tired of walking the deck at midnight. I used to watch his dark, solitary figure under the stars, pacing up and down some unfrequented part of the vessel, musing and half melancholy. Sometimes he would lie down beside me and commiserate my unquiet condition. Seasickness, he declared, he could not understand, and was constantly recommending most extraordinary dishes and drinks, "all made out of the *artist's* brain," which he said were sovereign remedies for nautical illness. I remember to this day some of the preparations which, in his revelry of fancy, he would advise me to take, a farrago of good things almost rivaling "Oberon's Feast," spread out so daintily in Herrick's "Hesperides." He thought, at first, if I could bear a few roc's eggs beaten up by a mermaid on a dolphin's back, I might be benefited. He decided that a gruel made from a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows would be strengthening. When suffering pain, "a right gude willie-waught,"

or a stiff cup of hemlock of the Socrates brand, before retiring, he considered very good. He said he had heard recommended a dose of salts distilled from the tears of Niobe, but he didn't approve of that remedy. He observed that he had a high opinion of hearty food, such as potted owl with Minerva sauce, airy tongues of sirens, stewed ibis, livers of Roman Capitol geese, the wings of a Phœnix not too much done, love-lorn nightingales cooked briskly over Aladdin's lamp, chicken-pies made of fowls raised by Mrs. Carey, Nautilus chowder, and the like. Fruit, by all means, should always be taken by an uneasy victim at sea, especially Atalanta pippins and purple grapes raised by Bacchus & Co. Examining my garments one day as I lay on deck, he thought I was not warmly enough clad, and he recommended, before I took another voyage, that I should fit myself out in Liverpool with a good warm shirt from the shop of Nessus & Co. in Bold Street, where I could also find stout seven-league boots to keep out the damp. He knew another shop, he said, where I could buy raven-down stockings, and sable clouds with a silver lining, most warm and comfortable for a sea voyage.

His own appetite was excellent, and day after day, he used to come on deck after dinner and describe to me what he had eaten. Of course his accounts were always exaggerations, for my amusement. I remember one night he gave me a running catalogue of what food he had partaken during the day, and the sum total was convulsing from its absurdity. Among the viands he had consumed, I remember he stated there were "several yards of steak" and a "whole warrenful of Welsh rabbits." The "divine spirit of Humor" was upon him during many of those days at sea, and he reveled in it like a careless child.

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After his return from Europe, I saw him frequently at the Wayside, in Concord. He now seemed happy in the dwelling he had put in order for the calm and comfort of his middle and later life. He had added a tower to his house, in which he could be safe from intrusion, and where he could muse and write. Never was poet or romancer more fitly shrined. Drummond at Hawthornden, Scott at Abbotsford, Dickens at Gad's Hill, Irving at Sunnyside, were not more appropriately sheltered. Shut up in his tower, he could escape from the tumult of life,

and be alone with only the birds and the bees in concert outside his casement. The view from this apartment, on every side, was lovely, and Hawthorne enjoyed the charming prospect as I have known few men to enjoy nature.

His favorite walk lay near his house,— indeed it was part of his own grounds, — a little hillside, where he had worn a foot-path, and where he might be found in good weather, when not employed in the tower. While walking to and fro on this bit of rising ground he meditated and composed innumerable romances that were never written, as well as some that were. Here he first announced to me his plan of "The Dolliver Romance," and, from what he told me of his design of the story as it existed in his mind, I thought it would have been the greatest of his books. An enchanting memory is left of that morning when he laid out the whole story before me as he intended to write it. The plot was a grand one, and I tried to tell him how much I was impressed by it.

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On Monday, the 28th of March, Hawthorne came to town and made my house his first station on a journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance, and he seemed quite deaf. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his usual stalwart vigor utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, "Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate; at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me." Toward night he brightened up a little, and his delicious wit flashed out, at intervals, as of old; but he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health. Looking out on the bay that was sparkling in the moonlight, he said he thought the moon rather lost something of its charm for him as he grew older. He spoke with great delight of a little story called "Pet Marjorie," and said he had read it carefully through twice, every word of it. He had much to say about England, and observed, among other things, that "the extent over which her dominions are spread leads her to fancy herself stronger than she really is; but she is not to-day a powerful empire; she is much like a squash-vine, which runs over a whole garden, but, if you cut it at the root, it is at once destroyed." At breakfast, next morning, he spoke of his kind neighbors in Concord, and said Alcott was one of the most excellent men he

had ever known. "It is impossible to quarrel with him, for he would take all your harsh words like a saint."

He left us shortly after this for a journey to Washington, with his friend and publisher Mr. Ticknor. The travelers spent several days in New York, and then proceeded to Philadelphia. Hawthorne wrote to me from the Continental Hotel, dating his letter "Saturday evening," announcing the severe illness of his companion. He did not seem to anticipate a fatal result, but on Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead. Hawthorne returned at once to Boston, and stayed here over night. He was in a very excited and nervous state, and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through. We sat late together, conversing of the friend we had lost, and I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord.

His health, from that time, seemed to give way rapidly, and in the middle of May his friend, General Pierce, proposed that they should go among the New Hampshire hills together and meet the spring there.

. . . . . .

I saw Hawthorne alive, for the last time, the day he started on this his last mortal journey. His speech and his gait indicated severe illness, and I had great misgivings about the jaunt he was proposing to take so early in the season. His tones were more subdued than ever, and he scarcely spoke above a whisper. He was very affectionate in parting, and I followed him to the door, looking after him as he went up School Street. I noticed that he faltered from weakness, and I should have taken my hat and joined him to offer my arm, but I knew he did not wish to *seem* ill, and I feared he might be troubled at my anxiety. Fearing to disturb him, I followed him with my eyes only, and watched him till he turned the corner and passed out of sight.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1864, a telegram, signed by Franklin Pierce, stunned us all. It announced the death of Hawthorne.

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Hawthorne's lifelong desire that the end might be a sudden one was gratified. Often and often he has said to me, "What a blessing to go quickly!" So the same swift angel that came

as a messenger to Allston, Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Dickens was commissioned to touch his forehead, also, and beckon him away.

The room in which death fell upon him,

> "Like a shadow thrown
> Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,"

looks toward the east; and standing in it, as I have frequently done, since he passed out silently into the skies, it is easy to imagine the scene on that spring morning which President Pierce so feelingly describes in his letter.

On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blooming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines, on a hillside, overlooking historic fields. All the way from the village church to the grave the birds kept up perpetual melody. The sun shone brightly, and the air was sweet and pleasant, as if death had never entered the world. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing and Hoar, Agassiz and Lowell, Greene and Whipple, Alcott and Clarke, Holmes and Hillard, and other friends whom he loved, walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth and his manhood, for whom he would willingly, at any time, have given up his own life, Franklin Pierce, was there among the rest, and scattered flowers into the grave. The unfinished Romance, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work on which he had ever been engaged, was laid on his coffin.

> "Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And the lost clew regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain."

Longfellow's beautiful poem will always be associated with the memory of Hawthorne, and most fitting was it that his fellow-student, whom he so loved and honored, should sing his requiem.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

Francis Miles Finch, an American poet, and a judge of the U. S. District Court, born in Ithaca, N.Y., June 9, 1827. He graduated at Yale; and is the author of the well-known lyrics "Nathan Hale" and "The Blue and the Gray," and of a popular college song beginning "Floating away like the fountain's spray."

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

"Under the sod and the dew,

. . . . .

Under the other, the Gray"

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

(*Richmond, Va.*)

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FIRDAUSĪ.

Abul Kasim Mansur Firdausī, celebrated Persian epic poet, born at Shadab, near Tûs, in Khorāsân, about 935; died at Tûs in 1020. He was carefully educated in the Arabic language and literature, the Old Persian, and the history and traditions of his country. He conceived the design of relating in an epic poem the history of the Persian kings. He began his work when he was thirty-six years old. When he was more than fifty he went to the Court of the Sultan Máhmúd ibn Sabuktagin, drawn thither by the report that the monarch had directed the poets at his Court to write a poetical version of the deeds of the ancient kings. For some time Firdausī remained at the Court unnoticed; but at length one of his friends presented to Máhmúd the poet's version of the battles of Rustem and Isfendiyar. The Sultan immediately appointed him to complete the "Shāh-Nāmah, or Book of the Kings," gave him the name of Firdausī, or "Paradise," and commanded his treasurer to pay him a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand verses of the poem. The poem was at length completed in 60,000 verses. Máhmúd professed himself delighted, and ordered payment to be made. But silver was substituted for gold. He was at the bath when the money was brought to him. He immediately divided it into three equal parts, which he gave to the keeper of the bath, the seller of refreshments, and the slave who brought the money. "The Sultan shall know," said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with silver." On learning that his gift had been despised, Máhmúd condemned the poet to be trampled to death by an elephant on the following morning, but the outraged poet fled, first giving into the hands of the king's favorite a sealed paper containing a bitter satire on Máhmúd. He took refuge in Mazenderan, and afterward at Bagdad, where in honor of its Caliph, Al Kader Billah, he composed a thousand additional verses to the "Shāh-Nāmah." He also wrote "Yusuf and Zuleika," a poem of 9,000 couplets. He at length returned to his native town, where it is said that he lived obscurely until his death. The repentant Sultan sent him his long delayed reward, but the delegation that brought it met his funeral procession, and the money was spent on a splendid mausoleum.

"Under the sod and the dew,

. . . . .

Under the one, the Blue"

NATIONAL CEMETERY

(*Chattanooga*)

Firdausī's Satire on Máhmúd.

(From the "Shāh Nāmah.")

Know, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
Is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not humankind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the ant: though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm and stern and bold,
Didst thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Hadst thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offense?
What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn? Couldst thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I, inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone;
I only bow to his Almighty throne.
Inspired by him, my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by him, I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausī still would live, since on thy name,
Máhmúd, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of heaven, to whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on him whose love
Supports the faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! None who e'er reposed
On him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!
Dead! by that insult roused I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom —
Máhmúd! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy creator God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth, —
Túr, Selím, Jemshíd, Minúchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.
Thus kings too perish, — none on earth remain,
Since all things human see the dust again.
Oh, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared, —
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began, —
A blacksmith was thy sire, of Isfahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given
Would still be bitter in the bowers of heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course, —
Or if it changes, changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flow'rets blow,
Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausī's strain; his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice; the wise grow wiser than before:
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays:
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús and Gíw;
Of matchless Rustem, faithful still and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw

His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-khosráu, and Isfendiyár;
Gushtásp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,—
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble; but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

The Death of Sohrab.

When the bright dawn proclaimed the rising day,
The warriors armed, impatient of delay,
But first Sohrab, his proud confederate nigh,
Thus wistful spoke, as swelled the brooding sigh—
"Now mark my great antagonist in arms!
His noble form my filial bosom warms;
My mother's tokens shine conspicuous here,
And all the proofs my heart demands appear;
Sure this is Rustem, whom my eyes engage!
Shall I, O grief! provoke my father's rage?
Offended nature then would curse my name,
And shuddering nations echo with my shame."
He ceased, then Human: "Vain, fantastic thought,
Oft have I been where Persia's champion fought,
And thou hast heard what wonders he performed,
When, in his prime, Mazinderan was stormed;
That horse resembles Rustem's, it is true,
But not so strong nor beautiful to view."
Sohrab now buckles on his war-attire,
His heart all softness, and his brain all fire;
Around his lips such smiles benignant played,
He seemed to greet a friend, as thus he said:
"Here let us sit together on the plain,
Here social sit, and from the fight refrain;
Ask we from Heaven forgiveness for the past,

And bind our souls in friendship that may last;
Ours be the feast — let us be warm and free,
For powerful instinct draws me still to thee;
Fain would my heart in bland affection join,
Then let thy generous ardor equal mine;
And kindly say with whom I now contend —
What name distinguished boasts my warrior-friend?
Thy name unfit for champion brave to hide,
Thy name so long, long sought, and still denied;
Say, art thou Rustem whom I burn to know?
Ingenuous say, and cease to be my foe!"
Sternly the mighty champion cried, "Away! —
Hence with thy wiles — now practiced to delay;
The promised struggle, resolute I claim,
Then cease to move me to an act of shame."
Sohrab rejoined: "Old man! thou wilt not hear
The words of prudence uttered in thine ear;
Then, Heaven! look on."
Preparing for the shock,
Each binds his charger to a neighboring rock;
And girds his loins, and rubs his wrists, and tries
Their suppleness and force with angry eyes.
And now they meet — now rise, and now descend,
And strong and fierce their sinewy arms extend:
Wrestling with all their strength they grasp and strain,
And blood and sweat flow copious on the plain;
Like raging elephants they furious close;
Commutual wounds are given, and wrenching blows.
Sohrab now clasps his hands, and forward springs
Impatiently and round the champion clings;
Seizes his girdle belt, with powers to tear
The very earth asunder in despair.
Rustem, defeated, feels his nerves give way,
And thundering falls. Sohrab bestrides his prey:
Grim as the lion, prowling through the wood,
Upon a wild ass springs, and pants for blood.
His lifted hand had lopt the gory head,
But Rustem, quick, with crafty ardor said:
"One moment, hold! what, are our laws unknown?
A chief may fight until he is twice o'erthrown;
The second fall his recreant blood is spilt,
These are our laws: avoid the menaced guilt."
Proud of his strength, and easily deceived,
The wondering youth the artful tale believed;

Released his prey, and wild as wind or wave,
Neglecting all the prudence of the brave,
Turned from the place, nor once the strife renewed,
But bounded o'er the plain, and other cares pursued,
As if all memory of the war had died,
All thoughts of him with whom his strength was tried. . . .
When Rustem was released, in altered mood
He sought the coolness of the murmuring flood;
There quenched his thirst and bathed his limbs, and prayed,
Beseeching Heaven to yield its strengthening aid.
His pious prayer indulgent Heaven approved,
And growing strength through all his sinews moved;
Such as erewhile his towering structure knew,
When his bold arm unconquered demons slew.
Yet in his mien no confidence appeared,
No ardent hope his wounded spirits cheered.
Again they met. A glow of youthful grace
Diffused its radiance o'er the stripling's face,
And when he saw in renovated guise
The foe, so lately mastered; with surprise,
He cried: "What! rescued from my power again
Dost thou confront me on the battle plain?
Or dost thou, wearied, draw thy vital breath,
And seek from warrior bold the shaft of death?
Truth has no charms for thee, old man; even now,
Some further cheat may lurk upon your brow;
Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age
Hath been thy safety — twice it soothed my rage."
Then mild the champion: "Youth is proud and vain!
The idle boast the warrior would disdain;
This aged arm perhaps may yet control
The wanton fury that inflames thy soul."
Again, dismounting, each the other viewed
With sullen glance, and swift the fight renewed;
Clinched front to front, again they tug and bend,
Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would rend;
With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round;
Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground;
Him who had deemed the triumph all his own;
But dubious of his power to keep him down,
Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,
And spurns the stripling withering in the dust.
Thus as his blood that shining steel embrues,
Thine too shall flow when destiny pursues:

For when she marks the victim of her power,
A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.
Writhing with pain Sohrab in murmurs sighed —
And thus to Rustem: "Vaunt not in thy pride;
Upon myself this sorrow I have brought,
Thou but the instrument of fate — which wrought
My downfall; thou art guiltless — guiltless quite;
O had I seen my father in the fight,
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er;
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more.
Of him my mother gave the mark and sign,
For him I sought, and what an end is mine!
My only wish on earth, my only sigh,
Him to behold, and with that wish I die,
But hope not to eludc his piercing sight,
In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night.
Couldst thou through ocean's depths for refuge fly,
Or 'midst the star-beams track the upper sky!
Rustem, with vengeance armed, will reach thee there,
His soul the prey of anguish and despair."
An icy horror chills the champion's heart,
His brain whirls round with agonizing smart;
O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow,
Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe;
Relieved at length, with frenzied look, he cries;
"Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting eyes!
For I am Rustem!" Piercing was the groan,
Which burst from his torn heart — as wild and lone,
He gazed upon him. Dire amazement shook
The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke:
"If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,
No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart;
Else hadst thou known me when, with strong desire,
I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire;
Now from my body strip the shining mail,
Untie these bands ere life and feeling fail;
And on my arm the direful proof behold!
Thy sacret bracelet of refulgent gold!
When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,
And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending war,
Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'erflowed,
This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed:
'Take this,' she said, 'thy father's token wear,
And promised glory will reward thy care.'

The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe
We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow."
The loosened mail unfolds the bracclet bright,
Unhappy gift! to Rustem's 'wildered sight.
Prostrate he falls — "By my unnatural hand,
My son, my son is slain — and from the land
Uprooted." Frantic, in the dust, his hair
He rends in agony and deep despair;
The western sun had disappeared in gloom,
And still the champion wept his cruel doom;
His wondering legions marked the long delay,
And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,
The rumor quick to Persia's monarch spread,
And there described the mighty Rustem dead.
Kaus, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears;
His bosom quivers with increasing fears.
"Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day
To cause these groans and tears — what fatal fray!
If he be lost, if breathless on the ground,
And this young warrior with the conquest crowned,
Then must I, humbled, from my kingdom torn,
Wander like Jemshid, through the world forlorn."
The army, roused, rushed o'er the dusty plain,
Urged by the monarch to revenge the slain;
Wild consternation saddened every face,
Tus winged with horror sought the fatal place,
And thus beheld the agonizing sight —
The murderous end of that unnatural fight.
Sohrab, still breathing, hears the shrill alarms,
His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms:
"My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade,
Let vengeance sleep, and peaceful vows be made.
Beseech the king to spare the Tartar host,
For they are guiltless, all to them is lost;
I led them on, their souls with glory fired,
While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.
In search of thee, the world before my eyes,
War was my choice, and thou my sacred prize;
With thee, my sire! in virtuous league combined,
No tyrant king should persecute mankind.
That hope is past, the storm has ceased to rave,
My ripening honors wither in the grave;
Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall,
Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow, all.

How often have I sought thee — of my mind
Figured thee to my sight — o'erjoyed to find
My mother's token; disappointment came,
When thou denied thy lineage and thy name;
Oh! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,
Still to my father fond affection clung!
But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,
And stained thy reeking hand in kindred blood."
His faltering breath protracted speech denied;
Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide:
Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,
Heart-rending thoughts subdued the mighty man.
And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,
The Zabul bands their glorious chief descry;
But when they saw his pale and haggard look,
Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and shook,
With downcast mien they moaned and wept aloud;
While Rustem thus addressed the weeping crowd:
"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed,
Enough of death, I — I have done the deed!"
Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said:
"O what a curse upon a parent's head!
But go — and to the Tartar say — No more
Let war between us steep the earth with gore."
Zuara flew, and wildly spoke his grief
To crafty Human, the Turanian chief,
Who, with dissembled sorrow, heard him tell
The dismal tidings which he knew too well;
"And who," he said, "has caused these tears to flow?
Who, but Hujir? He might have stayed the blow;
But when Sohrab his father's banners sought,
He still denied that him the champion fought:
He spread the ruin, he the secret knew,
Hence should his crime receive the vengeance due!"
Zuara, frantic, breathed in Rustem's ear
The treachery of the captive chief Hujir;
Whose headless trunk had weltered on the strand,
But prayers and force withheld the lifted hand.
Then to his dying son the champion turned,
Remorse more deep within his bosom burned;
A burst of frenzy fired his thrilling brain;
He clinched his sword, but found his fury vain;
The Persian chiefs the desperate act represt,
And tried to calm the tumult in his breast.

Thus Gudarz spoke: "Alas! wert thou to give
Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live;
What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er?
It would not save one pang — then weep no more;
For if removed by death, O say, to whom
Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom?
All are the prey of Death — the crowned, the low,
And man, through life, the victim still of woe."
Then Rustem: "Fly! and to the king relate
The pressing horrors which involve my fate;
And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed
His mind, O supplicate his generous aid;
A sovereign balm he has whose wondrous power
All wounds can heal and fleeting life restore;
Swift from his tent his potent medicine bring."
But mark the malice of the brainless king!
Hard as the flinty rock he stern denies
The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies:
"Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue?
The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung?
Scorned 'midst my army by a shameless boy,
Who sought my throne, my scepter to destroy!
Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow,
Is it then wise to cherish such a foe?
The fool who warms his enemy to life,
Only prepares for scenes of future strife."
Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale —
And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail,
The champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,
Sohrab had breathed the last expiring groan.
Now keener anguish racked the father's mind,
Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind;
His guilty sword distained with filial gore;
He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore;
The breathless corse before his shuddering view.
A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw;
"In my old age," he cried, "what have I done?
Why have I slain my son, my innocent son?
Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll
The clouds of death, and plunge my burning soul
In agony? My son! from heroes sprung;
Better these hands were from my body wrung;
And solitude and darkness, deep and drear,
Fold me from sight than hated linger here.

But when his mother hears with horror wild,
That I have shed the life-blood of her child,
So nobly brave, so dearly loved, in vain,
How can her heart that rending shock sustain?"
Now on a bier the Persian warriors place
The breathless youth, and shade his pallid face;
And turning from that fatal field away,
Move toward the champion's home in long array.
Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show,
Himself the spring of all this scene of woe,
Doomed to the flames the pageantry he loved,
Shield, spear, and mace, so oft in battle proved;
Now lost to all, encompassed by despair;
His bright pavilion crackling blazed in air;
The sparkling throne the ascending column fed;
In smoking fragments fell the golden bed;
The raging fire red glimmering died away,
And all the warrior's pride in dust and ashes lay.

Persian Epigrams.

(Fourteenth Century.)

Naught, I hear thee say,
Can fill the greedy eye;
Yet a little clay
Will fill it by-and-by.

Thy thoughts are but Silver when told:
Locked up in thy breast they are Gold.

The steed to the man who bestrides it newly,
The saber to him who best can wield it,
The damsel to him who has wooed her truly,
And the province to him who refuses to yield it.

An hour of Good, a day of Ill,
This is the lot of mourning Man,
Who leaves the world whene'er he will,
But goes to Heaven whene'er he — can.

Touch all that falls under thine eyes;
And beware
That thou buy not thy bird while he flies
In the air.

JOHN FISKE.

John Fiske, an American philosopher and historian, was born at Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Greene, but he assumed that of his maternal great-grandfather. As a boy he resided at Middletown, Conn., where he studied philosophy and languages, and was well advanced in learning when he entered college. His education was completed at Harvard University, 1863, and at the Dane Law School, from which he graduated in 1865. In 1869 he was appointed Lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard, in 1870 Tutor in History, and in 1872 Assistant Librarian, which office he held until 1879. He early determined to devote his life to the study of the origin and progress of the human race, especially along the lines of Christianity, evolution, and general history. His lectures on American History, delivered in Boston in 1879, were repeated by invitation before university audiences in London and Edinburgh. He has published "Myths and Mythmakers" (1872); "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" (1874); "The Unseen World" (1876); "Darwinism and Other Essays" (1879); "Excursions of an Evolutionist" (1883); "The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin" (1884); "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge," "American Political Ideas" (1885); "The Doctrine of Evolution" (1892). On American history, he has written: "American Political Ideas" (1885); "The Critical Period of American History, 1783–1789" (1888); "The Beginnings of New England" (1889); "The War of Independence" (1889); "The American Revolution" (3 vols., 1891); "Discovery of America" (2 vols., 1892); "History of the United States" (1894); and "Old Virginia and her Neighbors" (1897).

The Battle of Monmouth and Treason of Lee.[1]

(From "The American Revolution.")

The British retreat from Philadelphia was regarded by the Americans as equivalent to a victory, and Washington was anxious to enhance the moral effect of it by a sudden blow which should cripple Sir Henry Clinton's army. In force he

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was about equal to the enemy, both armies now numbering about 15,000, while in equipment and discipline his men were better off than ever before. Unfortunately, the American army had just received one addition which went far to neutralize these advantages. The mischief-maker Lee had returned. In the preceding summer the British Major-General Prescott had been captured in Rhode Island, and after a tedious negotiation of nine months Lee was exchanged for him. He arrived at Valley Forge in May, and as Washington had found a lenient interpretation for his outrageous conduct before his capture, while nothing whatever was known of his treasonable plot with the Howes, he naturally came back unquestioned to his old position as senior major-general of the army. It was a dangerous situation for the Americans to have such high command intrusted to such a villain.

When Philadelphia was evacuated, Lee first tried to throw Washington off on a false scent by alleging reasons for believing that Clinton did not intend to retreat across New Jersey. Failing in this, he found reasons as plentiful as blackberries why the British army should not be followed up and harassed on its retreat. Then when Washington decided that an attack must be made he grew sulky, and refused to conduct it. Washington was marching more rapidly than Clinton, on a line nearly parallel with him, to the northward, so that by the time the British general reached Allentown he found his adversary getting in front of him upon his line of retreat. Clinton had nothing to gain by fighting, if he could possibly avoid it, and accordingly he turned to the right, following the road which ran through Monmouth and Middletown to Sandy Hook. Washington now detached a force of about 5,000 men to advance swiftly and cut off the enemy's rear, while he designed to come up and support the operation with the rest of his army. To Lee, as second in rank, the command of this advanced party properly belonged; but he declined to take it, on the ground that it was sure to be defeated, and Washington intrusted the movement to the youthful Lafayette, of the soundness of whose judgment he had already seen many proofs. But in the course of the night it occurred to Lee, whatever his miserable purpose may have been, that perhaps he might best accomplish it, after all, by taking the field. So he told Washington, next morning, that he had changed his mind, and was anxious to take the command which he had just declined. With extraordinary forbearance Washington granted

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

his request, and arranged the affair with such tact as not to wound the feelings of Lafayette, who thus, unfortunately, lost the direction of the movement.

On the night of June 27th the left wing of the British army, 8,000 strong, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, encamped near Monmouth Court House, on the road from Allentown. The right wing, of about equal strength, and composed chiefly of Hessians under Knyphausen, lay just beyond the Court House on the road to Middletown. In order of march the right wing took the lead, convoying the immense baggage train. The left wing, following in the rear, was the part exposed to danger, and with it stayed Sir Henry Clinton. The American advance under Lee, 6,000 strong, lay about five miles northeast of the British line, and Washington, with the main body, was only three miles behind. Lee's orders from Washington were positive and explicit. He was to gain the flank of the British left wing and attack it vigorously, while Washington was to come up and complete its discomfiture. Lee's force was ample, in quantity and quality, for the task assigned it, and there was fair ground for hope that the flower of the British army might thus be cut off and captured or destroyed. Since the war began there had hardly been such a golden opportunity.

Sunday, the 28th of June, was a day of fiery heat, the thermometer showing 96° in the shade. Early in the morning Clinton moved cautiously. Knyphausen made all haste forward on the Middletown road, and the left wing followed till it had passed more than a mile beyond Monmouth Court House, when it found itself outflanked on the north by the American columns. Lee had advanced from Freehold church by the main road, crossing two deep ravines upon causeways; and now, while his left wing was folding about Cornwallis on the north, occupying superior ground, his center, under Wayne, was close behind, and his right, under Lafayette, had already passed the Court House, and was threatening the other end of the British line on the south. Cornwallis instantly changed front to meet the danger on the north, and a detachment was thrown down the road toward the Court House to check Lafayette. The British position was one of extreme peril, but the behavior of the American commander now became very extraordinary. When Wayne was beginning his attack, he was ordered by Lee to hold back and simply make a feint, as the main attack was to be made in another quarter. While Wayne was wondering

at this, the British troops coming down the road were seen directing their march so as to come between Wayne and Lafayette. It would be easy to check them, but the marquis had no sooner started than Lee ordered him back, murmuring about its being impossible to stand against British soldiers. Lafayette's suspicions were now aroused, and he sent a dispatch in all haste to Washington, saying that his presence in the field was sorely needed. The army was bewildered. Fighting had hardly begun, but their position was obviously so good that the failure to make prompt use of it suggested some unknown danger. One of the divisions on the left was now ordered back by Lee, and the others, seeing this retrograde movement, and understanding it as the prelude to a general retreat, began likewise to fall back. All thus retreated, though without flurry or disorder, to the high ground just east of the second ravine which they had crossed in their advance. All the advantage of their offensive movement was thus thrown away without a struggle, but the position they had now reached was excellent for a defensive fight. To the amazement of everybody, Lee ordered the retreat to be continued across the marshy ravine. As they crowded upon the causeway the ranks began to fall into some disorder. Many sank exhausted from the heat. No one could tell from what they were fleeing, and the exultant ardor with which they had begun to infold the British line gave place to bitter disappointment, which vented itself in passionate curses. So they hurried on, with increasing disorder, till they approached the brink of the westerly ravine, where their craven commander met Washington riding up, pale with anger, looking like an avenging deity.

"What is the meaning of all this?" shouted Washington. His tone was so fierce and his look so threatening that the traitor shook in his stirrups, and could make no answer. When the question was repeated with yet greater fierceness, and further emphasized by a tremendous oath, he flew into a rage, and complained at having been sent out to beard the whole British army. "I am very sorry," said Washington, "that you undertook the command, if you did not mean to fight." Lee replied that he did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement, which was, however, precisely what he had been sent out to do. "Whatever your opinions may have been," said Washington sharply, "I expected my orders to be obeyed;" and with these words he wheeled about to stop the retreat and

form a new front. There was not a moment to lose, for the British were within a mile of them, and their fire began before the line of battle could be formed. To throw a mass of disorderly fugitives in the face of advancing reënforcements, as Lee had been on the point of doing, was to endanger the organization of the whole force. It was now that the admirable results of Steuben's teaching were to be seen. The retreating soldiers immediately wheeled and formed under fire with as much coolness and precision as they could have shown on parade, and while they stopped the enemy's progress, Washington rode back and brought up the main body of his army. On some heights to the left of the enemy Greene placed a battery which enfiladed their lines, while Wayne attacked them vigorously in front. After a brave resistance, the British were driven back upon the second ravine which Lee had crossed in the morning's advance. Washington now sent word to Steuben, who was a couple of miles in the rear, telling him to bring up three brigades and press the retreating enemy. Some time before this he had again met Lee and ordered him to the rear, for his suspicion was now thoroughly aroused. As the traitor rode away from the field he met Steuben advancing, and tried to work one final piece of mischief. He tried to persuade Steuben to halt, alleging that he must have misunderstood Washington's orders; but the worthy baron was not to be trifled with, and doggedly kept on his way. The British were driven in some confusion across the ravine, and were just making a fresh stand on the high ground east of it when night put an end to the strife. Washington sent out parties to attack them on both flanks as soon as day should dawn; but Clinton withdrew in the night, leaving his wounded behind, and by daybreak had joined Knyphausen on the heights of Middletown, whither it was useless to follow him.

The British loss in the battle of Monmouth was about 416, and the American loss was 362. On both sides there were many deaths from sunstroke. The battle has usually been claimed as a victory for the Americans; and so it was in a certain sense, as they drove the enemy from the field. Strategically considered, however, Lord Stanhope is quite right in calling it a drawn battle. The purpose for which Washington undertook it was foiled by the treachery of Lee. Nevertheless, in view of the promptness with which Washington turned defeat into victory, and of the greatly increased efficiency which it showed

in the soldiers, the moral advantage was doubtless with the Americans. It deepened the impression produced by the recovery of Philadelphia, it silenced the cavilers against Washington, and its effect upon Clinton's army was disheartening. More than 2,000 of his men, chiefly Hessians, deserted in the course of the following week.

During the night after the battle, the behavior of Lee was the theme of excited discussion among the American officers. By the next day, having recovered his self-possession, he wrote a petulant letter to Washington, demanding an apology for his language on the battlefield. Washington's reply was as follows: —

"Sir, — I received your letter, expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper. I am not conscious of making use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you shall have an opportunity of justifying yourself to the army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general; or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehavior before the enemy on the 28th instant, in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat."

To this terrible letter Lee sent the following impudent answer: "You cannot afford me greater pleasure than in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust the temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to obfuscate the bright rays of truth." Washington replied by putting Lee under arrest. A court-martial was at once convened, before which he was charged with disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy, with misbehavior on the field in making an unnecessary and shameful retreat, and, lastly, with gross disrespect to the commander-in-chief. After a painstaking trial, which lasted more than a month, he was found guilty on all three charges, and suspended from command in the army *for the term of one year.*

This absurdly inadequate sentence is an example of the extreme and sometimes ill-judged humanity which has been wont to characterize judicial proceedings in America. Many a Euro-

pean soldier has been ruthlessly shot for less serious misconduct and on less convincing evidence. A general can be guilty of no blacker crime than knowingly to betray his trust on the field of battle. But in Lee's case, the very enormity of his crime went far to screen him from the punishment which it deserved. People are usually slow to believe in criminality that goes far beyond the ordinary wickedness of the society in which they live. If a candidate for Congress is accused of bribery or embezzlement, we unfortunately find it easy to believe the charge; but if he were to be accused of attempting to poison his rival, we should find it very hard indeed to believe it. In the France of Catherine de' Medici or the Italy of Cæsar Borgia, the one accusation would have been as credible as the other, but we have gone far toward outgrowing some of the grosser forms of crime. In American history, as in modern English history, instances of downright treason have been very rare; and in proportion as we are impressed with their ineffable wickedness are we slow to admit the possibility of their occurrence. In ancient Greece and in mediæval Italy there were many Benedict Arnolds; in the United States a single plot for surrendering a stronghold to the enemy has consigned its author to a solitary immortality of infamy. But unless the proof of Arnold's treason had been absolutely irrefragable, many persons would have refused to believe it. In like manner, people were slow to believe that Lee could have been so deliberately wicked as to plan the defeat of the army in which he held so high a command, and some historians have preferred to regard his conduct as wholly unintelligible, rather than adopt the only clew by which it can be explained. He might have been bewildered, he might have been afraid, he might have been crazy, it was suggested; and to the latter hypothesis his well-known eccentricity gave some countenance. It was well for the court-martial to give him the benefit of the doubt, but in any case it should have been obvious that he had proved himself *permanently* unfit for a command.

Historians for a long time imitated the clemency of the court-martial by speaking of the "waywardness" of General Lee. Nearly eighty years elapsed before the discovery of that document which obliges us to put the worst interpretation upon his acts, while it enables us clearly to understand the motives which prompted them. Lee was nothing but a selfish adventurer. He had no faith in the principles for which the Americans

were fighting, or indeed in any principles. He came here to advance his own fortunes, and hoped to be made commander-in-chief. Disappointed in this, he began at once to look with hatred and envy upon Washington, and sought to thwart his purposes, while at the same time he intrigued with the enemy. He became infatuated with the idea of playing some such part in the American Revolution as Monk had played in the Restoration of Charles II. This explains his conduct in the autumn of 1776, when he refused to march to the support of Washington. Should Washington be defeated and captured, then Lee, as next in command and at the head of a separate army, might negotiate for peace. His conduct as prisoner in New York, first in soliciting an interview with Congress, then in giving aid and counsel to the enemy, is all to be explained in the same way. And his behavior in the Monmouth campaign was part and parcel of the same crooked policy. Lord North's commissioners had just arrived from England to offer terms to the Americans, but in the exultation over Saratoga and the French alliance, now increased by the recovery of Philadelphia, there was little hope of their effecting anything. The spirits of these Yankees, thought Lee, must not be suffered to rise too high, else they will never listen to reason. So he wished to build a bridge of gold for Clinton to retreat by; and when he found it impossible to prevent an attack, his second thoughts led him to take command, in order to keep the game in his own hands. Should Washington now incur defeat by adopting a course which Lee had emphatically condemned as impracticable, the impatient prejudices upon which the cabal had played might be revived. The downfall of Washington would perhaps be easy to compass; and the schemer would thus not only enjoy the humiliation of the man whom he so bitterly hated, but he might fairly hope to succeed him in the chief command, and thus have an opportunity of bringing the war to a "glorious" end through a negotiation with Lord North's commissioners. Such thoughts as these were, in all probability, at the bottom of Lee's extraordinary behavior at Monmouth. They were the impracticable schemes of a vain, egotistical dreamer. That Washington and Chatham, had that great statesman been still alive, might have brought the war to an honorable close through open and frank negotiation was perhaps not impossible. That such a man as Lee, by paltering with agents of Lord North, should effect anything but mischief and confusion was inconceivable. But self-

ishness is always incompatible with sound judgment, and Lee's wild schemes were quite in keeping with his character. The method he adopted for carrying them out was equally so. It would have been impossible for a man of strong military instincts to have relaxed his clutch upon an enemy in the field, as Lee did at the battle of Monmouth. If Arnold had been there that day, with his head never so full of treason, an irresistible impulse would doubtless have led him to attack the enemy tooth and nail, and the treason would have waited till the morrow.

As usually happens in such cases, the selfish schemer overreached himself. Washington won a victory, after all; the treachery was detected, and the traitor disgraced. Maddened by the destruction of his air-castles, Lee now began writing scurrilous articles in the newspapers. He could not hear Washington's name mentioned without losing his temper, and his venomous tongue at length got him into a duel with Colonel Laurens, one of Washington's aids and son of the president of Congress. He came out of the affair with nothing worse than a wound in the side; but when, a little later, he wrote an angry letter to Congress, he was summarily expelled from the army. "Ah, I see," he said, aiming a Parthian shot at Washington, "if you wish to become a great general in America, you must learn to grow tobacco"; and so he retired to a plantation which he had in the Shenandoah valley. He lived to behold the triumph of the cause which he had done so much to injure, and in October, 1782, he died in a mean public-house in Philadelphia, friendless and alone. His last wish was that he might not be buried in consecrated ground, or within a mile of any church or meeting-house, because he had kept so much bad company in this world that he did not choose to continue it in the next. But in this he was not allowed to have his way. He was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church in Philadelphia, and many worthy citizens came to the funeral.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Edward Fitzgerald, a British poet and translator, was born at Bredfield House, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, March 31, 1809; died at Merton, in Norfolk, June 14, 1883. His father, John Purcell, took his wife's family name. In 1821 Edward was sent to King Edward VI.'s school at Bury St. Edmunds. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1826. He took his degree in January, 1830. His father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1825 to 1835, and subsequently at Boulge Hall. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits to or from friends. His great outdoor amusement was yachting; and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast.

Fitz Gerald's literary fame rests upon his translation of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, which he published in 1859. All his writings were produced *con amore*, so that a fair estimate of his literary tastes may be gathered from his publications; which included "Euphranor," a dialogue on youth; "Polonius" (1852); a translation of Calderon's "Plays" (1853); a version of the Persian Jámi's "Salámán and Absál" (1856); the "Rubáiyát," already mentioned; besides other translations, and a selection from the writings of his Quaker father-in-law. His "Letters and Literary Remains," edited by W. Aldis Wright, were brought out six years after his death.

Chivalry.

(From "Euphranor.")

We sat down in one of those little arbors cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry," — said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves. "Don't you remember" — addressing me — "what an

absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne — Lady Seymour — who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham — and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armor on their horses — they had been practicing for months, I believe — but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defense of the Tournament?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book and rapidly turning over the leaves — "Here it is" — and he read: — "'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition' — that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal — 'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that Tournaments, and steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas these are in fact only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man — whatever his name is — would carry us back to the days of King Arthur and the Seven Champions — whenever they were — that one used to read about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he* at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accouterment for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I; "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armor — perhaps even the pasteboard Visor he fitted to it — as impregnable as the Cause" —

"And some old Barber's bason as the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion —

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid — believed in all this, I say, as really as in the Wind-mills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men — many of them great rascals, I believe,

— knew a real Dragon or Giant — when they met him — better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's color rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil, which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labor'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh well," said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board — 'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I — only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us — which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman' who may be challenged, even in these later days, to no mock Tournament, Lycion, in his Country's defense, and with something other than the Doctor's shears at his side."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his Antagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said: —

"Here we are as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us on the word

of his Hero what Chivalry is *not*: let him read what it is that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read: — . . .

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows up-stairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands — "after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is. . . . So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing — yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I; "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood — which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on — 'What is termed *Entering the World*' — which Manhood of course must do — 'assuming its Principles and Maxims' — which usually follows — 'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing.'" . . .

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament'!"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and I suppose for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced if not more valiant Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's — in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity; and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by the way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his — whom, by the way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children, — and Young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favor.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage — "yes, — '*Ardent of desire*,' — '*Tractable*,' — some of them at least — '*Without comprehend-*

ing much' — '*Ambitious*' — '*Despisers of Riches*' — '*Warm friends and hearty Companions*' — really very characteristic of the better breeds of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men — *El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors — just as some favorite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of shose who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits — as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but" —

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far." . . .

"Well," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one — Fellenberg again, I think — had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *ss'ss-ss'ss* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt — if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor; "the Gladiator at any rate is gone — and the Boxer after him — and the Hunter, I think, going after both: perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

"Nevertheless," said I, "war is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day — which God forbid! — come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane — nay, in your own parlor — at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm, and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; — is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others? no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on — or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; is there no gentleman can saddle Dobbin — much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick

he fears, and spoils him for the journey. And I do maintain," I continued, "having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth' — maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which together with the Good Humor which good animal Condition goes far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater but against those minor Trials of Life, which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet through that imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the higher-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOR of Body, as of Spirit one must have, subject like all good things to the worst corruption — Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life."

APOLOGUES.

(Freely Translated from the "Mantik-ut-Tair," or "The Bird-Parliament," of Farid-uddín Attar.)

THE FORTUNE OF THE GREAT.

ONE day Shah Mahmúd, riding with the Wind
A-hunting, left his Retinue behind,
And coming to a River, whose swift Course
Doubled back Game and Dog, and Man and Horse,
Beheld upon the Shore a little Lad
A-fishing, very poor, and Tatter-clad
He was, and weeping as his Heart would break.
So the Great Sultan, for good-humor's sake
Pull'd in his Horse a moment, and drew nigh,
And after making his Salám, ask'd why

He wept — weeping, the Sultan said, so sore
As he had never seen one weep before.
The Boy look'd up, and "O Amír," he said,
"Seven of us are at home, and Father dead,
And Mother left with scarce a Bit of Bread:
And now since Sunrise have I fish'd — and see!
Caught nothing for our Supper — Woe is Me!"
The Sultan lighted from his Horse. "Behold"
Said he, "Good Fortune will not be controll'd:
And, since To-day yours seems to turn from you,
Suppose we try for once what mine will do,
And we will share alike in all I win."
So the Shah took, and flung his Fortune in
The Net; which, cast by the great Mahmúd's Hand,
A hundred glittering Fishes brought to Land.
The Lad look'd up in Wonder — Mahmúd smiled
And vaulted into Saddle. But the Child
Ran after — "Nay, To-day take all,"
The Sultan cried, and shook his Bridle free —
"But mind — To-morrow All belongs to Me" —
And so rode off. Next morning at Divan
The Sultan's Mind upon his Bargain ran,
And being somewhat in a mind for sport
Sent for the Lad: who, carried up to Court,
And marching into Royalty's full Blaze
With such a Catch of Fish as yesterday's,
The Sultan call'd and set him by his side,
And asking him, "What Luck?" The Boy replied,
"*This* is the Luck that follows every Cast,
Since o'er my Net the Sultan's Shadow pass'd."

THE MISER.

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
"My Father?" — "Yes," the *Mus*ulman replied,
"Thy Father!" — "But why watching thus?" — "For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here." —
"But wherefore, Sir, so metamousified?" —
"Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

THE DREAD.

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doated on,
And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at ease were *He* not by,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favor ask'd the Favorite — "Why so pale
And sad?" Thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing —
"No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
Then He too laughing asks me 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'"

THE PROOF.

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan superciliously rode by:
Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall chopt Head and Carcase roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he passed,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
The Shah made answer — "All that Pearl and Gold

Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamor from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw —
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*."

COMPULSORY REPENTANCE.

Just as another Holy Spirit fled,
The Skies above him burst into a Bed
Of Angels looking down and singing clear,
"Nightingale! Nightingale! thy Rose is here!"
And yet, the Door wide open to that Bliss,
As some hot Lover slights a scanty Kiss,
The Saint cried "All I sigh'd for come to *this?*
I who life-long have struggled, Lord, to be
Not of thy Angels one, but one with Thee!"

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew:
And much they long'd to go at once — but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come
Leaving their Nests half-built — in bad Repair —
With Children in — Themselves about to pair —
"Might he not choose a better Season — nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out —
And then" —

"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying: and old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell
Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;

But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up — with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy re-assured,
That, after due Persuasion, he abjured
His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Mussulman.
But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan
And smite his Bosom; which when Mahmúd knew,
He went to him and said "Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
And ask of me 'How was't that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believers' Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper — thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst *Me?*' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?"

CLOGS TO THE SOUL.

"Behold, dropt through the Gate of Mortal Birth,
The Knightly Soul alights from Heav'n on Earth;
Begins his Race, but scarce the Saddle feels,
When a foul Imp up from the distance steals,
And, double as he will, about his Heels
Closer and ever closer circling creeps,
Then, half-invited, on the Saddle leaps,
Clings round the Rider, and, once there, in vain
The strongest strives to thrust him off again.
In Childhood just peeps up the Blade of Ill,
That youth to Lust rears, Fury, and Self-will;
And, as Man cools to sensual Desire,
Ambition catches with as fierce a Fire;
Until Old Age sends him with one last Lust
Of Gold, to keep it where he found — in Dust.
Life at both Ends so feeble and constrain'd,
How should that Imp of Sin be slain or chain'd? . . .

"For should the Greyhound whom a Sultan fed,
And by a jewel'd String a-hunting led,
Turn by the Way to gnaw some nasty Thing
And snarl at Him who twitch'd the silken String,
Would not his Lord soon weary of Dispute,
And turn adrift the incorrigible Brute?

"Nay, would one follow, and without a Chain,
The only Master truly worth the Pain,
One must beware lest, growing over-fond
Of even Life's more consecrated Bond,
We clog our Footsteps to the World beyond."

MORTALITY.

One day the Prophet on a River Bank,
Dipping his Lips into the Channel, drank
A Draught as sweet as Honey. Then there came
One who an earthen Pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank: and after some short stay
Under the Shadow, rose and went his Way,
Leaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the Prophet from the River drew,
And drank from: but the Water that came up
Sweet from the Stream, drank bitter from the Cup.
At which the Prophet in a still Surprise
For Answer turning up to Heav'n his Eyes,
The Vessel's Earthen Lips with Answer ran —
"The Clay that I am made of once was *Man*
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came,
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever molded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears."

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Gustave Flaubert, French novelist, born at Rouen, Dec. 12, 1821; died at Croisset, near Rouen, May 9, 1880. He studied medicine, which he relinquished for literature. In 1849 he set out on a journey through Northern Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, and Southern Europe. On his return to France he engaged in authorship. His first publication and also his best work was a novel, "Madame Bovary," which appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, in 1857. The next year he went to Tunis, and then to the ruins of Carthage, where he remained for a long time. This journey resulted in the production of the author's greatest work, "Salammbô," published in 1862, and which has been called the "resurrection of Carthage." Among Flaubert's other works are "Sentimental Education" (1869); "The Temptation of St. Anthony" (1874); "Herodias;" "St. Julian the Hospitaller" and "A Simple Heart" (1877); and "Bouvard et Pécuchet" (1880), completed a few weeks before the author's death.

Salammbô Prepares for her Journey.

(From "Salammbô.")

It was the season when the doves of Carthage migrated to the mountain of Eryx in Sicily, there nesting about the temple of Venus. Previous to their departure, during many days, they sought each other, and cooed to reunite themselves; finally one evening they flew, driven by the wind, and this large white cloud glided in the heaven, very high above the sea.

The horizon was crimson. They seemed gradually to descend to the waves, then disappear as though swallowed up, and falling of their own accord into the jaws of the sun. Salammbô, who watched them disappear, lowered her head. Taanach, believing that she surmised her mistress's grief, tenderly said: —

"But mistress, they will return."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you will see them again."

"Perhaps!" Salammbô said, as she sighed.

She had not confided to any one her resolution, and for its discreet accomplishment she sent Taanach to purchase in the suburbs of Kinisdo (instead of requiring them of the stewards) all the articles it was necessary she should have: vermilion, aromatics, a linen girdle, and new garments. The old slave was amazed by these preparations, without daring to ask any questions; and so the day arrived, fixed by Schahabarim, when Salammbô must depart.

Toward the twelfth hour she perceived at the end of the sycamores an old blind man, whose hand rested on the shoulder of a child who walked before him, and in the other hand he held against his hip a species of cithara made of black wood.

The eunuchs, the slaves, the women, had been scrupulously sent away; no one could possibly know the mystery that was being prepared.

Taanach lighted in the corners of the room four tripods full of *strobus* and cardamom; then she spread out great Babylonian tapestries and hung them on cords all round the room,—for Salammbô did not wish to be seen even by the walls. The player of the kinnor waited crouching behind the door, and the young boy, standing up, applied his lips to a reed flute. In the distance the street clamor faded, the violet shadows lengthened before the peristyles of the temples, and on the other side of the gulf the base of the mountain, the olive-fields, and the waste yellow ground indefinitely undulated till finally lost in a bluish vapor; not a single sound could be heard, and an indescribable oppression pervaded the air.

Salammbô crouched on the onyx step on the edge of the porphyry basin; she lifted her wide sleeves and fastened them behind her shoulders, and began her ablutions in a methodical manner, according to the sacred rites.

Next Taanach brought to her an alabaster phial containing something liquid, yet coagulated; it was the blood of a black dog, strangled by barren women on a winter's night in the ruins of a sepulcher. She rubbed it on her ears, her heels, and the thumb of her right hand; and even the nail remained tinged a trifle red, as if she had crushed a berry.

The moon rose; then, both at once, the cithara and the flute commenced to play. Salammbô took off her earrings, laid aside her necklace, bracelets, and her long white simarra; unknotted the fillet from her hair, and for some minutes shook her tresses gently over her shoulders to refresh and disentangle them. The

music outside continued; there were always the same three notes, precipitous and furious; the strings grated, the flute was high-sounding and sonorous. Taanach marked the cadence by striking her hands; Salammbô, swaying her entire body, chanted her prayers, and one by one her garments fell around her on the floor.

The heavy tapestry trembled, and above the cord that sustained it the head of the Python appeared. He descended slowly, like a drop of water trickling along a wall, and glided between the stuffs spread out, then poised himself on his tail; he lifted himself perfectly straight up, and darted his eyes, more brilliant than carbuncles, upon Salammbô.

A shudder of cold, or her modesty perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the order of Schahabarim, so she went forward; the Python lowered himself, alighting upon the nape of her neck in the middle of his body, allowing his head and tail to hang down like a broken necklace, and the two ends trailed on the floor. Salammbô rolled them around her sides, under her arms, between her knees; then taking him by the jaw, she drew his little triangular mouth close to her teeth; and with half-closed eyes she bent back under the moon's rays. The white light seemed to enshroud her in a silvery fog; the tracks of her wet feet shone on the stones; stars twinkled in the depths of the water; the Python tightened against her his black coils speckled with spots of gold. Salammbô panted under this too heavy weight; her loins gave way, she felt that she was dying; the Python patted her thighs softly with his tail: then the music ceased, and he fell down.

Taanach drew near to Salammbô, and after arranging two candelabra, of which the lights burned in two crystal globes filled with water, she tinted with henna the inside of the hands of her mistress, put vermilion on her cheeks, antimony on her eyelids, and lengthened her eyebrows with a mixture of gum, musk, ebony, and crushed flies' feet.

Salammbô, sitting in a chair mounted with ivory, abandoned herself to the care of her slave. But the soothing touches, the odor of the aromatics, and the fasts she had kept, enervated her; she became so pale that Taanach paused.

"Continue!" said Salammbô; and as she drew herself up in spite of herself, she felt all at once reanimated. Then an impatience seized her; she urged Taanach to hasten, and the old slave growled: —

"Well, well, mistress! . . . You have no one waiting for you elsewhere!"

"Yes!" responded Salammbô: "some one waits for me."

Taanach started with surprise, and in order to know more she said: —

"What do you order me to do, mistress, if you should remain away?" . . .

But Salammbô sobbed, and the slave exclaimed: —

"You suffer! What is the matter with you? Do not go! Take me! When you were a little one and wept, I held you to my heart and suckled you, and made you laugh. Now I am old! I can do nothing for you! You do not love me any more! You hide your troubles from me; you disdain your nurse!" With fondness and vexation the tears coursed down her face, in the scars of her tattooing.

"No," said Salammbô; "no: I love you; be comforted!"

Taanach, with a smile like the grimace of an old monkey, recommenced her task. Following the directions of the priest, Salammbô ordered her slave to make her magnificent. Taanach complied, with a barbaric taste full of elaboration and ingenuity.

Over a first fine wine-colored tunic she placed a second one, embroidered with birds' plumes. Golden scales were fastened to her hips; from her wide girdle flowed the folds of her blue silver-starred petticoat-trousers. Then Taanach adjusted an ample robe of rare stuff from the land of the Seres, white, variegated with green stripes. She attached over Salammbô's shoulders a square of purple, made heavy at the hem with beads of *sandastrum;* and on the top of all these vestments she arranged a black mantle with a long train. Then she contemplated her, and proud of her work, she could not keep from saying: —

"You will not be more beautiful on the day of your nuptials!"

"My nuptials!" repeated Salammbô in a revery, as she leaned her elbow on the ivory chair.

Taanach held up before her mistress a copper mirror, wide and long enough for her to view herself completely. She stood up, and with a light touch of one finger put back a curl that dropped too low on her forehead. Her hair was powdered with gold, crimped in front, hanging down her back in long twists, terminating in pearls. The light from the candelabra heightened the color on her cheeks, the gold throughout her garments,

and the whiteness of her skin. She wore around her waist, on her arms, hands, and feet, such a profusion of jewels that the mirror, reflecting like a sun, flashed back prismatic rays upon her; and Salammbô stood beside Taanach, leaning and turning around on all sides to view herself, smiling at the dazzling effect.

She walked to and fro, embarrassed by the time that she needs must tarry.

Suddenly the crow of a cock was heard. She quickly pinned over her head a long yellow veil, passed a scarf around her neck, and buried her feet in blue leather buskins, saying to Taanach:

"Go, see under the myrtles if there is not a man with two horses."

Taanach had scarcely reëntered before Salammbô descended the stairway of the galleys.

"Mistress!" called out the slave. Salammbô turned around and placed one finger on her lips, in sign of discretion and silence.

Taanach crept quietly the length of the prows as far as the base of the terrace, and in the distance by the moonlight she distinguished in the cypress avenue a gigantic shadow, moving obliquely to the left of Salammbô: this was a foreboding of death.

Taanach went back to her room, threw herself on the floor, tore her face with her finger-nails, pulled out her hair, and uttered shrill yells at the top of her voice.

Finally the thought came to her that some one might hear; then she was quiet, and sobbed very low, with her head between her hands and her face laid flat on the stones.

The Sacrifice to Moloch.

A section of the wall of the temple of Moloch was removed, in order to pull the brazen god through without disturbing the ashes on the altar. As soon as the sun rose, the sacred slaves of the temple pushed him to the square of Khamoûn.

He moved backwards, sliding over cylinders; his shoulders overtopped the walls; from the farthest point the Carthaginians who perceived him fled with speed, for it was impossible to contemplate the Baal with impunity, save in the exercise of his wrath.

An odor of aromatics was wafted through the streets. All the temples were thrown open simultaneously, and tabernacles upon chariots, or on litters which pontiffs carried, issued forth. Great plumes of feathers nodded at their corners, and rays flashed from their pointed spires, terminated by globes of crystal, gold, silver, or copper.

These were the Canaanite Baalim, reproductions of the supreme Baal, returning towards their essence to humble themselves before his power, and be lost in his splendor. The canopy of Melkarth, of fine purple, sheltered a flame of bitumen oil; while upon that of Khamoûn, which was of hyacinth color, was erected an ivory phallus bordered with a circle of gems: between the curtains of Eschmoûn, blue as the ether, a Python slept, describing a circle as it bit its tail; and the *Dii-Patœci*, held in the arms of their priests, their heels dragging on the ground, resembled large babies in swaddling clothes. . . .

The brazen statue continued to move towards the square of Khamoûn. The Rich, carrying scepters with emerald apples, started from the far end of Megara; the Elders, crowned with diadems, assembled in Kinisdo; and the masters of finance, the governors of provinces, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the numerous horde employed at funerals, all displaying the insignia of their magistracy or the instruments of their vocations, converged towards the tabernacles that descended from the Acropolis between the colleges of pontiffs.

In deference to Moloch, they were all bedecked with their most splendid jewels. Diamonds sparkled over their black apparel; but their rings, now too wide, loosely fell from their emaciated hands, and nothing could be more lugubrious than that silent concourse, where brilliant earrings struck against pallid faces, and where gold tiaras encircled foreheads wrinkled by an atrocious despair.

Finally the Baal attained the center of the square. His pontiffs made an inclosure with trellises to keep back the multitude, and remained themselves at his feet, surrounding him.

The priests of Khamoûn, in reddish woolen robes, aligned before their temple under the columns of the portico; those of Eschmoûn, in white linen mantles, with collars of the heads of hoopoes, wearing conical tiaras, established themselves on the steps of the Acropolis; the priests of Melkarth, in violet tunics, took their position on the western side; the priests of the Abaddirs, swathed in bands of Phrygian stuffs, placed themselves on

the eastern side; and ranged on the southern side with the necromancers, all covered with tattooings, were the howlers in patched mantles, the priests of the *Dii-Patœci*, and the Yidonim, who divined the future by placing a bone of a dead body in their mouths. The priests of Ceres, habited in blue robes, had prudently stopped in Satheb Street, intoning in a low voice a thesmophorion in Megarian dialect. . . .

Meantime a fire of aloe, cedar, and laurel wood burned between the legs of the Colossus. His long wings buried their points in the flame; the unguents with which he had been rubbed now trickled like sweat over his brazen limbs. About the round stone upon which his feet rested, children, enveloped in black veils, formed a motionless circle; and his inordinately long arms allowed the palms of his hands to reach down to them, as if to seize this crown and convey it to the sky.

The Rich, the Elders, the women, and in fact the entire multitude, thronged behind the priests and on the terraces of the houses. The large painted stars revolved no longer; the tabernacles were placed on the ground, and the smoke from the censers rose on high perpendicularly, like gigantic trees spreading their bluish boughs to the center of the azure. Many of the spectators fainted; others became inert and petrified in their ecstasy; an infinite agony pressed heavily upon their hearts. The clamors one by one died out, and the people of Carthage panted in silence, absorbed in the terror of their desire.

At last the high priest of Moloch passed his right hand beneath the children's veils, and pulled out a lock of hair from each of their foreheads, which he threw into the flames. Then the men in red mantles intoned a sacred hymn: —

"Homage to thee, O Sun! King of the two Zones! Creator, self-begotten! Father and Mother! Father and Son! God and Goddess! Goddess and God!" and their voices were lost in the explosion of countless instruments, sounding all together to smother the cries of the victims. The scheminith with eight strings, the kinnor with ten, and the nebel with twelve, all twanged, whistled, and thundered forth. Enormous leather bottles stuck full of tubes emitted a sharp rolling noise; the tambourines, beaten with all possible force, resounded with heavy, rapid blows; and despite the fury of the clarions, the salsalim clicked like the wings of locusts.

The sacred slaves with a long hook opened the seven com-

partments ranged in the body of the Baal. Into the highest division farina was introduced; into the second, two turtle-doves; into the third, an ape; into the fourth, a ram; into the fifth, a lamb; into the sixth, as they did not possess an ox, a tanned hide from the sanctuary was substituted; the seventh aperture remained gaping.

Before a human victim should be offered, it was deemed best to test the arms of the god. Slender chainlets, passing from the fingers over his shoulders, descended at the back, which men pulled downward, raising to the height of his elbows his two open hands, that in approaching each other came opposite his belly. They worked them several times successively with little jerks. Then the musical instruments were hushed, and the fire roared fiercely.

The pontiffs of Moloch walked to and fro on the large stone slab, examining the multitude.

The first offering must be an individual sacrifice, an oblation perfectly voluntary, which would be effectual to incite others. But no one came forward, and the seven alleys leading from the barrier to the Colossus remained completely empty. To stimulate the people, the priests pulled from their girdles little stilettos, with which they slashed their faces. The Devotees, who had been stretched on the ground outside, were introduced into the inclosure, and a packet of horrible irons was thrown to them: each one chose his torture. They passed spits through their breasts, slit their cheeks, put upon their heads crowns of thorns; then they enlaced their arms together, and surrounding the children, they formed another great circle, ever contracting and expanding. Having reached the balustrade, they threw themselves back, only to eddy outwards again, continually attracting to them the crowd, by the vertigo of their movements, full of blood and cries.

Gradually the people, thus incited, came into the end of the alleys, and threw into the flames pearls, gold vases, cups, all their treasures, and flambeaux.

These offerings became more and more splendid, and kept multiplying. Presently a man who staggered, a man pale and hideous from terror, pushed forward a child; then could be distinguished between the hands of the Colossus a little black mass — it sank into the dark opening. The priests leaned over the edge of the large slab, and a new chant burst out, celebrating the joys of death and the renascence of eternity.

The children mounted up slowly, and as the smoke rose in lofty whirling masses, they seemed from afar to disappear in a cloud. Not one moved. All had been securely bound hand and foot, and the dark drapery prevented them from seeing anything, and from being recognized.

Hamilcar, in a red mantle like that of the priests of Moloch, remained near the Baal, standing before the great toe of his right foot. When the fourteenth child was put in, all the people saw that he made a demonstrative gesture of horror, but quickly resuming his attitude of composure, he crossed his arms, and gazed on the ground. On the other side of the Colossus the grand pontiff likewise remained motionless, bowing his head, upon which was an Assyrian miter, and observing on his breast the gold plaque covered with prophetic stones, which threw out iridescent lights as the flames struck across them. He grew pale and abstracted.

Hamilcar inclined his head, and they were both so near the pyre that the hem of their robes in rising from time to time swept it.

Moloch's brazen arms moved more rapidly; they no longer paused. Each time a child was placed upon them, the priests of Moloch extended their hands over the victim to charge upon it the sins of the people, vociferating:—

"These are not men, but oxen!" and the multitude around repeated, "Oxen! Oxen!" The Devotees screamed out, "Lord! eat!" and the priests of Proserpine, conforming in terror to Carthage's need, mumbled their Eleusinian formula: "Pour forth rain! conceive!" No sooner were the victims placed on the verge of the aperture than they vanished, like a drop of water on a red-hot plate, and whiffs of white smoke curled up through the scarlet glow.

Yet the appetite of the god was not appeased; he still wanted more. In order to supply him, the children were piled on his hands, and were retained there by a great chain.

In the beginning, Devotees tried to count them, in order to note if the total number corresponded to the days of the solar year; but now so many were piled on that it was impossible to distinguish them during the dizzy movements of those horrible arms. All this lasted a long time, until nightfall. Then the interior divisions gave a most somber glare. For the first time, the burning flesh was visible. Some people even fancied that they recognized hair, limbs, and entire bodies.

The day fell; clouds gathered over the head of the Baal. The pyre, now flameless, made a pyramid of glowing embers that reached to his knees; and all crimson, like a giant covered with blood, with head bent backward, he seemed to reel under the weight of his intoxication. According as the priests urged haste, the frenzy of the people augmented; as the number of victims decreased, some cried out to spare them, others that Moloch must have more. It seemed as though the walls, with their masses of spectators, would crumble beneath the yells of horror and of mystic voluptuousness. Then came into the alleys some faithful ones, dragging their children, who clung to them; and they beat the little hands to make them loose their hold, that they might deliver them to the red men.

Occasionally the musicians paused from sheer exhaustion; and in the lull could be heard the screams of mothers and the crackling of the grease spattering on the coals. The mandrake-drinkers crept on all-fours around the Colossus, roaring like tigers. The Yidonim prophesied; the Devotees chanted with their cleft lips. The railings were broken, for now all wanted to participate in the sacrifice; and fathers whose children were deceased cast into the yawning furnace their effigies, toys, and preserved bones. Those who possessed knives rushed upon the others; they cut each other's throats in their voracious rage, maddened by the holocaust. The sacred slaves, with bronze winnowing-baskets, took from the edge of the stone slab the fallen cinders, which they tossed high in the air, that the sacrifice should be dispersed over the entire city, and attain to the region of the stars.

The tumultuous noise and vast illumination had attracted the Barbarians to the very foot of the walls. Climbing upon the ruins of the *helepolis*, they looked on, gaping with horror.

PAUL FLEMING.

Paul Fleming, German lyric poet, born at Hartenstein, Saxony, Oct. 5, 1609; died at Hamburg, April 2, 1640. On attaining his majority he was driven from Leipsic by the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. About this time the Duke of Holstein resolved to send an embassy to Persia. Young Fleming secured a subordinate official position in the expedition, which, having met with some obstruction at Moscow, was delayed for a year. Early in 1636 the embassy again got under way and reached Ispahan in 1637. During the three years the expedition was abroad Fleming wrote many lively poetic descriptions of the strange sights he saw in the foreign lands. He returned to Leipsic in 1639 to study medicine with the intention of settling down at Revel to practice, but the fatigues of foreign travel had undermined his health, and he died when thirty years of age, while on his way to Revel.

His "Spiritual and Secular Poems" (1642) are justly admired for the melody of their versification. Among his religious poetry is the well-known hymn, beginning, "In allen meinen Thaten." His works, both secular and religious, were collected and published after his death under the title "Teutsche Poemata" (1646).

The Long, Perilous Journey.

Where'er I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
  Who all things hath and can;
Unless he give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
  And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail,
  Unless my God is there;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree,
  On him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface,
And wipe out all my debt;
Though I have sinned he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment, he will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which he hath bade me fill;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ himself is near;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home
Can keep me safely here.

When late at night my rest I take
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fear my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,

Well knowing naught can wait me there
Too hard for me through him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
At his command I die or live,
I trust his love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Is whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
With his consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;
And he will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid!
On him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly rest.
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

To My Ring.

So go, fair emerald; my loving message take
To her who has my heart, and rest thou well content
That henceforth thou art hers to whom I have thee sent;
Thy purity her hand will only purer make.
Be with her if she sleep; be with her if she wake;
She'll ask thee oft of me and what thy message meant.
Be thou like other gems: within thy brightness pent,
Keep what thou seest hid, for her and my sweet sake.
And if it come to pass that she, in thoughts half lost,
Should press her lips to thee, then save the kiss for me
Until the evening come. Unless the zephyrs see

The imprint of her kiss, and, enviously crossed,
Demand to bring it me, ere I to claim it go,
Then send it me by them, and let no mortal know.

To Myself.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Samuel Foote, an English comic actor and humorist, born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1720; died at Dover, Oct. 21, 1777. He studied for a while at Worcester College, Oxford, but was obliged to leave at the age of twenty. In 1744 he betook himself to the stage, attempting both tragedy and comedy with slight success. But his talent for imitation came to his aid. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theater with a piece called "The Diversions of the Morning," written by himself, and in which he was the principal actor. This was followed by "Mr. Foote Taking Tea With His Friends," "The Auction of Pictures," and other pieces. He later obtained a patent to open a regular theater. This he carried on for ten years, mainly producing his own pieces. In 1777 he set out upon a journey to France, but died before he had left the shores of England. Foote produced in all some twenty-five dramatic pieces, and several others have been attributed to him. The best of these are: "The Minor," satirizing the Methodists (1760); "The Mayor of Garratt" (1763); "The Devil upon Two Sticks" (1768); "The Lame Lover" (1770); "The Nabob" (1772), and "The Bankrupt" (1773). A selection from the plays of Foote, with an entertaining memoir, by William Cooke, in three volumes, was published in 1805.

Charlotte, Serjeant Circuit, and Sir Luke Limp.

(From "The Lame Lover.")

Charlotte. — Sir, I have other proofs of our hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant. — Cite them.

Charlotte. — The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serjeant. — Titles! I don't understand you.

Charlotte. — I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by

SAMUEL FOOTE Esq.r

my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serjeant. — Keeping good company! — a laudable ambition!

Charlotte. — True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serjeant. — Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Charlotte. — Sir!

Serjeant. — Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with; why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Charlotte. — No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

. . . . . .

Serjeant. — For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honorable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Charlotte. — Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serjeant. — Not a whit the less honest for that.

Charlotte. — It occasions one evil at least, that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serjeant. — Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Charlotte. — You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serjeant. — Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is —

Charlotte. — Nobody.

Serjeant. — Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propriâ personâ, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realties, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Charlotte. — But sir —

Serjeant. — Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease or to farm, let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever — and —

Charlotte. — Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwith-

standing, in this town a great number of nobodies not described by Lord Coke.

[Sir Luke Limp *makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a* Servant, *who delivers a card to* Sir Luke.]

Sir Luke [*Reads*]. — "Sir Gregory Goose desires the honor of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired." Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serjeant. — What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. — Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him and confined to my bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

Charlotte. — You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. — What can a man do? These fellows — when one has the misfortune to meet them — take scandalous advantage: When will you do me the honor, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day. They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serjeant. — True; and then for such a time, too — three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michælmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. — Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than —

[*Enter a* Servant *who gives* Sir Luke *a letter.*]

From whom?

Servant. — Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. — Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] "Taste for music — Mons. Duport — fail — dinner on table at five." Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant ain't gone.

Servant. — Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. — Run after him as fast as you can — tell him quite in despair — recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Charlotte. — You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. — No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte: you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title: but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Charlotte. — By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. — You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would gladly excuse.

Serjeant. — What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary —

Sir Luke. — He knows that well enough, but for all that —

Serjeant. — Indeed, by a late act of his own House — which does them infinite honor — his goods or chattels may be —

Sir Luke. — Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serjeant. — Nay, if the sheriff return "non inventus."

Sir Luke. — A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an *L?* It was with an *L*, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an *L?* Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an *F;* but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your *L.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Enter a* SERVANT.]

Servant. — There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. — That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Serjeant. — Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. — Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; I have a

thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Heralds' office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serjeant. — True, true.

Sir Luke. — At your toilet to-morrow you may — [*Enters a Servant abruptly and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Servant. — Sir, his Grace, the Duke of —

Sir Luke. — Grace! where is he? Where —

Servant. — In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. — In his own coach, did you say?

Servant. — Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. — With the coronets — or —

Servant. — I believe so.

Sir Luke. — There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Servant. — He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. — Then do you step into the knight — hey! — no — you must go into my lord's — hold, hold, no — I have it — step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Servant. — What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. — Anything — what I told you before.

Servant. — And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. — What! — tell him that my uncle from Epsom — no — that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him — hey? Why, tell him — hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor —

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Servant.*

Charlotte. — Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serjeant. — Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then

they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached. —

A Cure for Bad Poetry.

(From the "Memoirs.")

A Physician of Bath told him that he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire he did not well know what to do.

"Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

The Retort Courteous.

Following a man in the street, who did not bear the best of characters, Foote slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, thinking he was an intimate friend. On discovering his mistake he cried out, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon! I really took you for a gentleman who" —

"Well, sir," said the other, "and am I not a gentleman?"

"Nay, sir," said Foote, "if you take it in that way, I must only beg your pardon a second time."

On Garrick's Stature.

Previously to Foote's bringing out his "Primitive Puppet Show" at the Haymarket Theater, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"

"Oh dear, madam, no. Not much above the size of Garrick!"

Cape Wine.

Being at the dinner-table one day when the Cape was going round in remarkably small glasses, his host was very profuse on the excellence of the wine, its age, etc. "But you don't seem to relish it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you."

"Oh, yes, my lord, perfectly well. I am only admiring how little it is, considering its great age."

The Dear Wife.

A gentleman just married, telling Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his "dear wife": "Well," said the other, "you have but done her justice, as by your own reckoning she must be a very valuable woman."

The Graces.

Of an actress who was remarkably awkward with her arms, Foote said that "she kept the Graces at arm's-length."

The Debtor.

Of a young gentleman who was rather backward in paying his debts, he said he was "a very promising young gentleman."

Affectation.

An assuming, pedantic lady, boasting of the many books which she had read, often quoted "Locke Upon Understanding," a work she said she admired above all things, yet there was one word in it which, though often repeated, she could not distinctly make out; and that was the word ide-a (pronouncing it very long): "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation."

"You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote, "it comes from the word ideaousky."

"And pray, sir, what does that mean?"

"The feminine of idiot, madam."

Arithmetical Criticism.

A mercantile man of his acquaintance, who would read a poem of his to him one day after dinner, pompously began: —

> "Hear me, O Phœbus! and ye Muses nine!
> Pray be attentive."

"I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten: go on."

Garrick and the Guinea.

Foote and Garrick, supping together at the Bedford, the former in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it.

"Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?"

"Gone to the Devil, I suppose," said Garrick.

"Well said, David; you are always what I took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

Garlic-Eaters.

Laughing at the imbecilities of a common friend one day, somebody observed, "It was very surprising; and Tom D—— knew him very well, and thought him far from being a fool."

"Ah, poor Tom!" said Foote, "he is like one of those people who eat garlic themselves, and therefore can't smell it in a companion."

Foote and Macklin.

One night, when Macklin was formally preparing to begin a lecture, hearing Foote rattling away at the lower end of the room, and thinking to silence him at once, he called out in his sarcastic manner, "Pray, young gentleman, do you know what I am going to say?"

"No, sir," said Foote quickly: "do you?"

Baron Newman.

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the left-handed Baron), being detected in the rooms at Bath in the act of secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterward, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor.

"Do?" said the wit; "why, 'tis a plain case: never play so high again as long as you live."

Mrs. Abington.

When Mrs. Abington returned from her very first successful trip to Ireland, Foote wished to engage her for his summer theater; but in the meantime Garrick secured her for Drury Lane. Foote, on hearing this, asked her why she gave Garrick the preference.

"I don't know how it was," said she: "he talked me over by telling me that he would make me immortal, so that I did not know how to refuse him."

"Oh! did he so? Then I'll soon outbid him that way; for come to me and I will give you two pounds a week more, and charge you nothing for immortality."

Mode of Burying Attorneys in London.

A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expense of a country funeral in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarfs, etc.

"Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No?" said the other much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"Why that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Real Friendship.

A young gentleman, making an apology to his father for coming late to dinner, said "that he had been visiting a poor friend of his in St. George's Fields." "Ah! a pretty kind of friend indeed," says the father, "to keep us waiting for dinner in this manner."

"Aye, and for the best kind, too," said Foote: "as you know, my dear sir, a friend in need is a friend indeed."

An Extraordinary Case.

Being at the levee of Lord Townsend, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought he saw a person in his Excellency's suite whom he had known to have lived many years a life of expediency in London. To convince himself of the fact, he asked his Excellency who it was.

"That is Mr. T——, one of my gentlemen at large," was the answer. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes! perfectly well," said Foote, "and what your Excellency tells me is doubly extraordinary: first, that he is a gentleman; and next, that he is at large."

Dibble Davis.

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts-in-ordinary, dining with him one day at North-end, observed that "well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head."

"That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge alone these twenty years."

Mutability of the World.

Being at a dinner in a mixed company soon after the bankruptcy of one friend and the death of another, the conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for this?" said S——, a master builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," said the other; "except we could suppose the world was built by contract."

An Appropriate Motto.

During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays which he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscript, the other told him "that at present he had only conceived the different subjects, but had put none of them to paper."

"Oh! if that be the state of the case," replied Foote, "I will give you a motto from Milton for the work in its present state:

"'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.'"

The Grafton Ministry.

A gentleman coming into the Cocoa-Tree one morning during the Duke of Grafton's administration, was observing "that he was afraid the poor ministry were at their wits' end."

"Well, if it should be so," said Foote, "what reason have they to complain of so short a journey?"

Dr. Blair.

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing "Notes on Ossian" (a work the reality of which has always been much doubted), he observed, "The publishers ought to allow a great discount to the purchaser, as the notes required such a stretch of credit."

Anecdote of an Author.

An author was boasting that as a reviewer he had the power of distributing literary reputations as he liked. "Take care," said Foote, "you are not too prodigal of that, or you may leave none for yourself."

Dining Badly.

Foote, returning from dinner with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed; bad company and a worse dinner."

"I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the admiral a good jolly fellow."

"Why, as to that, he may be a good sea lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad landlord."

Dr. Paul Hifferman.

Paul was fond of laying, or rather offering, wagers. One day in the heat of argument he cried out, "I'll lay my head you are wrong upon that point."

"Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager. Any trifle, among friends, has a value."

Advice to a Dramatic Writer.

A dull dramatic writer, who had often felt the severity of the public, was complaining one day to Foote of the injustice done him by the critics; but added, "I have, however, one way of being even with them, by constantly laughing at all they say."

"You do perfectly right, my friend," said Foote; "for by this method you will not only disappoint your enemies, but lead the merriest life of any man in England."

SAMUEL WALTER FOSS.

Samuel Walter Foss, a New England writer of dialect and domestic poems, born in New Hampshire, in 1858, resides at Somerville, Mass. He has published "Back Country Poems" (1894); "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" (1895); "Dreams in Homespun."

The Fate of Pious Dan.

"Run down and get the doctor, quick!"
  Cried Jack Bean with a whoop.
"Run, Dan; for mercy's sake be quick!
  Our baby's got the croup."
But Daniel shook his solemn head,
  His sanctimonious brow,
And said, "I cannot go, for I
  Must read my Bible now;
For I have regular hours to read
The Scripture for my spirit's need."

Said Silas Gove to Pious Dan,
  "Our neighbor, 'Rastus Wright,
Is very sick; will you come down
  And watch with him to-night?"
"He has my sympathy," says Dan,
  "And I would sure be there,
Did I not feel an inward call
  To spend the night in prayer.
Some other man with Wright must stay;
Excuse me while I go and pray."

"Old Briggs has fallen in the pond!"
  Cried little Bijah Brown;
"Run, Pious Dan, and help him out,
  Or else he sure will drown!"
"I trust he'll swim ashore," said Dan,
  "But now my soul is awed,
And I must meditate upon
  The goodness of the Lord;

By permission of Lee and Shepard.

And nothing merely temporal ought
To interrupt my holy thought."

So Daniel lived a pious life,
As Daniel understood,
But all his neighbors thought he was
Too pious to be good;
And Daniel died, and then his soul,
On wings of hope elate,
In glad expectancy flew up
To Peter's golden gate.
"Now let your gate wide open fly;
Come, hasten, Peter! Here am I."

"I'm sorry, Pious Dan," said he,
"That time will not allow;
But you must wait a space, for I
Must read my Bible now."
So Daniel waited long and long,
And Peter read all day.
"Now, Peter, let me in," he cried.
Said Peter, "I must pray;
And no mean temporal affairs
Must ever interrupt my prayers."

Then Satan, who was passing by,
Saw Dan's poor shivering form,
And said, "My man, it's cold out here,
Come down where it is warm."
The angel baby of Jack Bean,
The angel 'Rastus Wright,
And old Briggs, a white angel too,
All chuckled with delight;
And Satan said, "Come, Pious Dan,
For you are just my style of man."

The Calf-Path.

I.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.

II.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

III.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed — do not laugh —
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

IV.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

V.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

VI.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

VII.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach —
But I am not ordained to preach.

Prudence True's Crazy Quilt.

In seventeen hundred seventy-two
Did the good matron, Prudence True,
A saintly soul devoid of guilt,
Begin her famous crazy quilt,
And told her helpmeet, Goodman True,
She'd finish in a month or two;
And Goodman True, as good men do,
Believed his good wife, Prudence True.

And when he found his supper late,
Brave Goodman True in silence sate,
And waited till his good wife built
Another square of crazy quilt.
He did not rave or loudly speak, —
Much married life had made him meek, —
For he had learned from his sweet bride
A husband's part is to subside,
To sit serene, composed, and dumb,
And in domestic peace succumb.
He on the martyr plan was built,
And lived a martyr to that quilt.

Good Prudence True, as good dames do,
Each day her loved task would pursue;
Each evening her brave husband tried
To look content and edified,
And those slow, patient hours beguile
With his sad, long-enduring smile.
Long years did that poor, sad soul wilt,
Then die at last — of crazy quilt.

Long years passed on, and Widow True
Toiled on, as all good widows do,
And in her calm seclusion curled
Heard not the noises of the world.
The echoes of the Concord fight,
The battle fought on Bunker's height,
The cannonade from Yorktown blown,
That scared King George upon his throne,
She heeded as a trivial thing;
For what are conqueror or king
To a good dame whose life is built
Into her darling crazy quilt?

She never thought if she preferred
George Washington to George the Third;
Her quilt was life's supremest thing,
Both under president and king;
While loyal to her quilt and true,
She thought that either George would do.
Gray, full of years, the good soul died,
And passed on to the Glorified,
And left this scene of woe and guilt
And her unfinished crazy quilt.

And then her youngest daughter, Ruth,
In all the hopefulness of youth,
That knows no obstacle or fears,
Took up the mighty task of years.
Her smile was sweet, her eyes were bright,
Her touch was fairy-like and light;
And lovers read within her eyes
The tale of happy destinies.
And many came and knelt and sued;
But on the quilt her eyes were glued.
She saw them not as there they knelt,
Love's hurtling dart she never felt,
But gave them all to understand
She had a mission great and grand,
A noble and exalted aim
Beyond preposterous Cupid's claim;
A great ambition, grand and high,
To finish up that quilt and die.

And brave Ruth kept her purpose good
Through fourscore years of maidenhood;
And so she lived and died a maid,
And when she in the grave was laid,
Her sister's youngest daughter, Sue,
Took her unfinished quilt to do.

Meantime old empires passed away,
Old kingdoms fell in slow decay,
And senile monarchs, weary grown,
Slipped down from many a tottering throne;
Old realms were conquered by their foes,
Old kingdoms fell, new nations rose;
And long engendered wars that rent
The bases of a continent
Swept on their path of fire and death,
And shriveled with their fatal breath
The slow-built fabric of the years,
And left a track of blood and tears.
But while the whirling world did range
Adown "the ringing grooves of change,"
While Time's resistless current flowed,
Young Sue she sewed and sewed and sewed
And sewed and sewed, and slowly built
The squares upon that crazy quilt.

And now she's old and bent and gray,
Her youthful friends have passed away,

Her loving husband's tomb is built —
But still she works upon her quilt.
And now, deserted and forlorn,
To generations yet unborn,
When she has left this world of guilt,
She'll pass along her crazy quilt.

In six short days the world was done,
The world, the planets, and the sun;
But in a hundred years are built
A fraction of a crazy quilt.

The Origin of Sin.

He talked about the origin
Of sin;
But present sin, I must confess,
He never tried to render less,
But used to add, so people talk,
His share unto the general stock —
But grieved about the origin
Of sin.

He mourned about the origin
Of sin;
But never struggled very long
To rout contemporaneous wrong,
And never lost his sleep, they say,
About the evils of to-day —
But wept about the origin
Of sin.

He sighed about the origin
Of sin;
But showed no fear you could detect
About its ultimate effect;
He deemed it best to use no force,
But let it run its natural course —
But moaned about the origin
Of sin.

The Volunteer Organist.

The gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stove-pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn' kneel in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congergation be so kind 's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle;
Then thro' the holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air er sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purin'ton he yelled, his teeth all sot on edge:
"This man purfanes the house er God! W'y this is sakerlege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, by slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps and gained the organ seat.

He then went pawrin' thro' the keys, and soon there riz a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' there he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,—
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky,
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel and sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories an' drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope — a song from souls forgiven —
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together, — no soul wuz left alone, —
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness came again,
An' long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight,—
An' then the tramp, he staggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, though he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He had tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

The Classics.

Let me always read the classics.
There are bardlings of a day,

Fames from twilight unto twilight;
But the classics ever stay.
And the classics are the voices
Of the mountain and the glen
And the multitudinous ocean
And the city filled with men, —
Voices of a deeper meaning
Than all drippings of the pen.

Yes, the mountains are a classic,
And an older word they speak
Than the classics of the Hebrew
Or the Hindoo or the Greek.
Dumb are they, like all the classics,
Till the chosen one draws near,
Who can catch their inner voices
With the ear behind the ear;
And their words are high and mystic,
But the chosen one can hear.

And the ocean is a classic.
Where's the scribe shall read its word,
Word grown old before the Attic
Or Ionian bards were heard,
Word once whispered unto Homer,
Sown within his fruitful heart, —
And he caught a broken message,
But he only heard a part.
Listen, thou; forget the babblings
And the pedantries of art.

And the city is a classic, —
Aye, the city filled with men;
Here the comic, epic, tragic,
Beyond painting of the pen.
And who rightly reads the classic
Of the city, million-trod,
Ranges farther than the sky-line,
Burrows deeper than the sod,
And his soul beholds the secrets
Of the mysteries of God.

Give to me to read these classics: —
Life is short from youth to age;
But its fleetness is not wasted
If I master but a page.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Stephen Collins Foster, American composer and song-writer, born at Allegheny, Penn., July 4, 1826; died in New York, Jan. 13, 1864. The boy was of a quiet and studious disposition, and early displayed a fondness for music, and played upon several instruments. He received a fair education and at thirteen he wrote "Sadly to My Heart Appealing," and three years later, "Open Thy Lattice, Love." His next songs were "Old Uncle Ned" and "O Susannah," for the latter of which he received $100. He then decided to adopt song-writing as a vocation, and produced a large number of simple melodies, the original words and harmonious music of which form a distinct type of ballad. About one-third of his one hundred and twenty-five songs are written in negro dialect, and his chief successes were songs written for negro minstrel shows. Foster's songs had a wide sale, "Old Folks at Home" alone bringing its author some $15,000. His later songs were characterized by a higher order of musical composition, and after his mother's death were tinged with melancholy. His most popular pieces were entitled: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Nellie Was a Lady," "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Jennie With the Light Brown Hair," "Gentle Annie," "Old Dog Tray," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

Old Folks at Home.

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away —
Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber —
Dar's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;

"When I was playing wid my brother"

Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!

One little hut among de bushes —
One dat I love —
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

Jessie Fothergill, an English story-teller, born at Manchester, June 7, 1856; died at London, July 3, 1891. Her stories show a keen faculty of observation; among them are: "Healey, a Romance" (1875); "The First Violin" (1877), in which German life is faithfully portrayed; "Probation" (1879); "Kith and Kin" (1881); "Borderland" (1886); "The Lasses of Laverhouse" (1888); "A March in the Ranks" (1890); "Oriole's Daughter" (1892).

"The First Violin" is her best known work. It was immediately successful on publication, reached its tenth edition in 1895, and is rated as one of the best musical novels of the time. It was dramatized in 1897.

A Skating Adventure.

(From "The First Violin.")

It was December, close upon Christmas. Winter at last in real earnest. A black frost. The earth bound in fetters of iron. The land gray; the sky steel; the wind a dagger. The trees, leafless and stark, rattled their shriveled boughs together in that wind.

It met you at corners and froze the words out of your mouth; it whistled a low, fiendish, malignant whistle round the houses; as vicious and little louder than the buzz of a mosquito. It swept — thin, keen, and cutting — down the Königsallee, and blew fine black dust into one's face.

It cut up the skaters upon the pond in the Neue Anlage, which was in the center of the town, and comparatively sheltered; but it was in its glory, whistling across the flat fields leading to the great skating-ground of Elberthal in general — the Schwanenspiegel at the Grafenbergerdahl.

The Grafenberg was a low chain of what, for want of a better name, may be called hills, lying to the north of Elberthal. The country all around this unfortunate apology for a range of hills was, if possible, flatter than ever. The Grafenbergerdahl was, properly, no "dale" at all, but a broad plain

of meadows, with the railway cutting them at one point, then diverging and running on under the Grafenberg.

One vast meadow which lay, if possible, a trifle lower than the rest, was flooded regularly by the autumn rains, but not deeply. It was frozen over now, and formed a model skating place, and so, apparently, thought the townspeople, for they came out, singly or in bodies, and from nine in the morning till dusk the place was crowded, and the merry music of the iron on the ice ceased not for a second.

I discovered this place of resort by accident one day when I was taking a constitutional, and found myself upon the borders of the great frozen mere covered with skaters. I stood looking at them, and my blood warmed at the sight. If there were one thing, one accomplishment upon which I prided myself, it was this very one — skating.

In a drawing-room I might feel awkward — confused among clever people, bashful among accomplished ones; shy about music and painting, diffident as to my voice, and deprecatory in spirit as to the etiquette to be observed at a dinner party. Give me my skates and put me on a sheet of ice, and I was at home.

As I paused and watched the skaters, it struck me that there was no reason at all why I should deny myself that seasonable enjoyment. I had my skates, and the mere was large enough to hold me as well as the others — indeed, I saw in the distance great tracts of virgin ice to which no skater seemed yet to have reached.

I went home, and on the following afternoon carried out my resolution; though it was after three o'clock before I could set out.

A long, bleak way. First up the merry Jägerhofstrasse, then through the Malkasten garden, up a narrow lane, then out upon the open, bleak road, with that bitter wind going ping-ping at one's ears and upon one's cheek. Through a big gateway, and a courtyard pertaining to an orphan asylum — along a lane bordered with apple-trees, through a rustic arch, and, hurrah! the field was before me — not so thickly covered as yesterday, for it was getting late, and the Elberthalers did not seem to understand the joy of careering over the black ice by moonlight, in the night wind. It was, however, as yet far from dark, and the moon was rising in silver yonder, in a sky of a pale but clear blue.

I quickly put on my skates — stumbled to the edge, and set off. I took a few turns, circling among the people — then, seeing several turn to look at me, I fixed my eyes upon a distant clump of reeds rising from the ice, and resolved to make it my goal. I could only just see it, even with my long-sighted eyes, but struck out for it bravely. Past group after group of the skaters, who turned to look at my scarlet shawl as it flashed past. I glanced at them and skimmed smoothly on, till I came to the outside circle where there was a skater all alone, his hands thrust deep into his greatcoat pockets, the collar of the same turned high about his ears, and the inevitable little gray cloth *Studentenhut* crowning the luxuriance of waving dark hair. He was gliding round in complicated figures and circles, doing the outside edge for his own solitary gratification, so far as I could see; active, graceful, and muscular, with practiced ease and assured strength in every limb. It needed no second glance on my part to assure me who he was — even if the dark bright eyes had not been caught by the flash of my cloak, and gravely raised for a moment as I flew by. I dashed on, breasting the wind. To reach the bunch of reeds seemed more than ever desirable now. I would make it my sole companion until it was time to go away. At least he had seen me, and I was safe from any *contretemps* — he would avoid me as strenuously as I avoided him. But the first fresh lust after pleasure was gone. Just one moment's glance into a face had had the power to alter everything so much. I skated on, as fast, as surely as ever, but,

"A joy has taken flight."

The pleasant sensation of solitude, which I could so easily have felt among a thousand people had he not been counted among them, was gone. The roll of my skates upon the ice had lost its music for me; the wind felt colder — I sadder. At least I thought so. Should I go away again, now that this disturbing element had appeared upon the scene? No, no, no! said something eagerly within me, and I bit my lip, and choked back a kind of sob of disgust as I realized that, despite my gloomy reflections, my heart was beating a high, rapid march of — joy! as I skimmed, all alone, far away from the crowd, among the dismal withered reeds, and round the little islets of stiffened grass and rushes, which were frozen upright in their places.

The daylight faded, and the moon rose. The people were

going away. The distant buzz of laughter had grown silent. I could dimly discern some few groups, but very few, still left, and one or two solitary figures. Even my preternatural eagerness could not discern who they were. The darkness, the long walk home, the *probe* at seven, which I should be too tired to attend, all had quite slipped from my mind; it was possible that among those figures, which I still dimly saw, was yet remaining that of Courvoisier, and surely there was no harm in my staying here.

I struck out in another direction, and flew on in the keen air; the frosty moon shedding a weird light upon the black ice; I saw the railway lines, polished, gleaming too in the light; the belt of dark firs to my right; the red sand soil frozen hard and silvered over with frost. Flat and tame, but still beautiful. I felt a kind of rejoicing in it; I felt at home. I was probably the first person who had been there since the freezing of the mere, thought I, and that idea was soon converted to a certainty in my mind, for in a second my rapid career was interrupted. At the furthest point from help or human presence the ice gave way with a crash, and I shrieked aloud at the shock of the bitter water. Oh, how cold it was! how piercing, frightful, numbing! It was not deep — scarcely above my knees, but the difficulty was how to get out. Put my hand where I would, the ice gave way. I could only plunge in the icy water, feeling the sodden grass under my feet. What sort of things might there not be in that water? A cold shudder, worse than any ice, shot through me at the idea of newts and rats and water-serpents, absurd though it was. I screamed again in desperation, and tried to haul myself out by catching at the rushes. They were rotten with the frost and gave way in my hand. I made a frantic effort at the ice again; stumbled and fell on my knees in the water. I was wet all over now, and I gasped. My limbs ached agonizingly with the cold. I should be, if not drowned, yet benumbed, frozen to death here alone in the great mere, among the frozen reeds and under the steely sky.

I was pausing, standing still, and rapidly becoming almost too benumbed to think or hold myself up, when I heard the sound of skates and the weird measure of the "Lenore March" again. I held my breath; I desired intensely to call out, shriek aloud for help, but I could not. Not a word would come.

"I did hear someone," he muttered, and then in the moonlight he came skating past, saw me, and stopped.

"*Sie*, Fräulein!" he began quickly, and then altering his tone, "The ice has broken. Let me help you."

"Don't come too near; the ice is very thin — it doesn't hold at all," I chattered, scarcely able to get the words out.

"You are cold?" he asked, and smiled. I felt the smile cruel; and realized that I probably looked rather ludicrous.

"Cold!" I repeated with an irrepressible short sob.

He knelt down upon the ice at about a yard's distance from me.

"Here it is strong," said he, holding out his arms. "Lean this way, *mein Fräulein*, and I will lift you out."

"Oh, no! You will certainly fall in yourself."

"Do as I tell you," he said imperatively, and I obeyed, leaning a little forward. He took me round the waist, lifted me quietly out of the water, and placed me upon the ice at a discreet distance from the hole in which I had been stuck, then rose himself, apparently undisturbed by the effort.

Miserable, degraded object that I felt! My clothes clinging round me; icy cold, shivering from head to foot; so aching with cold that I could no longer stand. As he opened his mouth to say something about its being "happily accomplished," I sunk upon my knees at his feet. My strength had deserted me; I could no longer support myself.

"Frozen!" he remarked to himself, as he stooped and half raised me. "I see what must be done. Let me take off your skates — *sonst geht's nicht.*"

I sat down upon the ice, half hysterical, partly from the sense of the degrading, ludicrous plight I was in, partly from intense yet painful delight at being thus once more with him, seeing some recognition in his eyes again, and hearing some cordiality in his voice.

He unfastened my skates deftly and quickly, slung them over his arm, and helped me up again. I essayed feebly to walk, but my limbs were numb with cold. I could not put one foot before the other, but could only cling to his arm in silence.

"So!" said he, with a little laugh. "We are all alone here! A fine time for a moonlight skating."

"Ah, yes!" said I wearily, "but I can't move."

"You need not," said he. "I am going to carry you away in spite of yourself, like a popular preacher."

He put his arm round my waist and bade me hold fast to his shoulder. I obeyed, and directly found myself carried along in a swift, delightful movement, which seemed to my drowsy,

deadened senses, quick as the nimble air, smooth as a swallow's flight. He was a consummate master in the art of skating — that was evident. A strong, unfailing arm held me fast. I felt no sense of danger, no fear lest he should fall or stumble; no such idea entered my head.

We had far to go — from one end of the great Schwanenspiegel to the other. Despite the rapid motion, numbness overcame me; my eyes closed, my head sunk upon my hands, which were clasped over his shoulder. A sob rose to my throat. In the midst of the torpor that was stealing over me, there shot every now and then a shiver of ecstasy so keen as to almost terrify me. But then even that died away. Everything seemed to whirl round me — the meadows and trees, the stiff rushes and the great black sheet of ice, and the white moon in the inky heavens became only a confused dream. Was it sleep or faintness, or coma? What was it that seemed to make my senses as dull as my limbs, and as heavy? I scarcely felt the movement, as he lifted me from the ice to the ground. His shout did not waken me, though he sent the full power of his voice ringing out toward the pile of buildings to our left.

With the last echo of his voice I lost consciousness entirely; all failed and faded, and then vanished before me, until I opened my eyes again feebly, and found myself in a great stony-looking room, before a big black stove, the door of which was thrown open. I was lying upon a sofa, and a woman was bending over me. At the foot of the sofa, leaning against the wall, was Courvoisier, looking down at me, his arms folded, his face pensive.

"Oh, dear!" cried I, starting up. "What is the matter? I must go home."

"You shall — when you can," said Courvoisier, smiling as he had smiled when I first knew him, before all these miserable misunderstandings had come between us.

My apprehensions were stilled. It did me good, warmed me, sent the tears trembling to my eyes, when I found that his voice had not resumed the old accent of ice, nor his eyes that cool, unrecognizing stare which had frozen me so many a time in the last few weeks.

"*Trinken Sie 'mal, Fräulein,*" said the woman, holding a glass to my lips; it held hot spirits and water, which smoked.

"Bah!" replied I gratefully, and turning away.

"*Nie, Nie!*" she repeated. "You must drink just a *Schnäppschen*, Fräulein."

I pushed it away with some disgust. Courvoisier took it from her hand and held it to me.

"Don't be so foolish and childish! Think of your voice after this," said he smiling kindly; and I, with an odd sensation, choked down my tears and drank it. It was bad — despite my desire to please, I found it very bad.

"Yes, I know," said he, with a sympathetic look, as I made a horrible face after drinking it, and he took the glass. "And now this woman will lend you some dry things. Shall I go straight to Elberthal and send a drosky here for you, or will you try to walk home?"

"Oh, I will walk. I am sure it would be the best — if — do you think it would?"

"Do you feel equal to it? is the question," he answered, and I was surprised to see that though I was looking hard at him he did not look at me, but only into the glass he held.

"Yes," said I. "And they say that people who have been nearly drowned should always walk; it does them good."

"In that case then," said he, repressing a smile, "I should say it would be better for you to try. But pray make haste and get your wet things off, or you will come to serious harm."

"I will be as quick as ever I can."

"Now hurry," he replied, sitting down, and pulling one of the woman's children toward him. "Come, *mein Junge*, tell me how old you are?"

I followed the woman to an inner room, where she divested me of my dripping things, and attired me in a costume consisting of a short full brown petticoat, a blue woolen jacket, thick blue knitted stockings, and a pair of wide low shoes, which habiliments constituted the uniform of the orphan asylum of which she was matron, and belonged to her niece.

She expatiated upon the warmth of the dress, and did not produce any outer wrap or shawl, and I, only anxious to go, said nothing, but twisted up my loose hair, and went back into the large stony room before spoken of, from which a great noise had been proceeding for some time.

I stood in the doorway and saw Eugen surrounded by other children, in addition to the one he had first called to him. There were likewise two dogs, and they — the children, the dogs, and Herr Concertmeister Courvoisier most of all — were making as much noise as they possibly could. I paused for a moment to have the small gratification of watching the scene.

One child on his knee and one on his shoulder pulling his hair, which was all ruffled and on end, a laugh upon his face, a dancing light in his eyes as if he felt happy and at home among all the little flaxen heads.

Could he be the same man who had behaved so coldly to me? My heart went out to him in this kinder moment. Why was he so genial with those children and so harsh to me, who was little better than a child myself?

His eye fell upon me as he held a shouting and kicking child high in the air, and his own face laughed all over in mirth and enjoyment.

"Come here, Miss Wedderburn; this is Hans, there is Fritz, and here is Franz — a jolly trio; aren't they?"

He put the child into his mother's arms, who regarded him with an eye of approval, and told him that it was not every one who knew how to ingratiate himself with her children, who were uncommonly spirited.

"Ready?" he asked, surveying me and my costume, and laughing. "Don't you feel a stranger in these garments?"

"No! Why?"

"I should have said silk and lace and velvet, or fine muslins and embroideries, were more in your style."

"You are quite mistaken. I was just thinking how admirably this costume suits me, and that I should do well to adopt it permanently."

"Perhaps there was a mirror in the inner room," he suggested.

"A mirror! Why?"

"Then your idea would quite be accounted for. Young ladies must of course wish to wear that which becomes them."

"Very becoming!" I sneered grandly.

"Very!" he replied emphatically. "It makes me wish to be an orphan."

"Ah, *mein Herr*," said the woman reproachfully, for he had spoken German. "Don't jest about that. If you have parents" —

"No, I haven't," he interposed hastily.

"Or children either?"

"I should not else have understood yours so well," he laughed. "Come, my — Miss Wedderburn, if you are ready."

After arranging with the woman that she should dry my

things and return them, receiving her own in exchange, we left the house.

It was quite moonlight now; the last faint streak of twilight had disappeared. The way that we must traverse to reach the town stretched before us, long, straight, and flat.

"Where is your shawl?" he asked suddenly.

"I left it; it was wet through."

Before I knew what he was doing, he had stripped off his heavy overcoat, and I felt its warmth and thickness about my shoulders.

"Oh, don't!" I cried, in great distress, as I strove to remove it again, and looked imploringly into his face. "Don't do that! You will get cold; you will"—

"Get cold!" he laughed, as if much amused, as he drew the coat around me and fastened it, making no more ado of my resisting hands than if they had been bits of straw.

"So!" said he, pushing one of my arms through the sleeve. "Now," as he still held it fastened together, and looked half laughingly at me, "do you intend to keep it on or not?"

"I suppose I must."

"I call that gratitude. Take my arm — so! You are weak yet."

We walked on in silence for some time. I was happy; for the first time since the night I had heard "Lohengrin" I was happy and at rest. True, no forgiveness had been asked or extended; but he had ceased to behave as if I were not forgiven.

"Am I not going too fast?" he inquired.

"N-no."

"Yes, I am, I see. We will moderate the pace a little."

We walked more slowly. Physically I was inexpressibly weary. The reaction after my drenching had set in; I felt a languor which amounted to pain, and an aching and weakness in every limb. I tried to regret the event, but could not; tried to wish it were not such a long walk to Elberthal, and found myself perversely regretting that it was such a short one.

At length the lights of the town came in sight. I heaved a deep sigh. Soon it would be over — "the glory and the dream."

"I think we are exactly on the way to your house, *nicht wahr?*" said he.

"Yes; and to yours, since we are opposite neighbors."

"Yes."

"You are not as lonely as I am, though; you have companions."

"I — oh — Friedhelm; yes."

"And — your little boy."

"Sigmund also," was all he said.

But "*auch* Sigmund" may express much more in German than in English. It did so then.

"And you?" he added.

"I am alone," said I.

I did not mean to be foolishly sentimental. The sigh that followed my words was involuntary.

"So you are. But I suppose you like it?"

"Like it? What can make you think so?"

"Well, at least you have good friends."

"Have I? Oh, yes, of course!" said I, thinking of Von Francius.

"Do you get on with your music?" he next inquired.

"I hope so. I — do you think it strange that I should live there all alone?" I asked, tormented with a desire to know what he did think of me, and crassly ready to burst into explanations on the least provocation. I was destined to be undeceived.

"I have not thought about it at all; it is not my business."

Snub number one. He had spoken quietly, as if to clear himself as much as possible from any semblance of interest to me.

I went on, rashly plunging into further intricacies of conversation:

"It is curious that you and I should not only live near to each other, but actually have the same profession at last."

"How?"

Snub number two. But I persevered.

"Music. Your profession is music, and mine will be."

"I do not see the resemblance. There is little point of likeness between a young lady who is in training for a prima donna and an obscure musiker, who contributes his share of shakes and runs to the symphony."

"I in training for a prima donna! How can you say so?"

"Do we not all know the forte of Herr von Francius? And — excuse me — are not your windows opposite to ours, and open as a rule? Can I not hear the music you practice, and shall I not believe my own ears?"

"I am sure your own ears do not tell you that a future prima donna lives opposite to you," said I, feeling most insanely and unreasonably hurt and cut up at the idea.

"Will you tell me that you are not studying for the stage?"

"I never said I was not. I said I was not a future prima donna. My voice is not half good enough. I am not clever enough either."

He laughed.

"As if voice or cleverness had anything to do with it! Personal appearance and friends at court are the chief things. I have known prima donne, — seen them, I mean, — and from my place below the footlights I have had the impertinence to judge them upon their own merits. Provided they were handsome, impudent, and unscrupulous enough, their public seemed gladly to dispense with art, cultivation, or genius in their performances and conceptions."

"And you think that I am, or shall be in time, handsome, impudent, and unscrupulous enough," said I in a low, choked tone.

My fleeting joy was being thrust back by hands most ruthless. Unmixed satisfaction for even the brief space of an hour or so was not to be included in my lot.

"*O, bewahre!*" said he with a little laugh, that chilled me still further. "I think no such thing. The beauty is there, *mein Fräulein* — pardon me for saying so" —

Indeed, I was well able to pardon it. Had he been informing his grandmother that there were the remains of a handsome woman to be traced in her, he could not have spoken more unenthusiastically.

"The beauty is there. The rest, as I said, when one has friends, these things are arranged for one."

"But I have no friends."

"No!" with again that dry little laugh. "Perhaps they will be provided at the proper time, as Elijah was fed by the ravens. Some fine night — who knows — I may sit with my violin in the orchestra at your benefit, and one of the bouquets with which you are smothered may fall at my feet and bring me *aus der Fuge*. When that happens, will you forgive me if I break a rose from the bouquet before I toss it on to the feet of its rightful owner? I promise that I will seek for no note, nor spy out any ring or bracelet. I will only keep the rose in remembrance of the night when I skated with you across the Schwanenspiegel,

and prophesied unto you the future. It will be a kind of 'I told you so,' on my part."

Mock sentiment, mock respect, mock admiration; a sneer in the voice, a dry sarcasm in the words. What was I to think? Why did he veer round in this way, and from protecting kindness return to a raillery which was more cruel than his silence? My blood rose, though, at the mockingness of his tone.

"I don't know what you mean," said I coldly. "I am studying operatic music. If I have any success in that line, I shall devote myself to it. What is there wrong in it? The person who has her living to gain must use the talents that have been given her. My talent is my voice; it is the only thing I have — except, perhaps, some capacity to love — those — who are kind to me. I can do that, thank God! Beyond that I have nothing, and I did not make myself."

"A capacity to love those who are kind to you," he said, hastily. "And do you love all who are kind to you?"

"Yes," said I stoutly, though I felt my face burning.

"And hate them that despitefully use you?"

"Naturally," I said with a somewhat unsteady laugh. A rush of my ruling feeling — propriety and decent reserve — tied my tongue, and I could not say, "Not all — not always."

He, however, snapped, as it were, at my remark or admission, and chose to take it as if it were in the deepest earnest; for he said quickly, decisively, and, as I thought, with a kind of exultation:

"Ah! then I will be disagreeable to you."

This remark, and the tone in which it was uttered, came upon me with a shock which I cannot express. He would be disagreeable to me because I hated those who were disagreeable to me, *ergo* he wished me to hate him. But why? What was the meaning of the whole extraordinary proceeding?

"Why?" I asked mechanically, and asked nothing more.

"Because then you will hate me, unless you have the good sense to do so already."

"Why? What effect will my hatred have upon you?"

"None. Not a jot. *Gar keine.* But I wish you to hate me, nevertheless."

"So you have begun to be disagreeable to me by pulling me out of the water, lending me your coat, and giving me your arm all along this hard, lonely road," said I composedly.

He laughed.

"That was before I knew of your peculiarity. From to-morrow morning on I shall begin. I will make you hate me. I shall be glad if you hate me."

I said nothing. My head felt bewildered; my understanding benumbed. I was conscious that I was very weary — conscious that I should like to cry, so bitter was my disappointment.

As we came within the town, I said:

"I am very sorry, Herr Courvoisier, to have given you so much trouble."

"That means that I am to put you into a cab and relieve you of my company."

"It does not," I ejaculated passionately, jerking my hand from his arm. "How can you say so? How dare you say so?"

"You might meet some of your friends, you know."

"And I tell you I have no friends except Herr von Francius, and I am not accountable to him for my actions."

"We shall soon be at your house now."

"Herr Courvoisier, have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you what?"

"My rudeness to you once."

"Ah, *mein Fräulein*," said he, shrugging his shoulders a little and smiling slightly, "you are under a delusion about that circumstance. How can I forgive that which I never resented?"

This was putting the matter in a new, and, for me, an humbling light.

"Never resented!" I murmured confusedly.

"Never. Why should I resent it? I forgot myself, *nicht wahr!* and you showed me at one and the same time my proper place and your own excellent good sense! You did not wish to know me, and I did not resent it. I had no right to resent it."

"Excuse me," said I, my voice vibrating against my will; "you are wrong there, and either you are purposely saying what is not true, or you have not the feelings of a gentleman." His arm sprung a little aside as I went on, amazed at my own boldness. "I did not show you your 'proper place.' I did not show my own good sense. I showed my ignorance, vanity, and surprise. If you do not know that, you are not what I take you for — a gentleman."

"Perhaps not," said he, after a pause. "You certainly did not take me for one then. Why should I be a gentleman? What makes you suppose I am one?"

Questions which, however satisfactorily I might answer them to myself, I could not well reply to in words. I felt that I had rushed upon a topic which could not be explained, since he would not own himself offended. I had made a fool of myself and gained nothing by it. While I was racking my brain for some satisfactory closing remark we turned a corner and came into the Wehrhahn. A clock struck seven.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" he exclaimed. "Seven o'clock! The opera — *da geht's schon an!* Excuse me, Fräulein, I must go. Ah, here is your house."

He took the coat gently from my shoulders, wished me *gute Besserung*, and ringing the bell, made me a profound bow, and either not noticing or not choosing to notice the hand which I stretched out toward him, strode off hastily toward the theater, leaving me cold, sick, and miserable, to digest my humble pie with what appetite I might.

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH KARL FOUQUÉ.

Friedrich Heinrich Karl Fouqué, Baron de la Motte, a German novelist, dramatist, and poet, born at Brandenburg, on the Havel, Feb. 12, 1777; died in Berlin, Jan. 23, 1843. Sprung from a noble family, he served in the wars of the French Republic and against Napoleon. He left the army in 1813, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. But before this he had been a voluminous author, writing mainly under the pseudonym of "Pellegrin." Toward the close of his life he lectured at Halle upon poetry and literature in general, and went to Berlin for the purpose of lecturing there, but died suddenly before commencing his lectures. His works in prose and verse, and dramas, are very numerous, the earliest appearing in 1804, and the latest being published in 1844 — the year after his death. Two years before his death he prepared a collection of his "Select Works" in twelve volumes. Of his tales, "The Magic Ring," "Sintram," and "Aslauga's Knight," have been translated into English, the last by Carlyle, in his "German Romance." The most popular of Fouqué's works is "Undine," first published in 1811, of which upward of twenty-five German editions have been published; and it has been translated into nearly every European language.

How Undine Came to the Fisherman.

(From "Undine.")

It is now — the fisherman said — about fifteen years ago that I was one day crossing the wild forest with my goods, on my way to the city. My wife had stayed at home, as her wont is; and at this particular time for a very good reason, for God had given us in our tolerably advanced age a wonderfully beautiful child. It was a little girl; and a question always arose between us whether for the sake of the new-comer we would not leave our lovely home that we might better bring up this dear gift of Heaven in some more habitable place. Well, the matter was tolerably clear in my head as I went along. This slip of land was so dear to me, and I shuddered when amid the noise and brawls of the city I thought to myself, "In such scenes as these,

or in one not much more quiet, thou wilt soon make thy abode!" But at the same time I did not murmur against the good God; on the contrary, I thanked Him in secret for the new-born babe. I should be telling a lie, too, were I to say that on my journey through the wood, going or returning, anything befell me out of the common way; and at that time I had never seen any of its fearful wonders. The Lord was ever with me in those mysterious shades.

On this side of the forest, alas! a sorrow awaited me. My wife came to meet me with tearful eyes and clad in mourning. "Oh! good God," I groaned, "where is our dear child? Speak!" "With Him on Whom you have called, dear husband," she replied; and we entered the cottage together, weeping silently. I looked around for the little corpse, and it was then only that I learned how it had all happened.

My wife had been sitting with the child on the edge of the lake, and she was playing with it, free of all fear and full of happiness; the little one suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something very beautiful on the water. My wife saw her laugh, dear angel, and stretch out her little hands; but in a moment she had sprung out of her mother's arms and sunk beneath the watery mirror. I sought long for our little lost one; but it was all in vain; there was no trace of her to be found.

The same evening, we, childless parents, were sitting silently together in the cottage; neither of us had any desire to talk, even had our tears allowed us. We sat gazing into the fire on the hearth. Presently we heard something rustling outside the door; it flew open, and a beautiful little girl, three or four years old, richly dressed, stood on the threshold smiling at us. We were quite dumb with astonishment, and I knew not at first whether it were a vision or a reality. But I saw the water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and I perceived that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and needed help. "Wife," said I, "no one has been able to save our dear child; yet let us at any rate do for others what would have made us so blessed." We undressed the little one, put her to bed, and gave her something warm. At all this she spoke not a word, and only fixed her eyes, that reflected the blue of the lake and of the sky, smilingly upon us.

Next morning we quickly perceived that she had taken no harm from her wetting, and I now inquired about her parents,

and how she had come here. But she gave a confused and strange account. She must have been born far from here, not only because for the fifteen years I have not been able to find out anything of her parentage, but because she then spoke, and at times still speaks, of such singular things that such as we are cannot tell but that she may have dropped upon us from the moon. She talks of golden castles, of crystal domes, and heavens knows what besides. The story that she told with most distinctness was, that she was out in a boat with her mother on the great lake, and fell into the water; and that she only recovered her senses here under the trees, where she felt herself quite happy on the merry shore.

We had still a great misgiving and perplexity weighing on our hearts. We had indeed soon decided to keep the child we had found, and to bring her up in the place of our lost darling; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no information on the matter. She generally answered our questions by saying that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was ready to let us do with her whatever would tend to His honor and glory.

My wife and I thought that if she were not baptized there was no time for delay, and that if she were, a good thing could not be repeated too often. And in pursuance of this idea we reflected upon a good name for the child, for we were often at a loss to know what to call her. We agreed at last that "Dorothea" would be the most suitable for her, for I had once heard that it meant a "gift of God," and she had been sent to us by God as a gift and comfort in our misery. She, on the other hand, would not hear of this, and told us that she thought she had been called Undine by her parents, and that Undine she wished still to be called. Now this appeared to me a heathenish name, not to be found in any calendar, and I took counsel therefore of a priest in the city. He also would not hear of the name Undine; but at my earnest request he came with me through the mysterious forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage. The little one stood before us so prettily arrayed, and looked so charming, that the priest's heart was at once moved within him; and she flattered him so prettily, and braved him so merrily, that at last he could no longer remember the objections he had ready against the name of Undine. She was therefore baptized "Undine," and during the sacred cere-

mony she behaved with great propriety and sweetness, wild and restless as she invariably was at other times, for my wife was quite right when she said that it has been hard to put up with her.

The Marriage of Undine.

Before the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her burst forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks; but when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight in a few words imposed silence upon her by speaking of Undine as his wife.

The knight was himself indeed just as little pleased with Undine's childish behavior as the rest; but all his looks and half-reproachful words were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband — and this occasionally happened — she became more quiet, and placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after, some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements; and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone: —

"My fair young maiden, surely no one can look on you without pleasure; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"Soul!" cried Undine, with a laugh. "What you say has a remarkably pretty sound; and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She went up to him, however, with the most winning sweetness, and said: —

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to me, before you are angry with me; for your anger is painful to me, and you ought not to give pain to a creature that has not hurt you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I mean."

It was evident that she had come to say something important; when she suddenly faltered as if seized with inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings; and with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said: —

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused, and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; an awful curiosity was painted on her features, which appeared terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer — "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And alas, I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!" and she burst into another flood of tears and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her, by the name of God most holy, if any spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sank before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting that she "wished well to the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you is prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking, he left the apartment; and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees. She uncovered her face,

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BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand, "Alas, you will now refuse to look upon me as your own; and I still have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child that I am!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; and that smile was like the morning light playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered confidingly, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He turned away from the frightful thoughts that still lurked in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit world. Only the single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips: —

"Dearest Undine, tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Külheborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Tales! mere tales of children!" answered Undine laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gayety. "I first frightened you with them, and you frightened me. This is the end of my story, and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not so," replied the enamored knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride; while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their bridal apartment.

The fresh light of morning woke the young married pair: but Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever, during the night, he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of specters had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without. He looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep: and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When fully awake he had thought over this connection. He reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error

in regard to his lovely wife. He also confessed to her his injustice; but she only gave him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. Yet a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubted assurance that Undine bore him no ill-will.

He then rose joyfully, and leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low, apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, they dispelled the cloud that remained upon their brows: the old fisherman even began to laugh with the knight, till his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humor.

Undine had in the meantime got ready, and now entered the room: all rose to meet her, but remained fixed in perfect admiration — she was so changed, and yet the same. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her; and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride sank on her knees before him with religious awe; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him with emotion to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said:

"Oh, I now feel in my inmost heart how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood!"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day: calm, kind, attentive — half matronly and half girlish. The three who had been longest acquainted with her expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unneces-

sary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her; and he often said to the bridegroom: —

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, through me its unworthy instrument, intrusted to you yesterday an invaluable treasure; cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass and upon the high slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible; the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret seemed to hover upon her lips, but was only made known by hardly breathed sighs. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful wife, almost weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing: "think only, were I disposed to leave you, both the Church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you — all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I love you too deeply to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island which lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, glide through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so sweet to lie in your arms; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have rested in them once more, . . . for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his

arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side he placed her upon the soft grass, and was throwing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden; but she said to him:— "Not here, but opposite me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lips pronounce it; now listen attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began: —

"You must know, my own love, that there are beings in the elements which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which at the same time but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and float amid the flames; deep in the earth the meager and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams live the widespread race of water spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky can shine with its sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy, — creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now these noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and inwreathing tufts of sedge.

"Now, the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He would then spread far the fame of her beauty; and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines. — But what need of saying more? You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment: a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a

fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, sighed from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner: —

"We should be far superior to you, who are another race of the human family, — for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features, — had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements vanish into air at death and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand and sparks and wind and waves remain. Thus, we have no souls; the element moves us, and again is obedient to our will while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my best beloved, and never shall cease to thank you, if you do not render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not keep you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman a light-hearted and laughing child, he will take me home to my parents a woman, gifted with a soul, with power to love and to suffer."

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand with the most heartfelt tenderness and love clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There amid tears and kisses he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom

Venus gave life to this beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and in the confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart how little cause she had for regretting what she had left — the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

The Last Appearance of Undine.

Should I relate to you how passed the marriage feast at Castle Ringstetten, it would be as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil their brilliancy would appear but a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not that any spectral delusion disturbed the scene of festivity; for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief of the water spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests were unable to banish the feeling that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the gentle and beloved Undine.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavor than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment, while the flashes of wit and merriment which had been passing at times from one to another were extinguished by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered robe, while Undine was lying a corpse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried out by the current into the ocean. For ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day in particular they would neither fade from her memory nor yield to other thoughts.

Evening had scarcely arrived when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by heavy sadness and forebodings of evil. Bertalda

retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but there was no gay laughing company of bridesmaids and bridesmen at this mournful festival.

Bertalda wished to awake more cheerful thoughts: she ordered her maidens to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants rejoiced at this opportunity of pouring forth good wishes and promises of happiness to their young mistress, and failed not to extol the beauty of the bride with the most glowing eloquence. This went on for a long time, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh: —

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place and found the freckles indeed, as their fair mistress had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water, so purifying to the skin. Oh, had I this evening only a single flask of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so foolish," said Bertalda, well pleased and surprised, "as to cause the stone cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening?" That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the court-yard, and could see from the window where the officious maiden was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried levers and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda with a smile, "if it does not take them too long." And pleased with the thought that a word from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlit castle court.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; some one of the number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labor, however, was much lighter than

they had expected. It seemed as if some power from within the fountain itself aided them in raising the stone.

"It appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and almost without the assistance of the workpeople, rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance from the opening of the fountain filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water; at first they imagined it really to be a fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, wringing them sadly as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrank back, and fled from the spring, while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them sobbing, and Bertalda thought she recognized through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on, sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, in silent tears. Alas, how differently had she once passed through these rooms!

The knight had in the meantime dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment some one tapped at his door very, very softly. Undine had formerly tapped in this way, when she was playing some of her endearing wiles.

"It is all an illusion!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw in the mirror that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white figure entered, and gently closed it behind her.

"They have opened the spring," said she in a low tone; "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in his failing breath that this must indeed be; but covering his eyes with his hands, he cried: — "Do not in my death-hour, do not make me mad with terror. If that veil conceals hideous features, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the pale figure, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as fair now as when you wooed me on the island!"

"Oh, if it indeed were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly, my own love," said she. She threw back her veil; heavenly fair shone forth her pure countenance. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight leant towards her. She kissed him with a holy kiss; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more closely in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms upon the pillow of his couch a corpse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestics who met her in the ante-chamber; and passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out, and disappeared in the fountain.

The Burial of Huldbrand.

The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard which was filled with the graves of his ancestors; and this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by his ancestors and himself. His shield and helmet lay already on the coffin to be lowered with it into the grave; for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race. The mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright calm canopy of heaven. Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father.

Suddenly in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen, closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the

others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing; and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to move it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted until they came to the church-yard, where the procession formed a circle around the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and starting up, half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting-place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand, and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body which they were now covering with the earth.

Bertalda knelt silently by, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest. But when they arose again, the white stranger had vanished. On the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran farther, and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial-place. Even to this day the inhabitants of the village show the spring, and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.

JOHN WILLIAM FOX.

John William Fox, an American writer of dialect stories, born about 1860. He graduated from Harvard College 1883, and was attached to various newspapers for some years. He afterward went South, where he obtained the material for his subsequent work. His first work, a novelette, "A Mountain Europe," appeared in the *Century* (1892). He has since published "A Cumberland Vendetta" (1896); "Hell-fer-Sartain" (1897), and "The Kentuckians" (1898).

Grayson's Baby.

(From "Hell-Fer-Sartain."[1])

The first snow sifted in through the Gap that night, and in a "shack" of one room and a low loft a man was dead, a woman was sick to death, and four children were barely alive; and nobody even knew. For they were hill people, who sicken, suffer, and sometimes die, like animals, and make no noise.

Grayson, the Virginian, coming down from the woods that morning, saw the big-hearted little doctor outside the door of the shack, walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets. He was whistling softly when Grayson got near, and, without stopping, pointed with his thumb within. The oldest boy sat stolidly on the one chair in the room, his little brother was on the floor hard by, and both were hugging a greasy stove. The little girl was with her mother in the bed, both almost out of sight under a heap of quilts. The baby was in a cradle, with its face uncovered, whether dead or asleep Grayson could not tell. A pine coffin was behind the door. It would not have been possible to add to the disorder of the room, and the atmosphere made Grayson gasp. He came out looking white. The first man to arrive thereafter took away the eldest boy, a woman picked the baby girl from the bed, and a childless young couple took up the pallid little fellow on the floor. These were step-children. The baby boy that was left was the woman's own. Nobody came for that, and Grayson went in again and looked

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at it a long while. So little, so old a human face he had never seen. The brow was wrinkled as with centuries of pain, and the little drawn mouth looked as though the spirit within had fought its inheritance without a murmur, and would fight on that way to the end. It was the pluck of the face that drew Grayson. "I'll take it," he said. The doctor was not without his sense of humor even then, but he nodded. "Cradle and all," he said, gravely. And Grayson put both on one shoulder and walked away. He had lost the power of giving further surprise in that town, and had he met every man he knew, not one of them would have felt at liberty to ask him what he was doing. An hour later the doctor found the child in Grayson's room, and Grayson still looking at it.

"Is it going to live, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head. "Doubtful. Look at the color. It's starved. There's nothing to do but to watch it and feed it. You can do that."

So Grayson watched it, with a fascination of which he was hardly conscious. Never for one instant did its look change — the quiet, unyielding endurance that no faith and no philosophy could ever bring to him. It was ideal courage, that look, to accept the inevitable but to fight it just that way. Half the little mountain town was talking next day — that such a tragedy was possible by the public road-side, with relief within sound of the baby's cry. The oldest boy was least starved. Might made right in an extremity like his, and the boy had taken care of himself. The young couple who had the second lad in charge said they had been wakened at daylight the next morning by some noise in the room. Looking up, they saw the little fellow at the fireplace breaking an egg. He had built a fire, had got eggs from the kitchen, and was cooking his breakfast. The little girl was mischievous and cheery in spite of her bad plight, and nobody knew of the baby except Grayson and the doctor. Grayson would let nobody else in. As soon as it was well enough to be peevish and to cry, he took it back to its mother, who was still abed. A long, dark mountaineer was there, of whom the woman seemed half afraid. He followed Grayson outside.

"Say, podner," he said, with an unpleasant smile, "ye don't go up to Cracker's Neck fer nothin', do ye?"

The woman had lived at Cracker's Neck before she appeared at the Gap, and it did not come to Grayson what the man

meant until he was half-way to his room. Then he flushed hot and wheeled back to the cabin, but the mountaineer was gone.

"Tell that fellow he had better keep out of my way," he said to the woman, who understood, and wanted to say something, but not knowing how, nodded simply. In a few days the other children went back to the cabin, and day and night Grayson went to see the child, until it was out of danger, and afterwards. It was not long before the women in town complained that the mother was ungrateful. When they sent things to eat to her the servant brought back word that she had called out, "'Set them over thar,' without so much as a thanky." One message was that "she didn' want no second-hand victuals from nobody's table." Somebody suggested sending the family to the poor-house. The mother said, "she'd go out on her crutches and hoe corn fust, and that the people who talked 'bout sendin' her to the po'-house had better save their breath to make prayers with." One day she was hired to do some washing. The mistress of the house happened not to rise until ten o'clock. Next morning the mountain woman did not appear until that hour. "She wasn't goin' to work a lick while that woman was a-layin' in bed," she said, frankly. And when the lady went down town, she too disappeared. Nor would she, she explained to Grayson, "while that woman was a-struttin' the streets."

After that, one by one, they let her alone, and the woman made not a word of complaint. Within a week she was working in the fields when she should have been back in bed. The result was that the child sickened again. The old look came back to its face, and Grayson was there night and day. He was having trouble out in Kentucky about this time, and he went to the Blue Grass pretty often. Always, however, he left money with me to see that the child was properly buried if it should die while he was gone; and once he telegraphed to ask how it was. He said he was sometimes afraid to open my letters for fear that he should read that the baby was dead. The child knew Grayson's voice, his step. It would go to him from its own mother. When it was sickest and lying torpid it would move the instant he stepped into the room, and, when he spoke, would hold out its thin arms, without opening its eyes, and for hours Grayson would walk the floor with the troubled little baby over his shoulder. I thought several times it would die when, on one trip, Grayson was away for two weeks. One midnight, indeed, I found the mother moaning, and three female harpies

about the cradle. The baby was dying this time, and I ran back for a flask of whiskey. Ten minutes late with the whiskey that night would have been too late. The baby got to know me and my voice during that fortnight, but it was still in danger when Grayson got back, and we went to see it together. It was very weak, and we both leaned over the cradle, from either side, and I saw the pity and affection — yes, hungry, half-shamed affection — in Grayson's face. The child opened its eyes, looked from one to the other, and held out its arms to *me*. Grayson should have known that the child forgot — that it would forget its own mother. He turned sharply, and his face was a little pale. He gave something to the woman, and not till then did I notice that her soft black eyes never left him while he was in the cabin. The child got well; but Grayson never went to the shack again, and he said nothing when I came in one night and told him that some mountaineer — a long, dark fellow — had taken the woman, the children, and the household gods of the shack back into the mountains.

"They don't grieve long," I said, "these people."

But long afterwards I saw the woman again along the dusty road that leads into the Gap. She had heard over in the mountains that Grayson was dead, and had walked for two days to learn if it was true. I pointed back towards Bee Rock, and told her that he had fallen from a cliff back there. She did not move, nor did her look change. Moreover, she said nothing, and, being in a hurry, I had to ride on.

At the foot-bridge over Roaring Fork I looked back. The woman was still there, under the hot mid-day sun and in the dust of the road, motionless.

The Passing of Abraham Shivers.

"I TELL ye, boys, hit hain't often a feller has the chance o' doin' so much good jes by *dyin'*. Fer 'f Abe Shivers air gone, shorely gone, the rest of us — every durn one of us — air a-goin' to be saved. Fer Abe Shivers — you hain't heerd tell o' *Abe?* Well, you must be a stranger in these mountains o' Kaintuck, shore.

"I don't know, stranger, as Abe ever was borned; nobody in these mountains knows it 'f he was. The fust time I ever heerd tell o' Abe he was a-hollerin' fer his rights one mawnin'

at daylight, endurin' the war, jes outside o' ole Tom Perkins' door on Fryin' Pan. Abe was left thar by some home-gyard, I reckon. Well, nobody air ever turned out'n doors in these mountains, as you know, an' Abe got his rights that mawnin', an' he's been a-gittin' 'em ever sence. Tom already had a houseful, but 'f any feller got the bigges' hunk o' corn-bread, that feller was Abe; an' ef any feller got a-whalin', hit wasn't Abe.

"Abe tuk to lyin' right naturely — looked like — afore he could talk. Fact is, Abe nuver could do nothin' but jes whisper. Still, Abe could manage to send a lie furder with that rattlin' whisper than ole Tom could with that big horn o' hisn what tells the boys the revenoos air comin' up Fryin' Pan.

"Didn't take Abe long to git to braggin' an' drinkin' an' naggin' an' hectorin' — everything, 'mos', 'cept fightin'. Nobody ever drawed Abe Shivers into a fight. I don't know as he was afeerd; looked like Abe was a-havin' sech a tarnation good time with his devilmint he jes didn't want to run no risk o' havin' hit stopped. An' sech devilmint! Hit ud take a coon's age, I reckon, to tell ye.

"The boys was a-goin' up the river one night to git ole Dave Hall fer trickin' Rosie Branham into evil. Some feller goes ahead an' tells ole Dave they's a-comin'. Hit was Abe. Some feller finds a streak o' ore on ole Tom Perkins' land, an' racks his jinny down to town, an' tells a furriner thar, an' Tom comes might' nigh sellin' the land fer nothin'. Now Tom raised Abe, but, jes the same, the feller was Abe.

"One night somebody guides the revenoos in on Hell-fer-Sartain, an' they cuts up four stills. Hit was Abe. The same night, mind ye, a feller slips in among the revenoos while they's asleep, and cuts off their hosses' manes an' tails — muled every durned critter uv 'em. Stranger, hit was Abe. An' as fer women-folks — well, Abe was the ill-favoredest feller I ever see, an' he couldn't talk; still, Abe was sassy, an' you know how sass counts with the gals; an' Abe's whisperin' come in jes as handy as any feller's settin' up; so 'f ever you seed a man with a Winchester a-lookin' fer the feller who had cut him out, stranger, he was a-lookin' fer Abe.

"Somebody tells Harve Hall, up thar at a dance on Hell-fer-Sartain one Christmas night, that Rich Harp had said somep'n' agin him an' Nance Osborn. An' somebody tells Rich that Harve had said sompe'n' agin Nance an' *him*. Hit was one an'

the same feller, stranger, an' the feller was Abe. Well, while Rich an' Harve was a-gittin' well, somebody runs off with Nance. Hit was Abe. Then Rich an' Harve jes draws straws fer a feller. Stranger, they drawed fer Abe. Hit's purty hard to believe that Abe air gone, 'cept that Rich Harp an' Harve Hall don't never draw no straws fer nothin'; but 'f by the grace o' Goddlemighty Abe air gone, why, as I was a-sayin', the rest of us — every durned one of us — air a-goin' to be saved, shore. Fer Abe's gone fust, an' ef thar's only one Jedgment Day, the Lawd 'll nuver git to us."

JOHN FOXE.

John Foxe, an English martyrologist, born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1517; died April 18, 1587. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1543 was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, but having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he was two years afterward deprived of his Fellowship. In 1550 he was ordained as deacon by Bishop Ridley, and settled at Reigate. After the accession of Queen Mary Tudor he was obliged to seek refuge on the Continent, taking up his residence at Basel, Switzerland, where he maintained himself as a corrector of the press for the printer Oporinus. He had already begun the composition of his "Acta et Monumenta Ecclesia," commonly known as "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." He returned to England soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and rose into favor with the new Government, to which he had rendered notable service by his pen. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, made him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and for a short time he held the living of Cripplegate, London; but, true to his Puritan principles, he refused to subscribe to the Articles, and declined to accept further preferments.

The first outline of the "Acta" appeared at Basel in 1554, and the first complete edition five years later. The first English edition was printed in 1563. The book became highly popular with the people; and Government directed that a copy should be placed in every parish church.

The Martyrdom of William Hunter.

(From "Foxe's Book of Martyrs.")

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother: "For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised

me, mother," said he, "a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?" With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying: "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: "I rejoice" (and so said the others) "to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice." And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: "I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him." But William confessed after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlor, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he bade him away — false prophet — and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the

sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying: "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." To whom William answered: "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlor grounsel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: "God be with thee, son William"; and William said: "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His father said: "I hope so, William," and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: "Thou liest," said he; "thou readest false, for the words are, 'an humble spirit.'" But William said: "The translation saith 'a contrite heart.'" "Yes," quoth Mr. Tyrell, "the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics." "Well," quoth William, "there is no great difference in those words." Then said the sheriff: "Here is a letter from the queen; if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned." "No," quoth William, "I will not recant, God willing." Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown: "Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him." Then said William: "Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and dispatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise." "How!" quoth Master Brown, "pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog." To whom William answered: "Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your

charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you." Then said Master Brown: "I ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands."

Then said William: "Son of God, shine upon me!" and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have showed him the book, said: "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest: "Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered: "Thou liest, thou false prophet! away, thou false prophet! away!"

Then there was a gentleman which said: "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said: "Amen, Amen."

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered: "I am not afraid." Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT FRANCE.

Jacques Anatole Thibault France, a French novelist, poet, and critic, of great perfection and distinction of style, was born at Paris, April 16, 1844. He was educated at the College of St. Stanislaus. In 1876 he became an attaché of the library of the Senate. He was a correspondent of several journals, notably *La Vie Littéraire*, *Le Globe*, *Les Débats*, *Le Journal Officiel*, and *Le Temps*. In this connection he gave to the world a very remarkable series of weekly chronicles under the general title of "La Vie Littéraire." On the 31st of December, 1884, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor; and on the 23d of January, 1896, he was elected a member of the French Academy.

Anatole France made his début in literature by a biographical study of "Alfred de Vigny" (1868), which was followed by two volumes of poetry, "Poèmes Dorés" (1873), and "Noces Corinthiennes" (1876). "Jocaste," a romance, appeared in 1879, together with the novel entitled "Le Chat Maigre." About this time he issued a number of literary studies: "Racine," "Molière," "Manon Lescaut," "Le Diable Boiteux," "Paul et Virginie," and others, including a remarkable essay on the life and writings of "Lucille de Chateaubriand" (1879). His later writings include "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" (1881), which was crowned by the Academy; "Les Désirs de Jean Servién" (1882); "Abielle" (1883), a story; "Le Livre de Mon Ami" (1885); "Nos Enfants" (1886), being a series of city and country "scenes"; "Balthazar" (1889); "Thaïs" (1890); two collections of articles from "Les Temps," under the title "La Vie Littéraire" (1888–1892); "L'Orme du Mail" (1897).

The Romance of Clémentine.

(From "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." [1] Translated by Arabella Ward.)

April 17.

"Thérèse, give me my new hat, my best coat, and my silver-headed cane."

But Thérèse is as deaf as a coal-sack, and as slow as justice.

[1] By permission of T. Y. Crowell & Co. Copyright, 1897.

Age is the cause of it. The worst of it is, that she thinks her hearing good and her steps agile; moreover, she is proud of her sixty years of honest housekeeping, and she serves her old master with the most watchful despotism.

What did I say — ? . . . Here she is unwilling to give me my silver-headed cane, for fear of my losing it. It is true that I quite frequently leave umbrellas and sticks in the 'buses and book-shops. But I have a good reason to-day for carrying my old cane, the carved silver head of which represents Don Quixote galloping with poised lance against the wind-mills, while Sancho Panza, his arms raised to heaven, begs him in vain to stop.

This cane is all that I inherited from my uncle, Captain Victor, who in his lifetime resembled Don Quixote rather than Sancho Panza, and who loved blows as naturally as one usually fears them. For thirty years I have carried this cane on every memorable or solemn walk I have taken, and the two figures of the knight and the squire inspire and console me. I can almost hear them. Don Quixote says to me, —

"Think deeply of serious things, and know that thought is the only reality in the world. Lift nature up to your own height, and let the whole world be for you but the reflection of your heroic spirit. Fight for honor — this alone is worthy of a man; and if you are wounded, spill your blood like generous dew, and smile."

And Sancho Panza says in turn, —

"Remain what Heaven made you, brother! Prefer the crust of bread drying in your wallet to the ortolans that are roasting in the duke's kitchen. Obey your master, whether he be wise or foolish, and do not load your brain with too many useless facts. Fear blows; 'tis tempting God to seek danger."

But if the incomparable knight and his unparalleled squire exist as merely figures on the head of my cane, they themselves are in my innermost conscience. All of us have a Don Quixote and a Sancho within us, to whom we listen; and even while Sancho persuades us, it is Don Quixote whom we must admire.

But a truce to this nonsense! Let us go to Madame de Gabry about a matter which is of more importance than the ordinary affairs of life.

The same day.

I found Madame de Gabry dressed in black, and just buttoning her gloves.

"I am ready," said she.

Ready! I have always found her so, on every occasion for doing good.

After a few pleasant words regarding the good health of her husband, who had gone for a walk, we went down-stairs, and stepped into the carriage. I know not what secret spell I feared to break by speaking; but we drove without a word along the wide, deserted boulevard, studying the shops where crosses, gravestones, and funeral-wreaths were waiting for their purchaser. The cab stopped at the final bourn of the land of the living, before the gate, on which are graven words of hope.

"Follow me," said Madame de Gabry, whose height I now noticed for the first time. We went down a walk bordered by cypress-trees, then followed a narrow path between the tombs. Finally we stopped in front of a flat stone.

"It is here," said she; and she knelt down.

In spite of myself I could not help noticing the unconsciously graceful way in which this Christian woman fell on her knees, letting the folds of her gown spread about her as they chanced. With the exception of two Polish exiles one evening in a deserted church of Paris, never had I seen any woman kneel so unaffectedly, and in such utter lack of self-consciousness.

The picture flashed through my mind like lightning; and then I saw nothing but the low slab on which was cut the name — CLÉMENTINE. What I felt was something profound and intangible and inexpressible, unless by the sound of exquisite music.

I heard instruments of a celestial sweetness making melody in my old heart. With the solemn tones of a funeral hymn were mingled the muted notes of a love-song, for into the same feeling my soul mingled the solemn sadness of the present and the well-known graces of the past.

I cannot say whether or not we had been before the tomb of Clémentine for long, when Madame de Gabry rose. We crossed the cemetery without speaking, but when we were once more among living men my tongue became unfettered.

"As I followed you," I said to Madame de Gabry, "I was thinking of those legendary angels whom one meets on the mysterious borders of life and death. The grave to which you have taken me — and I was as ignorant of it as of almost all else concerning her whom it covers — recalled certain unparal-

leled emotions of existence, comparable in the dullness of this life to a light on a dark road. The farther one goes, the farther away is the gleam. I am almost at the foot of the last slope, and yet I see the light as distinctly as ever every time I look back.

"You, madame, who knew Clémentine as she was, with white hair, a wife and mother, you cannot imagine her as she was when I saw her, a fair-haired young girl, with cheeks like roses and skin so white! Since you have been good enough to be my guide, I think I should tell you, dear madame, what feelings this grave aroused. Recollections are crowding into my heart. I am like an old, gnarled, and moss-grown oak, which sways its branches, and awakens nests of singing birds. Unfortunately the song of my birds is as old as the world, and can amuse no one but myself."

"Tell me your recollections," said Madame de Gabry. "I cannot read your books, for they are written for scholars; but I like to listen when you talk, because you make the most ordinary things in life interesting. Speak to me as if I were an old woman. This morning I found three white hairs on my head."

"Behold them come without regret, madame," said I. "Time deals gently only with those who take it gently. And when, in a few years, a light silver foam will float on the ripples of your dark hair, you will be clothed in a new beauty, less vivid, but more touching than the first, and you will see that your husband will love your white hair just as much as he did the black curl which you gave him when he married you, and which he wears in a locket, as if it were something sacred. These boulevards are wide and but little frequented. We can talk at our ease as we drive along. I will tell you first how I became acquainted with Clémentine's father. But pray expect nothing extraordinary, nothing remarkable; for if you do you will be greatly disappointed.

"Monsieur de Lessay occupied the second story of an old house on the Avenue de l'Observatoire. The plaster façade, ornamented with antique busts, and the great rambling garden near it, were the first images that stamped themselves on my childish eyes, and in all probability they will be the last which, when the inevitable day arrives, will fade from under my heavy lids. For in this house I was born. In this garden I played, and learned to feel and know some fragments of this old uni-

verse. Happy hours! sacred hours! when the pure soul discovers the world revealing itself by a kindly light and with a mysterious charm. For, madame, the universe is but the reflection of our own soul.

"My mother was a being happily endowed. She rose with the sun, like the birds; and she resembled them by her domestic industry, by her maternal instinct, by the necessity which she felt to be always singing, and by a sort of a graceful abruptness, all of which I thoroughly appreciated, though I was only a child. She was the soul of the house, filling it with her well-regulated and happy energy. My father was as slow as she was sprightly. I well recall his placid face, over which now and then would pass an ironical smile. He was weary, and he loved his weariness. Seated near the window in his deep armchair, he used to read from morning till night. From him I inherited my love of books. I have in my library a Mably and a Raynal which he annotated with his own hand from beginning to end. But it was not to be expected that he would trouble himself about practical affairs. When my mother strove by gentle tact to draw him out from his indifference, he shook his head with that inexorable sweetness which is the strength of weak characters. He was the despair of the poor woman who had no manner of sympathy with this contemplative wisdom, and understood nothing of life but its daily cares and the happy work of each hour. She thought he was ill, and feared that he would grow worse. But his apathy arose from another cause.

"My father entered the navy department under Monsieur Decrès in 1801, and showed marked talent as administrator. There was a great activity at that time in connection with the navy, and in 1805 my father became chief of the second administrative division. That year the emperor, to whom he had been recommended by the minister, ordered him to draw up a report on the organization of the English navy. This work was stamped with a deeply liberal and philosophical spirit, though the writer himself was not aware of the fact. It was not finished until 1807, about eighteen months after the defeat of Admiral Villeneuve at Trafalgar. Napoleon, who after that ill-fated day never again wished to hear a ship mentioned, wrathfully glanced over the pages, and then threw the report into the fire, crying, 'Phrases, nothing but phrases. I have already said that I do not like ideologists!' They brought back word to my father that the emperor was so angry that he

had ground the manuscript down into the fire with his boot. At all events, it was his habit when he was irritated to poke the fire with his boot until the very sole was scorched.

"My father never recovered from this disgrace, and the failure of all his efforts to do his duty was certainly the cause of the apathy into which he fell later. Nevertheless, Napoleon, on his return from the Island of Elba, sent for him, and ordered him to draw up, in a patriotic and liberal spirit, proclamations and bulletins for the fleet. After Waterloo, my father, more saddened than surprised, went into retirement, and was left unmolested. Only it was generally said of him that he was Jacobin and blood-thirsty, a man to be avoided.

"My mother's elder brother, Victor Maldent, captain of infantry, retired on half pay in 1814 and dismissed in 1815, added, by his wrong attitude, to the difficulties which the fall of the emperor had brought on my father. Captain Victor noised it about in the cafés and in public balls that the Bourbons had sold France to the Cossacks. He showed every one a tricolored cockade that was hidden in his hat-lining; he carried with great ostentation a cane, the twisted handle of which had been wrought so that the shadow it made was the silhouette of the emperor.

"Unless, madame, you have seen certain lithographs by Charlet, you can form no idea of my uncle Victor, and how he looked in his tight-fitting frogged coat, with the cross of honor and some violets on his chest, as he strolled up and down the garden of the Tuileries with that fierce dignity of his. Idleness and intemperance had the worst possible effect on his political passions. He used to insult people whom he saw reading the *Quotidienne* or the *Drapeau blanc*, and force them to fight with him. In this way he had the grief and shame of wounding a lad only sixteen years old in a duel. In short, my uncle Victor was the opposite of a wise man; and as he used every day to come to our house for his breakfast and dinner, his evil reputation clung to our fireside. My poor father suffered deeply from the eccentricity of his guest; but as he was kind-hearted, he said nothing, and opened his house to the captain, who despised him cordially in return.

"What I am telling you now, madame, I learned later. At that time my uncle filled me with the greatest enthusiasm, and I determined that some day I would be as much like him as possible. One fine morning, in order to begin the desired resem-

blance, I struck an attitude, my hands on my hips, and swore like an infidel.

"My good mother gave me such a stinging slap on my cheek, that for a moment I stood perfectly stupefied, before bursting into tears. I can still see the armchair, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, behind which that day I shed countless tears.

"I was at that time a very little fellow. One morning my father raised me in his arms as was his habit, and smiled at me with that touch of irony which gave a piquant look to his gentle expression. While I sat on his knees, playing with his long white hair, he told me things which I did not understand very well, but which interested me deeply, simply because they were mysterious. I think, although I am not positive, that on that morning he was telling me the story of the little King of Yvetot, as we find it in the song. Suddenly we heard a great noise, and the windows rattled. My father let me slip to his feet, and with trembling arms uplifted, he shook his fists. His face was pallid and lifeless looking, his eyes preternaturally large. He strove to speak, but his teeth chattered. At last he muttered, 'They have shot him!' I did not know what he meant, and I felt a vague terror. Afterwards I learned that he was speaking of Marshal Ney, killed on the 7th of December, 1815, beneath the wall which inclosed an empty lot adjoining our house.

"About this time I often used to meet on the stairs an old man (he was not so very old perhaps), whose little black eyes shone with wonderful brightness from his calm, swarthy face. To me he did not seem alive, or at least it did not seem as if he were alive like other men. At Monsieur Denon's, where my father had taken me, I had seen a mummy, brought from Egypt; and I really thought that Monsieur Denon's mummy awoke when it was alone, crept out of its gilded case, put on a drab-colored coat and a powdered wig, and that then it became Monsieur de Lessay. And even to-day, my dear madame, although I repel the idea as without foundation, I must confess that Monsieur de Lessay greatly resembled Monsieur Denon's mummy. This is equivalent to saying that this man was an object of terror and at the same time of fascination to me.

"In reality, Monsieur de Lessay was a small gentleman and a great philosopher. A disciple of Mably and Rousseau, he flattered himself that he was unprejudiced, and this pretension was

in itself a great prejudice. He detested fanaticism, but he possessed that of tolerance. I speak, madame, of a contemporary of a bygone age. I fear that I may not be understood, and I am sure that I do not interest you. It is all so far away from us! But I am abridging as much as possible. Besides, I did not promise you anything interesting, and you could not expect to hear of great adventures in the life of Sylvestre Bonnard."

Madame de Gabry begged me to go on, and I did so in these words: —

"Monsieur de Lessay was curt with men and courteous to women. He used to kiss my mother's hand, though she was not accustomed to such gallantry, the customs of the Republic and the Empire being very different. Through him I touched the age of Louis XVI. Monsieur de Lessay was a geographer; and no one, I believe, was prouder than he to discuss the face of the earth. Under the Ancient Régime he had done something in agriculture from a philosophical standpoint, and in this way consumed his estates to their last acre. No longer having an inch of land left to call his own, he took possession of the whole earth, and made a wonderful number of maps, based on the accounts of travelers.

"But as he had been nourished on the purest marrow of the encyclopedia, he was not satisfied with inclosing human beings within so many degrees, minutes, and seconds of latitude and longitude. He looked after their happiness, alas! It is noticeable, madame, that men who have looked after the happiness of people in general have made their own household very unhappy. Monsieur de Lessay, a greater geometrician than Dalembert, a greater philosopher than Jean-Jacques, was yet a greater royalist than Louis XVIII. But his love for the king was nothing in comparison to his hatred for the emperor. He took part in the conspiracy of Georges against the First Consul; but the court, having forgotten him, or thinking him of no consequence, he was not included in the list of the guilty. He never forgave Bonaparte for this insult; and he called him the Ogre of Corsica, to whom, he said, he would never intrust a regiment, because he found him such a contemptible soldier.

"In 1820 Monsieur de Lessay, who had been a widower for many years, married again, at the age of nearly sixty. His wife was a very young woman, and he set her to work, without mercy, on his maps. After a few years of marriage, she died in giving birth to a daughter. My mother nursed her in her short

illness, and saw that the child wanted nothing. This child was named Clémentine.

"The relations of my family with Monsieur de Lessay begin with that birth and that death. As I was just then emerging from the first years of childhood, I was beginning to grow big and stupid. I lost the charming gift of insight and feeling. Things no longer caused me the delightful surprise that is the charm of youth. So I have no remembrance of the years which followed the birth of Clémentine. I know only that within a few months I experienced a grief, the mere thought of which still makes my heart ache. I lost my mother. A great silence, a great coldness, and a great shadow, suddenly filled our home.

"I fell into a sort of stupor. My father sent me to college, but I had great difficulty in rousing myself from my torpor.

"However, I was not altogether an idiot, and my professors taught me almost all they thought necessary; that is, a little Greek, and much Latin. I had no acquaintances, except with the ancients. I learned to esteem Miltiades, and to admire Themistocles; became familiar with Quintus Fabius, so far as any one could be familiar with such a great consul. Proud of these lofty relationships, I no longer condescended to look at little Clémentine and her old father; besides, they set out one fine day for Normandy, nor did I give a thought to their return.

"But they did return, madame, they did return! Ye Influences of Heaven, ye Forces of Nature, ye Mysterious Powers that give to man the ability to love, you know how I again saw Clémentine! They entered our sad home. Monsieur de Lessay no longer wore a wig. Bald, with a few grizzled locks on his purple temples, he looked the picture of robust old age. But the beautiful, glowing creature whom I saw on his arm, and whose presence lighted up our old faded drawing-room, was not a vision — no! it was Clémentine! I am telling the truth. Her blue eyes, blue as the flowers of the periwinkle, seemed to me supernatural; and even to-day I cannot believe that those two living gems can have suffered the trials of life and the decay of death. She was somewhat embarrassed when she met my father, for she did not recognize him. Her cheeks had a soft, becoming color; and her parted lips wore a smile that made one think of the Infinite, probably because it betrayed no particular thought, and expressed only the joy of living and the delight of being beautiful. Her face shone beneath a pink hood like a jewel in an open casket. She wore a cashmere

shawl over a white muslin dress, which was plaited at the waist, and which came to the tops of her reddish-brown boots. Do not smile, madame; that was the style then, and I am not sure if our modern fashions have as much simplicity, freshness, and graceful propriety.

"Monsieur de Lessay told us, that, as he had begun the publication of an historical atlas, he intended to live in Paris once more, and would be glad to re-occupy his old apartment if it was vacant. My father asked Mademoiselle de Lessay if she was glad to be in the capital. Yes, she was; for she smiled still more radiantly. She smiled at the windows that opened on the shining green garden; she smiled at the bronze Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage on the top of the clock; she smiled on the old yellow velvet chairs, and on the poor student who dared not lift his eyes to her. From that day, how I loved her!

"But here we are in the rue de Sèvres, and soon we shall see your windows. I am a poor story-teller; and if ever I were to try the impossible and undertake a novel, I should never succeed. I have spun out a long introduction for a story which I am going to tell you in a few words; for there is a certain delicacy, a certain feeling of the heart, that would be shocked by an old man calmly enlarging upon the sentiments of even the most innocent love.

"Let us drive for a few moments along this boulevard, with its row of convents, and my story will be finished by the time we reach that little steeple yonder.

"Monsieur de Lessay, learning that I was just finishing my studies at the École des Chartes, thought me capable of working with him on his historical atlas. The point at issue was to determine on a series of maps, what this philosophic graybeard called 'the vicissitudes of empires' from Noah down to Charlemagne. Monsieur de Lessay had stored away in his head every error of the eighteenth century concerning antiquities.

"As to history, I belonged to the new and advanced school, and was at an age when one does not know how to pretend. The way in which the old man understood, or rather failed to understand, the barbarous ages, his obstinacy in seeing in remote antiquity, ambitious princes, hypocritical and covetous priests, virtuous citizens, poet-philosophers and others, who never existed save in the romances of Marmontel, caused me great unhappiness, and inspired me at first to raise every sort of

objection, — reasonable, no doubt, but perfectly useless, and at times dangerous. Monsieur de Lessay was very irascible, and Clémentine was very beautiful. Between the two I spent hours of torture and delight. I was in love; I was a coward; and soon I conceded to him all that he demanded regarding the historical and political figure that this earth, destined later to bear Clémentine, offered in the time of Abraham, Menes, and Deucalion.

"As we finished drawing the maps, Mademoiselle de Lessay tinted them in water-colors. Leaning over the table, she held her brush between two fingers; a shadow fell from her eyelashes upon her cheeks, and bathed her half-closed eyes in a soft shade. Occasionally she would raise her head, and I saw her parted lips. There was such expression in her beauty that she could not breathe without seeming to sigh, and her most ordinary movements filled my soul with dreamy ecstasy. As I gazed at her, I agreed with Monsieur de Lessay that Jupiter ruled once as a despot over the mountainous regions of Thessaly, and that Orpheus was unwise in intrusting to the clergy the teaching of philosophy. To this day I do not know whether I was a coward or a hero when I yielded these points to the obstinate old man.

"Mademoiselle de Lessay, I must confess, did not pay much attention to me. But her indifference seemed so reasonable and so natural that I did not think of complaining about it. I suffered on account of it, but unconsciously I was full of hope. We were then only at the first Assyrian Empire.

"Monsieur de Lessay came every evening for a cup of coffee with my father. I cannot understand in what way they were congenial, for never were two natures so completely opposed to each other. My father had few admirations and a forgiving soul. As he grew older, he came to hate all exaggeration. He clothed his ideas with a thousand delicate shades, and never stated an opinion save with all sorts of reservations.

"These habits of a gentle mind roused the dry, hard old gentleman whom moderation in an adversary never disarmed — quite the contrary! I scented danger; the danger was Napoleon. My father cherished no affection for him; but having worked under his orders, he did not like to hear him abused, especially to the advantage of the Bourbons, against whom he had deep grievances.

"Monsieur de Lessay, more of a Voltairean and a legitimist

than ever, credited Bonaparte with being the source of every political, social, and religious evil. In this state of affairs Captain Victor was my greatest anxiety. That dreadful uncle of mine had grown perfectly intolerable since his sister was no longer there to quiet him. The harp of David was broken, and Saul was given over to his madness. The fall of Charles X. augmented the old Bonapartist's audacity, and he did all sorts of wild things. He seldom came to our house, for it had grown too gloomy for him; but occasionally at dinner-time we saw him come in, covered with flowers, like a mausoleum. Usually he sat down to table swearing in his deep voice, and, as he ate, boasting of the success which, as an old veteran warrior, he had enjoyed with the ladies. Then, when dinner was finished, he would fold up his napkin in the shape of a bishop's bonnet, swallow half a decanter of brandy, and take his departure as hastily as if he feared to spend, without drinking, even a moment alone with an old philosopher and a young scholar. I knew well enough that if ever he should meet Monsieur de Lessay, all would be lost.

"The day came, madame!

"On that occasion the captain was quite hidden by his flowers, and looked so much like a monument erected in memory of the glories of the Empire that any one would have longed to put a wreath of immortelles on each of his arms. He was in unusually good humor; and the first person who benefited by his happy disposition was the cook, whom he seized about the waist just as she was placing the roast on the table.

"After dinner he pushed aside the decanter offered him, saying that he would burn the brandy in his coffee. I asked him tremblingly if he would not rather have his coffee at once. My uncle Victor was suspicious and by no means dull. The haste which I displayed seemed to him in poor taste; for he looked hard at me, and said,—

"'Patience, nephew. It is not the place of the child of the regiment to sound the retreat. The devil! You are in great haste, Master Pedant, to see if I have spurs on my heels.'

"It was evident that the captain had suspected that I wanted him to go. Knowing this I was certain that he would stay, and he did! The slightest details of that evening are indelibly impressed on my memory. My uncle was perfectly jovial. The mere idea of his being in the way kept him in good humor. He

told us in fine barracks' style, *ma foi*, about a monk, a trumpeter, and five bottles of Chambertin — a story that would be greatly enjoyed in a garrison, but which I would not attempt to tell you, madame, even if I had the time to recall it. When we went into the drawing-room, the captain called our attention to the bad condition of our andirons, and discoursed in a knowing way on the use of tripoli for polishing brass. Not a word of politics. He was conducting himself cautiously. Eight o'clock struck from the ruins of Carthage. It was time for Monsieur de Lessay to arrive. A few moments later he entered the room with his daughter. The evening's usual routine began. Clémentine occupied herself with her embroidery near the lamp, the shade of which enveloped her pretty head with soft shadow, and threw a light upon her fingers that made them almost luminous. Monsieur de Lessay spoke of a comet predicted by the astronomers, and advanced some theories which, though they were extravagant, showed some intellectual culture. My father, who knew considerable about astronomy, expressed a few sensible ideas, ending with his eternal, 'But what do I know, after all?'

"In my turn I gave the opinion of our neighbor in the observatory, the well-known Arago. Uncle Victor declared that comets have an influence on the quality of wines, and in order to uphold his theory, cited a rollicking tavern story. I was so pleased with this conversation, that, calling to my aid my latest readings, I strove to prolong it by a lengthy exposition of the chemical constitution of the clusters of nebulæ which, scattered through celestial space for millions of leagues, could be contained in a bottle. My father, somewhat surprised at my eloquence, looked at me with that calm, ironical expression of his. But we cannot always be in the clouds. Then, while my eyes rested on Clémentine, I spoke of a comet of diamonds that I had admired the night before in a jeweler's showcase. This was a most unfortunate inspiration on my part.

"'My dear nephew,' cried Captain Victor, 'your comet was not equal to that which sparkled on the head of the Empress Josephine when she came to Strasbourg to distribute crosses to the army.

"'That little Josephine was very fond of jewelry,' said Monsieur de Lessay between two sips of coffee, 'and I do not blame her. There was some good in her, frivolous as she was. She was a Tascher, and it was a great honor to Bonaparte when

she married him. A Tascher is not much, but a Bonaparte is nothing at all.'

"'What do you mean by that, Monsieur le Marquis?' demanded Captain Victor.

"'I am no marquis,' dryly replied Monsieur de Lessay; 'and what I mean is, that Bonaparte would have been well matched had he married one of those cannibal women Captain Cook describes in his voyages, — naked, tattooed, a ring in her nose, and in the habit of devouring with ecstasy decayed human bodies.'

"I knew it, thought I to myself, and in my anguish (oh poor human heart!) my first thought was to notice the correctness of my predictions. I must say that the captain's reply had in it a touch of sublimity. Placing his hands on his hips, he measured Monsieur de Lessay scornfully from head to foot, and said, —

"'Napoleon, sir, had another wife besides Josephine and Marie Louise. You are not acquainted with this companion, but I have seen her close at hand. She wears an azure mantle dotted with stars; she is crowned with laurels; the cross of honor sparkles on her breast. Her name is Glory.'

"Monsieur de Lessay put his cup on the mantelpiece, and said quietly, —

"'Your Bonaparte was a scoundrel.'

"My father rose calmly, and slowly raising his hands, said very gently to Monsieur de Lessay, —

"'Whatever the man may have been who died at Saint Helena, I worked ten years in his government, and my brother-in-law was thrice wounded under his eagles. I beg you, my dear sir, my friend, not to forget this in future.'

"That which the captain's lofty and burlesque impertinences could not do, my father's courteous remonstrance accomplished at once, — it made Monsieur de Lessay furiously angry.

"'I forgot,' cried he, livid with rage, his teeth clinched, his lips foaming; 'I was wrong. The herring-cask always smells of herring; and when one has been in the service of scoundrels' —

"At this word the captain sprang at his throat. Had it not been for his daughter and me, I think he would have been choked to death. My father, somewhat paler than usual, stood with folded arms, watching the spectacle with an indescribable expression of pity. What followed was sadder still — but of

what use is it to dwell on the anger of two old men? At last I succeeded in separating them. Monsieur de Lessay beckoned to his daughter, and went out. She followed him. I ran to the stairs after her.

"'Mademoiselle,' I cried, distracted, pressing her hand, 'I love you! I love you!'

"For an instant she held my hand in hers, her lips half opened. What was she going to say? But all at once, raising her eyes to her father, who was ascending the stairs, she withdrew her hand and made me a gesture of farewell. I never saw her again. Her father took rooms near the Panthéon, in an apartment which he had rented for the sale of his historical atlas. He died there a few months later from a stroke of apoplexy. His daughter, I was told, went to live at Caen with an aged lady, a relative of hers. There, some years later, she married a bank clerk, the Noël Alexandre who became so rich and died so poor. As for me, madame, I live alone in peace by myself. My life, free from great sorrows as well as from great joys, has been tolerably happy. But for years I could not, without a great pang at heart, see an empty armchair near mine on a winter evening. Last year I heard through you who knew her, of her old age and death. I met her daughter at your house. I have seen her; but I will not say as yet, as did the aged man of the Scriptures, 'And now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' If an old fellow like me can be of use to anyone, I should like, with your help, to devote my last years to this orphan girl."

I uttered these words on the vestibule of Madame de Gabry's home; and I was about to take leave of this kind friend, when she said to me, —

"Dear friend, I cannot aid you in this as much as I could wish. Jeanne is an orphan and a minor. You cannot do anything for her without her guardian's consent."

"Ah! I never thought for an instant that Jeanne might have a guardian."

Madame de Gabry looked at me with ill-concealed surprise. She had not expected to find the old man quite so simple-minded.

"Jeanne Alexandre's guardian," said she, "is Maître Mouche, a notary at Levallois-Perret. I fear that you will not get on very well with him. He is a serious man."

"Ah! good heavens!" I cried; "whom do you think I should get on with at my age, if not with serious people?"

She gently smiled, with a mischievous expression in her eyes, just as my father used to do, and replied, —

"With those who, like you, are innocent and generous. Monsieur Mouche is not exactly of that kind. He is artful and light-fingered. Although I find little pleasure in meeting him, we will go together, if you wish, and ask permission to see Jeanne, whom he has put in a boarding-school at les Ternes, where she is very unhappy."

We appointed a day. I kissed Madame de Gabry's hand, and we parted.

The Precocious Child.

One day I saw a gentleman sitting on my small couch, which displeased and irritated me, so that in my vexation, being determined to draw attention to myself, I asked for some sugar and water, and grew ferociously angry on hearing the gentleman remark, "He must be an only child; he seems so much spoiled." That day I left without kissing the white lady, as a punishment for her. Another time, the white lady desiring to be left alone with the same gentleman, I was sent into the dining-room, where I had for amusement nothing but a picture clock, which struck only the hours. It was a long one hour. The cook gave me some jam, which for a moment relieved the grief of my heart. But when the jam was all gone, my grief returned. I flattened my nose against the window, I pulled the horsehair out of the chairs, I made the holes in the wall-paper larger, I plucked out the fringe of the curtain; and, at last, when I was bored to death, I raised myself to the knob of the door. I knew I was doing an indiscreet, a bad action, but I opened the door, and there I found the white lady standing against the chimney-piece, while the gentleman, on his knees at her feet, was opening his arms wide to embrace her. He was redder than a coxscomb, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. The lady said: "Let there be an end of this, sir." He rose when he saw me, and I think he wanted to throw me out of the window. When the lady in black came in, the white lady said: "Monsieur Arnoux called, but only stayed a second." The lady's good genius inspired me to hold my tongue, for I was going to cry out that it was a falsehood, and that the gentleman had stayed a very long time.

SAINT FRANCIS D'ASSISI.

Saint Francis D'Assisi (Giovanni Francesco Bernardone), celebrated Italian monk and ecclesiastic, born at Assisi in 1182; died there, Oct. 4, 1226. He was the founder of the Order of Franciscans or mendicant friars. In boyhood he was merry, light-hearted, and careless, with a decided fondness for amusements and fine clothes, and little given to study. When about twenty years old he was taken with a severe illness, and on his sick-bed indulged in deep reflection. When he recovered he was a changed man. He began to speak of poverty as his bride, and the poor, the sick, and the leprous became objects of his especial attention. He made a pilgrimage to Rome and in his zeal for the Church threw all his worldly goods upon the altar of St. Peter's, joined a troop of beggars, and gave himself up to a life of charity and alms-giving.

He organized a small band of fanatics, who wandered about living on charity. The band grew in numbers and influence, and received the sanction of Pope Innocent III. about 1210. They were forbidden to own property, and were bound to preach and labor without fixed salaries, living only on charity. In 1223 Pope Honorius III. published a bull confirming the verbal sanction of Pope Innocent. Francis also founded an order of poor sisters, known by the name of Poor Claras or Clarisses. Francis was unceasing in his labors. He made long journeys to Spain, Illyria, and even to the East to preach to the Mahometans. He was a troubadour as well as a preacher — a sort of spiritual minstrel. Francis was canonized by Gregory IX. in 1228, and is commemorated on Oct. 4th.

Hymn of the Creation.

Blessed be God, the father
  Of everything that lives,
Most blessed for our Lord the Sun
  Who warmth and daylight gives.
The sun is bright and radiant,
  He sheds his beams abroad,
But all his glory witnesseth
  To what thou art, my God.

Then, for our sister Moon, O Lord,
Our hearts bless thee again;
And for the brilliant, beauteous stars
That glitter in her train.
We thank thee also for the Winds,
Our brothers, too, are they;
For air, and clouds, and pleasant days,
When all the earth seems gay.

But no less would we praise thy name
For any kind of weather,
Knowing that rain, and frost, and snow
All work for good together.
Thanks for our sister Water, too,
Pure Water, cool and chaste,
Precious to everything that lives,
With powers of cleansing graced.

And for thine other mighty gift,
Our brother Fire, whose flame
By thy command is sent to light,
With beams unquenchable and bright,
The solemn darkness of the night,
We bless thy holy name.

And lastly for our Mother Earth,
That goodness we adore,
She feeds us; she brings precious fruits
Out of her bounteous store;
And lovely flowers through the grass
She scatters full and free.
For all these things we bless thee, Lord,
For all proceed from thee.

Order.

[Our Lord Speaks.]

And though I fill thy heart with hottest love,
Yet in true order must thy heart love me,
For without order can no virtue be;
By thine own virtue, then, I from above
Stand in thy soul; and so, most earnestly,
Must love from turmoil be kept wholly free;

The life of fruitful trees, the seasons of
The circling year move gently as a dove:
I measured all the things upon the earth;
Love ordered them, and order kept them fair,
And love to order must be truly wed.
O soul, why all this heat of little worth?
Why cast out order with no thought of care?
For by love's heat must love be governèd?

To the Eleven at Rivo Torto.

(From "His Life," by Bonaventure.)

Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which He is Himself the father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men traveling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience. We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually to us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our Master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you and, with you will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God, which endures forever, will be your reward.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, an American statesman and philosopher, born in Boston, Jan. 17, 1706; died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. He went, at the age of seventeen, to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment at his trade as a printer. The Governor of the Province promised to set him up in business, and induced him to go to England. The Governor, however, failed to supply the promised funds, and Franklin went to work as a printer in London. After eighteen months he returned to Philadelphia, established himself as a printer, and set up a newspaper, called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. In 1732, he began the issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which he continued for twenty-five years.

By the time he had reached his fortieth year he had acquired a competence sufficient to enable him to withdraw from active business, and devote himself to philosophical research, for which he had already manifested marked capacity. Just before this several European philosophers had noticed some points of resemblance between electricity and lightning. Franklin was the first (about 1750) to demonstrate the identity of the two phenomena, and to propound the idea of the lightning-rod as a safeguard from lightning.

Of the public career of Franklin it is necessary here to give merely a bare outline. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1750; was made Deputy Postmaster-General in 1753; and the next year, the French and Indian War impending, he was sent as delegate to a general Congress convened at Albany, where he drew up the plan of a union between the separate colonies. Disputes having arisen in 1757 between the Pennsylvania "Proprietors" and the inhabitants, Franklin was sent to England as agent to represent the cause of the people of the colony of Pennsylvania; the people of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also constituted him their agent. He returned in 1762; but was sent back to London two years after to remonstrate against the proposed measure for taxing the American colonies. When the war of the Revolution broke out, Franklin left Great Britain, reaching his home sixteen days after the battle of Lexington. As a member of the first American Congress he was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. Shortly after this he

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
born at Boston, the 17.th Jan.y 1706.

was sent to France as one of the Commissioners Plenipotentiary from the American States. In 1783 he signed the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and subsequently concluded treaties with Sweden and Prussia. He returned to America in 1785, after more than fifty years spent in the public service. He was immediately elected President of Pennsylvania, his adopted State. Three years afterward, at the age of eighty-two, he was appointed a delegate to the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, in which he took an active part, and lived long enough to see it become the supreme law of the land.

A partial collection of the works of Franklin was published (1816–1819) by his grandson, William Temple Franklin. A tolerably complete edition, in ten volumes, edited, with a "Memoir," by Jared Sparks, appeared in 1836–1840. In 1887 some additional writings were discovered, which were edited by Edward Everett Hale, under the title "Franklin in France." Franklin's "Autobiography," bringing his life down to his fifty-seventh year, ranks among the foremost works of its class.

Franklin Goes to Philadelphia.

(From "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.")

The inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book.

which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue: a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, admitted into the company and present at the conversation. Defoe has imitated him successfully in his "Robinson Crusoe," in his "Moll Flanders," and other pieces; and Richardson has done the same in his "Pamela," etc.

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not understand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us; but they either did not comprehend us or it was impracticable, so they went off. Night approaching, we had no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the mean time the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked,

and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life. He had been, I imagine, an ambulatory quack doctor, for there was no town in England nor any country in Europe of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but he was an infidel, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to turn the Bible into doggerel verse, as Cotton had formerly done with Virgil. By this means he set many facts in a ridiculous light, and might have done mischief with weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by travel on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company

knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodgings. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I then walked down toward the river, and looking in the face of every one, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance pleased me, and accosting him requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers; but it is not a reputable one. If thee wilt walk with me I'll show thee a better one," and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner, and while I was eating, several questions were asked me, as from my youth and appearance I was suspected of being a runaway.

After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early and slept very soundly till next morning. Then I dressed myself as neat as I could and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," said Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business: perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do. And taking old Bradford, whom

he had never seen before, to be one of the townspeople that had a good-will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business in his own hands, drew him on, by artful questions and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what influence he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one was a crafty old sophister and the other a true novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

The printing-house, I found, consisted of an old damaged press and a small, worn-out font of English types, which he was using himself, composing an "Elegy" on Aquila Rose, before mentioned; an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to *write* them, for his method was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. There being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the "Elegy" probably requiring all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used and of which he understood nothing) into order to be worked with; and promising to come and print off his "Elegy" as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after Keimer sent for me to print off the "Elegy." And now had got another pair of cases and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it and was very illiterate, and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. He had been one of the French prophets and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house;

and my chest of clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly, and gained money by my industry and frugality. I lived very contented and forgot Boston as much as I could, and did not wish to be known where I resided except to my friend Collins, who was in the secret and kept it faithfully. At length, however, an incident happened that occasioned my return home much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, and hearing of me, wrote me a letter mentioning the grief of my relations and friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good-will to me, and that everything would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he entreated me earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thanked him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston so fully and in such a light as to convince him that I was not so much in the wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me and showed him the letter. The governor read it and seemed surprised when he was told my age. He said I appeared a young man of promising parts and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones, and if I set up there he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part he would procure me the public business and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law Holmes afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when one day Keimer and I, being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware), finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to made me

many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised and Keimer stared with astonishment. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern at the corner of Third Street, and over the Madeira he proposed my setting up my business. He stated the probabilities of my success, and both he and Colonel French assured me I should have their interest and influence to obtain for me the public business of both governments. And as I expressed doubts that my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would set forth the advantages, and he did not doubt he should determine him to comply. So it was concluded I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the governor's letter, to my father. In the meantime it was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual. The governor sent for me now and then to dine with him, which I considered a great honor, more particularly as he conversed with me in a most affable, familiar, and friendly manner.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offered for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that would make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea and were obliged to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arrived safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me, for my brother James was not yet returned and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surprised the family; all were, however, very glad to see me and made me welcome except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dressed than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lined with near five pounds sterling in silver. He received me not very frankly, looked me all over, and turned to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what

sort of a country it was, and how I liked it. I praised it much and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produced a handful of silver and spread it before them, which was a kind of *raree-show* they had not been used to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and lastly (my brother still grum and sullen) gave them a dollar to drink and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extremely. For when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation and of her wish to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some surprise, but said little of it to me for some time. Captain Holmes returning, he showed it to him and asked him if he knew Sir William Keith, and what kind of a man he was; adding that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was decidedly against it and at last gave a flat denial. He wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, and declined to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of an undertaking so important, and for which the preparation required a considerable expenditure.

My *old* companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleased with the account I gave him of my new country, determined to go thither also; and while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection in mathematics and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he proposed to wait for me.

My father, though he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleased that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advised me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor

to obtain the general esteem and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me that by steady industry and prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was twenty-one to set me up, and that if I came near the matter he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embarked again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always loved me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pennsylvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would recover it for him and keep it till I had his directions what to employ it in. Accordingly he gave me an order to receive it. This business afterward occasioned me a good deal of uneasiness.

At Newport we took in a number of passengers, among whom were two young women traveling together and a sensible, matron-like Quaker lady, with her servants. I had shown an obliging disposition to render her some little services, which probably impressed her with sentiments of good-will toward me, for when she witnessed the daily growing familiarity between the young women and myself, which they appeared to encourage, she took me aside and said: "Young man, I am concerned for thee, as thou hast no friend with thee and seems not to know much of the world or of the snares youth is exposed to. Depend upon it, these are very bad women: I can see it by all their actions; and if thee art not upon thy guard they will draw thee into some danger; they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." As I seemed at first not to think so ill of them as she did, she mentioned some things she had observed and heard that had escaped my notice, but now convinced me she was right. I thanked her for her kind advice and promised to follow it. When we arrived at New York they told me where they lived and invited me to come and see them, but I avoided it; and it was well I did, for the next day the captain missed a silver spoon and some other things that had been taken out of his cabin, and knowing that these were a couple of strumpets, he got a warrant to search their lodgings, found the stolen goods, and had the thieves punished. So though we had escaped a

sunken rock, which we scraped upon in the passage, I thought this escape of rather more importance to me.

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arrived there some time before me. We had been intimate from children and had read the same books together, but he had the advantage of more time for reading and studying and a wonderful genuis for mathematical learning, in which he far outstripped me. While I lived in Boston, most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continued a sober as well as industrious lad, was much respected for his learning by several of the clergy and other gentlemen, and seemed to promise making a good figure in life. But during my absence he had acquired a habit of drinking brandy, and I found by his own account, as well as that of others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and behaved himself in a very extravagant manner. He had gamed, too, and lost his money, so that I was obliged to discharge his lodgings and defray his expenses on the road and at Philadelphia, which proved a great burden to me.

The then Governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet), hearing from the captain that one of the passengers had a great many books on board, desired him to bring me to see him. I waited on him, and should have taken Collins with me had he been sober. The governor received me with great civility, showed me his library, which was a considerable one, and we had a good deal of conversation relative to books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honor to take notice of me, and for a poor boy like me it was very pleasing.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received in the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finished our journey. Collins wished to be employed in some counting-house; but whether they discovered his dram-drinking by his breath or by his behavior, though he had some recommendations he met with no success in any application, and continued lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distressed to think what I should do in case of being called on to remit it.

His drinking continued, about which we sometimes quarreled, for when a little intoxicated he was very irritable. Once

in a boat on the Delaware, with some other young men, he refused to row in his turn. "I will be rowed home," said he. "We will not row you," said I. "You must," said he, "or stay all night on the water, just as you please." The others said, "Let us row; what signifies it?" But, my mind being soured with his other conduct, I continued to refuse. So he swore he would make me row or throw me overboard; and coming along stepping on the thwarts toward me, when he came up and struck at me, I clapped my head under his thighs and, rising, pitched him headforemost into the river. I knew he was a good swimmer and so was under little concern about him; but before he could get round to lay hold of the boat we had with a few strokes pulled her out of his reach, and whenever he drew near the boat we asked him if he would row, striking a few strokes to slide her away from him. He was ready to stifle with vexation and obstinately would not promise to row. Finding him at last beginning to tire, we drew him into the boat and brought him home dripping wet. We hardly exchanged a civil word after this adventure. At length a West India captain, who had a commission to procure a preceptor for the sons of a gentleman at Barbadoes, met with him and proposed to carry him thither to fill that situation. He accepted, and promised to remit me what he owed me out of the first money he should receive, but I never heard of him after.

The violation of my trust respecting Vernon's money was one of the first great *errata* of my life; and this showed that my father was not much out in his judgment when he considered me as too young to manage business. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent — that there was a great difference in persons, and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "But since he will not set you up I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able. I am resolved to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend that knew him better would have advised me not to rely on him, as I afterward heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which

he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believed him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little printing-house, amounting, by my computation, to about one hundred pounds sterling. He liked it, but asked me if my being on the spot in England to choose the types and see that everything was good of the kind might not be of some advantage. "Then," said he, "when there you may make acquaintance and establish correspondences in the book-selling and stationery line." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," said he, "get yourself ready to go by the Annis," which was the annual ship, and the only one, at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But as it would be some months before the Annis sailed I continued working with Keimer, fretting extremely about the money Collins had got from me and in great apprehensions of being called upon for it by Vernon; this, however, did not happen for some years after.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that in my first voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, being becalmed off Block Island, our crew employed themselves in catching cod, and hauled up a great number. Till then I had stuck to my resolution to eat nothing that had had life; and on this occasion I considered, according to my master Tyron, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had done or could do us any injury that might justify this massacre. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had been formerly a great lover of fish, and when it came out of the frying-pan it smelled admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till, recollecting that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then, thought I, "If you eat one another I don't see why we may not eat you"; so I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a *reason* for everything one has a mind to do.

Keimer and I lived on a pretty good familiar footing and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasm and loved argumentation; we therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepanned

him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, yet by degrees leading to the point and bringing him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question without asking first, "What do you intend to infer from that?" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines I found several conundrums, which I objected to unless I might have my way a little too and introduce some of mine.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "*Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.*" He likewise kept the seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essential with him. I disliked both, but agreed to them on condition of his adopting the doctrine of not using animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear it." I assured him it would and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great eater, and I wished to give myself some diversion in half-starving him. He consented to try the practice if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. Our provisions were purchased, cooked, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes which she prepared for us at different times, in which there entered neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. This whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteen pence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience; so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, grew tired of the project, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and ordered a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him, but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation and ate the whole before we came.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN

(*Philadelphia*)

by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacs annually now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says* at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'a word to the wise is enough,' and 'many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its

people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting of time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality"; since, as he elsewhere tells us, "lost time is never found again," and what we call "time enough! always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy," as Poor Richard says; and "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, "drive thy business! let not that drive thee!" and —

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish," as Poor Richard says, and "he that lives on hope will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands"; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, "he that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor"; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, "at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them."

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich

relation left you a legacy, "diligence is the mother of good luck," as Poor Richard says, and "God gives all things to industry."

"Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,"

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows"; and further, "have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!"

If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle," as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! "Let not the sun look down and say, 'Inglorious here he lies!'" Handle your tools without mittens! remember that "the cat in gloves catches no mice!" as Poor Richard says.

'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "constant dropping wears away stones"; and "by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable"; and "little strokes fell great oaks"; as Poor Richard says, in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says, "employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure"; and "since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!" Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, "a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, "trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease." "Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock" [means]; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you"; "the diligent spinner has a large shift"; and

"Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good-morrow."

All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and

oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says —

> "I never saw an oft-removed tree
> Nor yet an oft-removed family
> That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "three removes are as bad as a fire"; and again, "keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee"; and again, "if you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again —

> "He that by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands"; and again, "want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge"; and again, "not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the almanac says, "in the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it"; but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, "learning is to the studious and riches to the careful"; as well as "power to the bold" and "heaven to the virtuous." And further, "if you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself."

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes "a little neglect may breed great mischief"; adding, "for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost"; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. "A man may," if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as Poor Richard says; and

> "Many estates are spent in the getting,
> Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, says he in another almanac, "think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as poor Dick says —

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

And further, "what maintains one vice would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, "many a little makes a mickle;" and further, "beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship;" and again —

"Who dainties love shall beggars prove;"

and moreover, "fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause awhile." He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

Again, Poor Richard says, "'tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the almanac.

"Wise men," as Poor Richard says, "learn by others' harms; fools scarcely by their own;" but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*[1] Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets," as Poor Richard says, "put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more

[1] He's a lucky fellow who is made prudent by other men's perils.

numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, "for one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that "a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "'tis day and will never be night;" that "a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding" (a child and a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but "always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom." Then, as Poor Dick says, "when the well's dry they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some;" for "he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

Poor Dick further advises and says:

> "Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse;
> Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "'tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

> "Great estates may venture more,
> But little boats should keep near shore."

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for "pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt," as Poor Richard says. And in another place, "pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy."

And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest,
The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run into debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, "the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt;" and again, to the same purpose, "lying rides upon debt's back;" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!" as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince or the government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life or to sell you for a servant if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but "creditors," Poor Richard tells us, "have better memories than debtors;" and in another place says, "creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent," saith Poor Richard, "who owe money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "the borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to

the creditor," disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency. Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but —

> "For age and want, save while you may;
> No morning sun lasts a whole day."

As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain; and "'tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says; so, "rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

> "Get what you can, and what you get hold;
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,"

as Poor Richard says; and when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

And now, to conclude, "experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;" for it is true, "we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: "they that won't be counseled can't be helped," as Poor Richard says; and further, that "if you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have

tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7th, 1757.

THE WHISTLE.

I RECEIVED my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday, one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles if I do not contribute to the correspondence obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening, as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in thinking over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise and your plan of living there, and I approve much of your conclusion that in the meantime we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do and suffer less evils if we would take care not to give too much for whistles. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding

the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to myself, don't give too much for the whistle: and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, this man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, he pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for a whistle!

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people when I consider that with all this wisdom of which I am boasting there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put up to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the whistle.

B. FRANKLIN.

CHARACTER OF WHITEFIELD.

HE had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance; especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. . . . [On one particular occasion when he heard Whitefield preach in the open air] I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand. By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse.

HIS DYING OPINION OF CHRISTIANITY.

AS to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and His religion, as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to His Divinity.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

Frederic, Harold, an American novelist and journalist, was born at Utica, N. Y., August 19, 1856; died at London, October 14, 1898. He was educated in his native city, and there began his literary career as a contributor to the "Herald," of which he became, in 1881, the editor-in-chief. He was afterward editor of the Albany "Evening Journal," which position he resigned to become the London correspondent of the New York "Times." His first novel, "Seth's Brother's Wife," was selected out of many as the serial with which "Scribner's Magazine" was started, in January, 1887. "In the Valley," a story of Colonial life in the Mohawk country, was begun in the same monthly in the latter part of 1889. "Scribner" was also the medium of publication, in 1893, of the "Copperhead." Other popular novels include "The Lawton Girl," "The Return of the O'Mahoney," besides, as he expresses it, "a batch of shorter stories." "The Damnation of Theron Ware" (1896) was republished in England under the title "Illumination," and was followed in the same year by "Mrs. Albert Grundy," which the author describes as "observations in Philistia," and in which he starts with a dissertation on the misnomer by which the name of a sturdy fighting race has come to be applied to flabby respectability. "March Hares," which is characterized as "a sentimental farce," appeared in 1897; "Gloria Mundi" (1898); "The Deserter" (1898).

From "The Damnation of Theron Ware."[1]

Theron Ware looked about him with frankly undisguised astonishment.

The room in which he found himself was so dark at first that it yielded little to the eye, and that little seemed altogether beyond his comprehension. His gaze helplessly followed Celia and her candle about as she busied herself in the work of illumination. When she had finished, and pinched out the taper, there were seven lights in the apartment — lights beaming softly through half-opaque alternating rectangles of

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Stone and Kimball.

blue and yellow glass. They must be set in some sort of lanterns around against the wall, he thought, but the shape of these he could hardly make out.

Gradually his sight adapted itself to this subdued light, and he began to see other things. These queer lamps were placed, apparently, so as to shed a special radiance upon some statues which stood in the corners of the chamber, and upon some pictures which were embedded in the walls. Theron noted that the statues, the marble of which lost its aggressive whiteness under the tinted lights, were mostly of naked men and women; the pictures, four or five in number, were all variations of a single theme, — the Virgin Mary and the Child.

A less untutored vision than his would have caught more swiftly the scheme of color and line in which these works of art bore their share. The walls of the room were in part of flat upright wooden columns, terminating high above in simple capitals, and they were all painted in pale amber and straw and primrose hues, irregularly wavering here and there toward suggestions of white. Between these pilasters were broader panels of stamped leather, in gently varying shades of peacock blue. These contrasted colors vaguely interwove and mingled in what he could see of the shadowed ceiling far above. They were repeated in the draperies and huge cushions and pillows of the low, wide divan which ran about three sides of the room. Even the floor, where it revealed itself among the scattered rugs, was laid in a mosaic pattern of matched woods, which, like the rugs, gave back these same shifting blues and uncertain yellows.

The fourth side of the apartment was broken in outline at one end by the door through which they had entered, and at the other by a broad, square opening, hung with looped-back curtains of a thin silken stuff. Between the two apertures rose against the wall what Theron took at first glance to be an altar. There were pyramidal rows of tall candles here on either side, each masked with a little silken hood; below, in the centre, a shelf-like projection supported what seemed a massive, carved casket, and in the beautiful intricacies of this, and the receding canopy of delicate ornamentation which depended above it, the dominant color was white, deepening away in its shadows, by tenderly minute gradations, to the tints which ruled the rest of the room.

Celia lighted some of the high, thick tapers in these can-

delabra, and opened the top of the easket. Theron saw with surprise that she had uncovered the keyboard of a piano. He viewed with much greater amazement her next proceeding, — which was to put a cigarette between her lips, and, bending over one of the candles with it for an instant, turn to him with a filmy, opalescent veil of smoke above her head.

"Make yourself comfortable anywhere," she said, with a gesture which comprehended all the divans and pillows in the place. "Will you smoke?"

"I have never tried since I was a little boy," said Theron, "but I think I could. If you don't mind, I should like to see."

Lounging at his ease on the Oriental couch, Theron experimented cautiously upon the unaccustomed tobacco, and looked at Celia with what he felt to be the confident quiet of a man of the world. She had thrown aside her hat, and in doing so had half released some of the heavy strands of hair coiled at the back of her head. His glance instinctively rested upon this wonderful hair of hers. There was no mistaking the sudden fascination its disorder had for his eye.

She stood before him with the cigarette poised daintily between thumb and finger of a shapely hand, and smiled comprehendingly down on her guest.

"I suffered the horrors of the damned with this hair of mine, when I was a child," she said. "I daresay all children have a taste for persecuting red-heads; but it's a specialty with Irish children. They get hold somehow of an ancient national superstition, or legend, that red hair was brought into Ireland by the Danes. It's been a term of reproach with us since Brian Boru's time to call a child a Dane. I used to be pursued and baited with it every day of my life, until the one dream of my ambition was to get old enough to be a Sister of Charity, so that I might hide my hair under one of their big beastly white linen caps. I've got rather away from that ideal since, I'm afraid," she added, with a droll downward curl of her lip.

"Your hair is very beautiful," said Theron, in the calm tone of a connoisseur.

"I like it myself," Celia admitted, and blew a little smoke-ring toward him. "I've made this whole room to match it. The colors, I mean," she explained, in deference to his uplifted brows. "Between us, we make up what Whistler would

eall a symphony. That reminds me — I was going to play for you. Let me finish the cigarette first."

Theron felt grateful for her reticence about the fact that he had laid his own aside. "I have never seen a room at all like this," he remarked. "You are right; it does fit you perfectly."

She nodded her sense of his appreciation. "It is what I like," she said. "It expresses *me*. I will not have anything about me — or anybody either — that I don't like. I suppose if an old Greek could see it, it would make him sick, but it represents what *I* mean by being a Greek. It is as near as an Irishman can get to it."

"I remember your puzzling me by saying that you were a Greek."

Celia laughed, and tossed the cigarette-end away. "I'd puzzle you more, I'm afraid, if I tried to explain to you what I really meant by it. I divide people up into two classes, you know, — Greeks and Jews. Once you get hold of that principle, all other divisions and classifications, such as by race or language or nationality, seem pure foolishness. It is the only true division there is. It is just as true among negroes or wild Indians who never heard of Greece or Jerusalem, as it is among white folks. That is the beauty of it. It works everywhere, always."

"Try it on me," urged Theron, with a twinkling eye. "Which am I?"

"Both," said the girl, with a merry nod of the head. "But now I'll play. I told you you were to hear Chopin. I prescribe him for you. He is the Greekiest of the Greeks. *There* was a nation where all the people were artists, where everybody was an intellectual aristocrat, where the Philistine was as unknown, as extinct, as the dodo. Chopin might have written his music for them."

"I am interested in Shopang," put in Theron, suddenly recalling Sister Soulsby's confidences as to the source of her tunes. "He lived with — what's his name — George something. We were speaking about him only this afternoon."

Celia looked down into her visitor's face at first inquiringly, then with a latent grin about her lips. "Yes — George something," she said, in a tone which mystified him.

The Rev. Mr. Ware was sitting up, a minute afterward, in a ferment of awakened consciousness that he had never heard the

piano played before. After a little, he noiselessly rearranged the cushions, and settled himself again in a recumbent posture. It was beyond his strength to follow that first impulse, and keep his mind abreast with what his ears took in. He sighed and lay back, and surrendered his senses to the mere unthinking charm of it all.

It was the Fourth Prelude that was singing in the air about him, — a simple, plaintive strain wandering at will over a surface of steady rhythmic movement underneath, always creeping upward through mysteries of sweetness, always sinking again in cadences of semi-tones. With only a moment's pause, there came the Seventh Waltz, — a rich, bold confusion which yet was not confused. Theron's ears dwelt with eager delight upon the chasing medley of swift, tinkling sounds, but it left his thoughts free.

From where he reclined, he turned his head to scrutinize, one by one, the statues in the corners. No doubt they were beautiful, — for this was a department in which he was all humility, — and one of them, the figure of a broad-browed, stately, though thick-waisted woman, bending slightly forward and with both arms broken off, was decently robed from the hips downward. The others were not robed at all. Theron stared at them with the erratic, rippling jangle of the waltz in his ears, and felt that he possessed a new and disturbing conception of what female emancipation meant in these later days. Roving along the wall, his glance rested again upon the largest of the Virgin pictures, — a full-length figure in sweeping draperies, its radiant, aureoled head upturned in rapt adoration, its feet resting on a crescent moon which shone forth in bluish silver through festooned clouds of cherubs. The incongruity between the unashamed statues and this serene incarnation of holy womanhood jarred upon him for the instant. Then his mind went to the piano.

Without a break the waltz had slowed and expanded into a passage of what might be church music, an exquisitely modulated and gently solemn chant, through which a soft, lingering song roved capriciously, forcing the listener to wonder where it was coming out, even while it caressed and soothed to repose.

He looked from the Madonna to Celia. Beyond the carelessly drooping braids and coils of hair which blazed between the candles, he could see the outline of her brow and cheek, the noble contour of her lifted chin and full, modelled throat, all

pink as the most delicate rose-leaf is pink, against the cool lights of the altar-like wall. The sight convicted him in the court of his own soul as a prurient and mean-minded rustic. In the presence of such a face, of such music, there ceased to be any such thing as nudity, and statues no more needed clothes than did those slow, deep, magnificent chords which came now, gravely accumulating their spell upon him.

"It is all singing!" the player called out to him over her shoulder, in a minute of rest. "That is what Chopin does, — he sings!"

She began, with an effect of thinking of something else, the Sixth Nocturne, and Theron at first thought she was not playing anything in particular, so deliberately, haltingly, did the chain of charm unwind itself into sequence. Then it came closer to him than the others had done. The dreamy, wistful, meditative beauty of it all at once oppressed and inspired him. He saw Celia's shoulders sway under the impulse of the *rubato* license, — the privilege to invest each measure with the stress of the whole, to loiter, to weep, to run and laugh at will, — and the music she made spoke to him as with a human voice. There was the wooing sense of roses and moonlight of perfumes, white skins, alluring languorous eyes, and then —

"You know this part, of course," he heard her say.

On the instant they had stepped from the dark, scented, star-lit garden, where the nightingale sang into a great cathedral. A sombre and lofty anthem arose, and filled the place with the splendor of such dignified pomp of harmony and such suggestions of measureless choral power and authority that Theron sat abruptly up, then was drawn resistlessly to his feet. He stood motionless in the strange room, feeling most of all that one should kneel to hear such music.

"This you'll know too, — the funeral march from the Second Sonata," she was saying, before he realized that the end of the other had come. He sank upon the divan again, bending forward and clasping his hands tight around his knees. His heart beat furiously as he listened to the weird, mediæval processional, with its wild, clashing chords held down in the bondage of an orderly sadness. There was a propelling motion in the thing — a sense of being borne bodily along — which affected him like dizziness. He breathed hard through the robust portions of stern, vigorous noise, and rocked himself to and fro when, as rosy morn breaks upon a storm-swept night, the drums

are silenced for the sweet, comforting strain of solitary melody. The clanging minor harmonies into which the march relapses came to their abrupt end. Theron rose once more, and moved with a hesitating step to the piano.

"I want to rest a little," he said, with his hand on her shoulder.

"Whew! so do I," exclaimed Celia, letting her hands fall with an exaggerated gesture of weariness. "The sonatas take it out of one! They are hideously difficult, you know. They are rarely played."

"I did n't know," remarked Theron. She seemed not to mind his hand upon her shoulder, and he kept it there. "I did n't know anything about music at all. What I do know now is that — that this evening is an event in my life."

She looked up at him and smiled. He read unsuspected tendernesses and tolerances of friendship in the depths of her eyes, which emboldened him to stir the fingers of that audacious hand in a lingering, caressing trill upon her shoulder. The movement was of the faintest, but having ventured it, he drew his hand abruptly away.

"You are getting on," she said to him. There was an enigmatic twinkle in the smile with which she continued to regard him. "We are Hellenizing you at a great rate."

A sudden thought seemed to strike her. She shifted her eyes toward vacancy with a swift, abstracted glance, reflected for a moment, then let a sparkling half-wink and the dimpling beginnings of an almost roguish smile mark her assent to the conceit, whatever it might be.

"I will be with you in a moment," he heard her say; and while the words were still in his ears she had risen and passed out of sight through the broad, open doorway to the right. The looped curtains fell together behind her. Presently a mellow light spread over their delicately translucent surface, — a creamy, undulating radiance which gave the effect of moving about among the myriad folds of the silk.

Theron gazed at these curtains for a little, then straightened his shoulders with a gesture of decision, and, turning on his heel, went over and examined the statues in the further corners minutely.

"If you would like some more, I will play you the Berceuse now."

Her voice came to him with a delicious shock. He wheeled

round and beheld her standing at the piano, with one hand resting, palm upward, on the keys. She was facing him. Her tall form was robed now in some shapeless, clinging drapery, lustrous and creamy and exquisitely soft, like the curtains. The wonderful hair hung free and luxuriant about her neck and shoulders, and glowed with an intensity of fiery color which made all the other hues of the room pale and vague. A fillet of faint, sky-like blue drew a gracious span through the flame of red above her temples, and from this there rose the gleam of jewels. Her head inclined gently, gravely, toward him, — with the posture of that armless woman in marble he had been studying, — and her brown eyes, regarding him from the shadows, emitted light.

"It is a lullaby, — the only one he wrote," she said, as Theron, pale-faced and with tightened lips, approached her. "No — you must n't stand there," she added, sinking into the seat before the instrument; "go back and sit where you were."

The most perfect of lullabies, with its swaying abandonment to cooing rhythm, ever and again rising in ripples to the point of insisting on something, one knows not what, and then rocking, melting away once more, passed, so to speak, over Theron's head. He leaned back upon the cushions, and watched the white, rounded forearm which the falling folds of this strange, statue-like drapery made bare.

There was more that appealed to his mood in the Third Ballade. It seemed to him that there were words going along with it, — incoherent and impulsive yet very earnest words, appealing to him in strenuous argument and persuasion. Each time he almost knew what they said, and strained after their meaning with a passionate desire, and then there would come a kind of cuckoo call, and everything would swing dancing off again into a mockery of inconsequence.

Upon the silence there fell the pure, liquid, mellifluous melody of a soft-throated woman singing to her lover.

"It is like Heine, — simply a love-poem," said the girl, over her shoulder.

Theron followed now with all his senses, as she carried the Ninth Nocturne onward. The stormy passage, which she banged finely forth, was in truth a lover's quarrel; and then the mild, placid flow of sweet harmonies into which the furore sank, dying languorously away upon a silence all alive with tender memories of sound — was that not also a part of love?

They sat motionless through a minute, — the man on the divan, the girl at the piano, — and Theron listened for what he felt must be the audible thumping of his heart.

Then, throwing baek her head, with upturned face, Celia began what she had withheld for the last, — the Sixteenth Mazurka. This strange foreign thing she played with her eyes elosed, her head tilted obliquely so that Theron could see the rose-tinted, beautiful countenance, framed as if asleep in the billowing luxurianee of unloosed auburn hair. He fancied her beholding visions as she wrought the music, — visions full of barbarie eolor and romantic forms. As his mind swam along with the gliding, trieksy phantom of a tune, it seemed as if he too could see these visions, — as if he gazed at them through her eyes.

It could not be helped. He lifted himself noiselessly to his feet, and stole with caution toward her. He would hear the rest of this weird, volnptuous fantasy standing thus, so elose behind her that he could look down upon her full, uplifted face, — so close that, if she moved, that glowing nimbus of hair would toueh him.

There had been some curious and awkward pauses in this last piece, whieh Theron, by some side cerebration, had put down to her not watching what her fingers did. There eame another of these pauses now, — an odd, unaceountable halt in what seemed the middle of everything. He stared intently down upon her statuesque, dreaming face during the hush, and eaught his breath as he waited. There fell at last a few faltering aseending notes, making a half-finished strain, and then again there was silenee.

Celia opened her eyes, and poured a direct, deep gaze into the face above hers. Its pale lips were parted in suspense, and the eolor had faded from its eheeks.

"That is the end," she said, and, with a turn of her lithe body, stood swiftly up, even while the echoes of the broken melody seemed panting in the air about her for eompletion.

Theron put his hands to his faee, and pressed them tightly against eyes and brow for an instant. Then, throwing them aside with an expansive downward sweep of the arms, and holding them clenehed, he returned Celia's glanee. It was as if he had never looked into a woman's eyes before.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

Edward Augustus Freeman, an eminent English historian, born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was elected Scholar in 1841, Fellow in 1845, and Honorary Fellow in 1880. He filled the office of Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in 1857–1858 and in 1863–1864, and in the School of Modern History in 1873. He received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1870, and that of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1874, was an honorary member of numerous learned societies in Europe and America, and received honorary decorations from several European powers. His writings, mainly upon historical and architectural subjects, are very numerous. Among them are: "History of Architecture" (1849); "An Essay on Window Tracery" (1850); "The History and Conquests of the Saracens" (1856); "History of the Federal Government" (Vol. I., 1863); "History of the Norman Conquest" (5 vols., 1867–1876); "Old English History" (1869); "Growth of the English Constitution" (1872); "General Sketch of European History" (1872); "Historical Essays" (3 vols., 1872–1879); "Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian" (1876); "The Ottoman Power in Europe" (1877); "The Historical Geography of Europe" (1881); "The Reign of William Rufus and Henry I." (1882); "Introduction to American Institutional History" (1882); "Lectures to American Audiences" (1882); "English Towns and Districts" and "Some Impressions of the United States" (1883); "The Methods of Historical Study" (1886); "The Chief Periods of European History," and, in the series of "Historic Towns," edited by himself, "Exeter" (1887); "Fifty Years of European History" and "William the Conqueror," in the "Twelve English Statesmen" series (1888), and the three volumes of the "History of Sicily from the Earliest Times" (1891). He also contributed largely to periodicals upon kindred subjects.

His work is characterized by a strict adherence to truth and an undisguised contempt for those of his contemporaries who were inclined to subordinate cold facts to picturesque expression. He exerted a strong Teutonic influence on English history.

The Continuity of English History.

A comparison between the histories of England, France, and Germany, as regards their political development, would be a subject well worth working out in detail. Each country started with much that was common to all three, while the separate course of each has been wholly different. The distinctive character of English history is its continuity. No broad gap separates the present from the past. If there is any point at which a line between the present and the past is to be drawn, it is at all events not to be drawn at the point where a superficial glance might perhaps induce us to draw it, — at the Norman invasion in 1066. At first sight, that event might seem to separate us from all before it in a way to which there is no analogy in the history either of our own or of kindred lands. Neither France nor Germany ever saw any event to be compared to the Norman Conquest. Neither of them has ever received a permanent dynasty of foreign kings; neither has seen its lands divided among the soldiers of a foreign army, and its native sons shut out from every position of wealth or dignity. England, alone of the three, has undergone a real and permanent foreign conquest. One might have expected that the greatest of all possible historical chasms would have divided the ages before and the ages after such an event. Yet in truth modern England has practically far more to do with the England of the West-Saxon kings than modern France or Germany has to do with the Gaul and Germany of Charles the Great, or even of much more recent times. The England of the age before the Norman Conquest is indeed, in all external respects, widely removed from us. But the England of the age immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest is something more widely removed still. The age when Englishmen dwelt in their own land as a conquered race, when their name and tongue were badges of contempt and slavery, when England was counted for little more than an accession of power to the Duke of Rouen in his struggle with the King of Paris, is an age than which we can conceive none more alien to every feeling and circumstance of our own.

When, then, did the England in which we still live and move have its beginning? Where are we to draw the broad line, if any line is to be drawn, between the present and the past? We answer, In the great creative and destructive age of

Europe and of civilized Asia — the thirteenth century. The England of Richard Cœur de Lion is an England which is past forever; but the England of Edward the First is essentially the still living England in which we have our own being. Up to the thirteenth century our history is the domain of antiquaries; from that point it becomes the domain of lawyers. A law of King Ælfred's Witenagemót is a valuable link in the chain of our political progress, but it could not have been alleged as any legal authority by the accusers of Strafford or the defenders of the Seven Bishops. A statute of Edward the First is quite another matter. Unless it can be shown to have been repealed by some later statute, it is just as good to this day as a statute of Queen Victoria. In the earlier period we may indeed trace the rudiments of our laws, our language, our political institutions; but from the thirteenth century onwards we see the things themselves, in that very essence which we all agree in wishing to retain, though successive generations have wrought improvement in many points of detail and may have left many others capable of further improvement still.

Let us illustrate our meaning by the greatest of all examples. Since the first Teutonic settlers landed on her shores, England has never known full and complete submission to a single will. Some Assembly, Witenagemót, Great Council, or Parliament there has always been, capable of checking the caprices of tyrants and of speaking, with more or less of right, in the name of the nation. From Hengest to Victoria, England has always had what we may fairly call a parliamentary constitution. Normans, Tudors, and Stewarts might suspend or weaken it, but they could not wholly sweep it away. Our Old-English Witenagemóts, our Norman Great Councils, are matters of antiquarian research, whose exact constitution it puzzles our best antiquaries fully to explain. But from the thirteenth century onwards we have a veritable Parliament, essentially as we see it before our own eyes. In the course of the fourteenth century every fundamental constitutional principle becomes fully recognized. The best worthies of the seventeenth century struggled, not for the establishment of anything new, but for the preservation of what even then was already old. It is on the Great Charter that we still rest the foundation of all our rights. And no later parliamentary reformer has ever wrought or proposed so vast a change as when Simon of Montfort, by a single writ, conferred their parliamentary being upon the cities and boroughs of England.

This continuity of English history from the very beginning is a point which cannot be too strongly insisted on, but it is its special continuity from the thirteenth century onwards which forms the most instructive part of the comparison between English history and the history of Germany and France. At the time of the Norman Conquest the many small Teutonic kingdoms in Britain had grown into the one Teutonic kingdom of England, rich in her barbaric greatness and barbaric freedom, with the germs, but as yet only the germs, of every institution which we most dearly prize. At the close of the thirteenth century we see the England with which we are still familiar, young indeed and tender, but still possessing more than the germs, — the very things themselves. She has already King, Lords, and Commons; she has a King, mighty indeed and honored, but who may neither ordain laws nor impose taxes against the will of his people. She has Lords with high hereditary powers, but Lords who are still only the foremost rank of the people, whose children sink into the general mass of Englishmen, and into whose order any Englishman may be raised. She has a Commons still diffident in the exercise of new-born rights; but a Commons whose constitution and whose powers we have altered only by gradual changes of detail; a Commons which, if it sometimes shrank from hard questions of State, was at least resolved that no man should take their money without their leave. The courts of justice, the great offices of State, the chief features of local administration, have assumed, or are rapidly assuming, the form whose essential character they still retain. The struggle with Papal Rome has already begun; doctrines and ceremonies indeed remain as yet unchallenged, but statute after statute is passed to restrain the abuses and exactions of the ever-hateful Roman court. The great middle class of England is rapidly forming; a middle class not, as elsewhere, confined to a few great cities, but spread, in the form of a minor gentry and a wealthy yeomanry, over the whole face of the land. Villanage still exists, but both law and custom are paving the way for that gradual and silent extinction of it, which without any formal abolition of the legal status left, three centuries later, not a legal villain among us.

With this exception, there was in theory equal law for all classes, and imperfectly as the theory may have been carried out, it was at least far less imperfectly so than in any other kingdom. Our language was fast taking its present shape; English, in the main intelligible at the present day, was the speech of the

mass of the people, and it was soon to expel French from the halls of princes and nobles. England at the close of the century is, for the first time since the Conquest, ruled by a prince bearing a purely English name, and following a purely English policy. Edward the First was no doubt as despotic as he could be or dared to be; so was every prince of those days who could not practice the superhuman righteousness of St. Lewis. But he ruled over a people who knew how to keep even his despotism within bounds. The legislator of England, the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, seems truly like an old Bretwalda or West-Saxon Basileus, sitting once more on the throne of Cerdic and of Ælfred. The modern English nation is now fully formed; it stands ready for those struggles for French dominion in the two following centuries, which, utterly unjust and fruitless as they were, still proved indirectly the confirmation of our liberties at home, and which forever fixed the national character for good and for evil.

Let us here sketch out a comparison between the history and institutions of England and those of France and Germany. As we before said, our modern Parliament is traced up in an unbroken line to the early Great Council, and to the still earlier Witenagemót. The latter institution, widely different as it is from the earlier, has not been substituted for the earlier, but has grown out of it. It would be ludicrous to look for any such continuity between the Diet of ambassadors which meets at Frankfurt and the Assemblies which met to obey Henry the Third and to depose Henry the Fourth. And how stands the case in France? France has tried constitutional government in all its shapes; in its old Teutonic, in its mediæval, and in all its modern forms — Kings with one Chamber and Kings with two, Republics without Presidents and Republics with, Conventions, Directories, Consulates, and Empires. All of these have been separate experiments; all have failed; there is no historical continuity between any of them. Charles the Great gathered his Great Council around him year by year; his successors in the Eastern *Francia*, the Kings of the Teutonic Kingdom, went on doing so long afterwards. But in Gaul, in Western *Francia*, after it fell away from the common center, no such assembly could be gathered together. The kingdom split into fragments; every province did what was right in its own eyes; Aquitaine and Toulouse had neither fear nor love enough for their nominal King to contribute any members to a Council of his summoning.

Philip the Fair, for his own convenience, summoned the States-General. But the States-General were no historical continuation of the old Frankish Assemblies; they were a new institution of his own, devised, it may be, in imitation of the English Parliament or of the Spanish Cortes. From that time the French States-General ran a brilliant and a fitful course. Very different indeed were they from the homely Parliaments of England. Our stout knights and citizens were altogether guiltless of political theories. They had no longing after great and comprehensive measures. But if they saw any practical abuses in the land, the King could get no money out of them till he set matters right again. If they saw a bad law, they demanded its alteration; if they saw a wicked minister, they demanded his dismissal. It is this sort of bit-by-bit reform, going on for six hundred years, which has saved us alike from magnificent theories and from massacres in the cause of humanity. Both were as familiar in France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as ever they were at the close of the eighteenth. The demands of the States-General, and of what we may call the liberal party in France generally, throughout those two centuries, are as wide in their extent, and as neatly expressed, as any modern constitution from 1791 to 1848. But while the English Parliament, meeting year after year, made almost every year some small addition or other to the mass of our liberties, the States-General, meeting only now and then, effected nothing lasting, and gradually sank into as complete disuse as the old Frankish Assemblies. By the time of the revolution of 1789, their constitution and mode of proceeding had become matters of antiquarian curiosity. Of later attempts, National Assemblies, National Conventions, Chambers of Deputies, we need not speak. They have risen and they have fallen, while the House of Lords and the House of Commons have gone on undisturbed.

Race and Language.

Having ruled that races and nations, though largely formed by the working of an artificial law, are still real and living things, groups in which the idea of kindred is the idea around which everything has grown, — how are we to define our races and our nations? How are we to mark them off one from the other? Bearing in mind the cautions and qualifications which

have been already given, bearing in mind large classes of exceptions which will presently be spoken of, I say unhesitatingly that for practical purposes there is one test, and one only; and that that test is language.

It is hardly needful to show that races and nations cannot be defined by the merely political arrangements which group men under various governments. For some purposes of ordinary language, for some purposes of ordinary politics, we are tempted, sometimes driven, to take this standard. And in some parts of the world, in our own Western Europe for instance, nations and governments do in a rough way fairly answer to one another. And in any case, political divisions are not without their influence on the formation of national divisions, while national divisions ought to have the greatest influence on political divisions. That is to say, *primâ facie* a nation and a government should coincide. I say only *primâ facie*, for this is assuredly no inflexible rule; there are often good reasons why it should be otherwise; only, whenever it is otherwise, there should be some good reason forthcoming. It might even be true that in no case did a government and a nation exactly coincide, and yet it would none the less be the rule that a government and a nation should coincide. That is to say, so far as a nation and a government coincide, we accept it as the natural state of things, and ask no question as to the cause; so far as they do not coincide, we mark the case as exceptional by asking what is the cause. And by saying that a government and a nation should coincide, we mean that as far as possible the boundaries of governments should be so laid out as to agree with the boundaries of nations. That is, we assume the nation as something already existing, something primary, to which the secondary arrangements of government should as far as possible conform. How then do we define the nation which is, if there is no special reason to the contrary, to fix the limits of a government? Primarily, I say, as a rule, — but a rule subject to exceptions, — as a *primâ facie* standard, subject to special reasons to the contrary, — we define the nation by language. We may at least apply the test negatively. It would be unsafe to rule that all speakers of the same language must have a common nationality; but we may safely say that where there is not community of language, there is no common nationality in the highest sense. It is true that without community of language there may be an artificial nationality, a nationality which may be good for all political purposes, and

which may engender a common national feeling. Still, this is not quite the same thing as that fuller national unity which is felt where there is community of language.

In fact, mankind instinctively takes language as the badge of nationality. We so far take it as the badge, that we instinctively assume community of language as a nation as the rule, and we set down anything that departs from that rule as an exception. The first idea suggested by the word Frenchman, or German, or any other national name, is that he is a man who speaks French or German as his mother tongue. We take for granted, in the absence of anything to make us think otherwise, that a Frenchman is a speaker of French and that a speaker of French is a Frenchman. Where in any case it is otherwise, we mark that case as an exception, and we ask the special cause. Again, the rule is none the less the rule nor the exceptions the exceptions, because the exceptions may easily outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. The rule is still the rule, because we take the instances which conform to it as a matter of course, while in every case which does not conform to it we ask for the explanation. All the larger countries of Europe provide us with exceptions; but we treat them all as exceptions. We do not ask why a native of France speaks French. But when a native of France speaks as his mother tongue some other tongue than French, when French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken as his mother tongue by some one who is not a native of France, we at once ask the reason. And the reason will be found in each case in some special historical cause, which withdraws that case from the operation of the general law. A very good reason can be given why French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken in parts of Belgium and Switzerland whose inhabitants are certainly not Frenchmen. But the reason has to be given, and it may fairly be asked.

In the like sort, if we turn to our own country, whenever within the bounds of Great Britain we find any tongue spoken other than English, we at once ask the reason and we learn the special historic cause. In a part of France and a part of Great Britain we find tongues spoken which differ alike from English and from French, but which are strongly akin to one another. We find that these are the survivals of a group of tongues once common to Gaul and Britain, but which the settlement of other nations, the introduction and the growth of other tongues, have

brought down to the level of survivals. So again we find islands which both speech and geographical position seem to mark as French, but which are dependencies, and loyal dependencies, of the English crown. We soon learn the cause of the phenomenon which seems so strange. Those islands are the remains of a State and a people which adopted the French tongue, but which, while it remained one, did not become a part of the French State. That people brought England by force of arms under the rule of their own sovereigns. The greater part of that people were afterwards conquered by France, and gradually became French in feeling as well as in language. But a remnant clave to their connection with the land which their forefathers had conquered, and that remnant, while keeping the French tongue, never became French in feeling. This last case, that of the Norman Islands, is a specially instructive one. Normandy and England were politically connected, while language and geography pointed rather to a union between Normandy and France. In the case of Continental Normandy, where the geographical tie was strongest, language and geography together would carry the day, and the Continental Norman became a Frenchman. In the islands, where the geographical tie was less strong, political traditions and manifest interest carried the day against language and a weaker geographical tie. The insular Norman did not become a Frenchman. But neither did he become an Englishman. He alone remained Norman, keeping his own tongue and his own laws, but attached to the English crown by a tie at once of tradition and of advantage. Between States of the relative size of England and the Norman Islands, the relation naturally becomes a relation of dependence on the part of the smaller members of the union. But it is well to remember that our forefathers never conquered the forefathers of the men of the Norman Islands, but that their forefathers did once conquer ours.

These instances and countless others bear out the position, that while community of language is the most obvious sign of common nationality, — while it is the main element, or something more than an element, in the formation of nationality, — the rule is open to exceptions of all kinds; and that the influence of language is at all times liable to be overruled by other influences. But all the exceptions confirm the rule, because we specially remark those cases which contradict the rule, and we do not specially remark those cases which do conform to it.

Significance of the Norman Conquest.

(From "The Norman Conquest.")

The Norman Conquest is the great turning-point in the history of the English nation. Since the first settlement of the English in Britain, the introduction of Christianity is the only event which can compare with it in importance. And there is this wide difference between the two: The introduction of Christianity was an event which could hardly fail to happen sooner or later; in accepting the Gospel the English only followed the same law, which, sooner or later, affected all the Teutonic nations. But the Norman Conquest is something which stands without a parallel in any other Teutonic land. If that Conquest be looked on in its true light, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance. And there is no event whose true nature has been more commonly and more utterly misunderstood. No event is less fitted to be taken, as it so often has been, for the beginning of the national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still, it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our National history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being. But it was only a temporary overthrow. To a superficial observer the English people might seem for a while to be wiped out of the roll-call of the nations, or to exist only as the bondmen of foreign rulers in their own land. But in a few generations we led captive our conquerors; England was England once again, and the descendants of the Norman invaders were found to be among the truest of Englishmen. England may be as justly proud of rearing such step-children as Simon of Montfort and Edward the First as of being the natural mother of Alfred and of Harold.

In no part of history can any event be truly understood without reference to the events which went before it and which prepared the way for it. But in no case is such reference more needful than in dealing with an event like that with which we are now concerned. The whole importance of the Norman

Conquest consists in the effect which it had on an existing nation, humbled indeed, but neither wiped out nor utterly enslaved; in the changes which it wrought in an existing constitution, which was by degrees greatly modified, but which was never either wholly abolished or wholly trampled under foot. William, King of the English, claimed to reign as the lawful successor of the kings of the English who had reigned before him. He claimed to inherit their rights, and he professed to govern according to their laws. This position, therefore, and the whole nature of the great revolution which he wrought, are utterly unintelligible without a full understanding of the state of things which he found existing. Even when one nation actually displaces another, some knowledge of the condition of the displaced nation is necessary to understand the position of the displacing nation. The English Conquest of Britain cannot be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of the earlier history of the Celt and the Roman. But when there is no displacement of a nation, when there is not even the utter overthrow of a constitution, when there are only changes, however many and important, wrought in an existing system, a knowledge of the earlier state of things is an absolutely essential part of any knowledge of the latter. The Norman Conquest of England is simply an insoluble puzzle without a clear notion of the condition of England and the English people at the time when the Conqueror and his followers set foot on our shores.

Comparative Magnitude of the Conquest.

The Norman Conquest, again, is an event which stands by itself in the history of Europe. It took place at a transitional period in the world's development. Those elements, Roman and Teutonic, Imperial and Ecclesiastical, which stood, as it were, side by side in the system of the early middle age, were then being fused together into the later system of feudal, Papal, crusading Europe. The Conquest was one of the most important steps in the change. A kingdom which had hitherto been purely Teutonic was brought within the sphere of the laws, the manners, the speech of the Romanic nations. At the very moment when Pope and Cæsar held each other in the deathgrasp, a Church which had hitherto maintained a sort of insular and barbaric independence was brought into a far more intimate connection with the Roman See. And as a conquest, compared

with earlier and with later conquests, the Norman Conquest of England holds a middle position between the two classes, and shares somewhat of the nature of both. It was something less than such conquests as form the main subject of history during the great Wandering of the Nations. It was something more than those political conquests which fill up too large a space in the history of modern times. It was much less than a natural migration; it was much more than a mere change of frontier or dynasty. It was not such a change as when the first English conquerors slew, expelled, or enslaved the whole nation of the vanquished Britons. It was not even such a change as when the Goths or Burgundians sat down as a ruling people, preserving their own language and their own law, and leaving the language and law of Rome to the vanquished Romans. But it was a far greater change than commonly follows on the transfer of a province from one sovereign to another, or even the forcible acquisition of a crown by an alien dynasty.

The Conquest of England by William wrought less immediate change than the Conquest of Africa by Genseric; it wrought a greater immediate change than the Conquest of Sicily by Charles of Aragon. It brought with it not only a new dynasty, but a new nobility; it did not expel or transplant the English nation, or any part of it, but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their lands and offices and thrust them down into a secondary position under alien intruders. It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves. It did not abolish the English language; but it brought in a new language by its side, which for a while supplanted it as the language of polite intercourse, and which did not yield to the surviving elder speech till it had affected it by the largest infusion that the vocabulary of one European tongue ever received from another. The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the gradual developments of later times, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. But the reign of William paved the way for all the later changes which were to come, and the immediate changes which he himself wrought

were, after all, great and weighty. They were none the less great and weighty because they affected the practical condition of the people far more than they affected its written laws and institutions. When a nation is driven to receive a foreigner as its King, when that foreign King divides the highest offices and the greatest estates of the land among his foreign followers, though such a change must be carefully distinguished from changes in the written law, still the change is, for the time, practically the greatest which a nation and its leaders can undergo.

Death of William the Conqueror.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler, William of Malmesbury, after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The scepter of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for him-

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

self the money that was left for him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety. And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the Church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that, by her holy prayers, she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed: all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he had died.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, a German poet and democratic politician, born at Detmold, June 17, 1810; died at Cannstatt, Würtemberg, March 18, 1876. His first book, translations from the Odes and Songs of Victor Hugo, appeared in 1836, followed two years later by his first original volume of "Gedichte." In 1842 he endeavored to establish a periodical to be called *Britannica: für Englisches Leben und Englische Literatur;* and in that year he received a pension from King William IV. of Prussia. Up to this time he had taken no part in political agitations; but about 1844 he threw up his pension, identified himself with the Liberal party in Germany, published *Mein Glaubensbekenntniss* (My Creed), and was forced to leave the country. The amnesty of 1849 permitted him to return to Germany; but he was soon after prosecuted on account of a poem entitled "Die Todten an die Lebenden;" he was acquitted; but new prosecutions drove him to London in 1851, where he made many translations into German from British poets. A volume of these translations appeared in 1854 under the title of "The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock." Among his numerous translations into German are Shakspeare's "Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and nearly all of the poems of Burns. He resided in England until 1868, when a general amnesty was proclaimed in Germany, and Freiligrath returned to his native country, settling at Stuttgart, and in 1875 at Cannstatt, where he died the next year. After this, during the Franco-German War, he wrote the popular songs "Hurrah Germania!" the "Trompete von Gravelotte," and some others. Freiligrath's political poems are highly esteemed in Germany. He is there styled "the poet-martyr," "the bard of freedom," and "the inspired singer of the revolution."

My Themes.

"Most weary man! why wreathest thou
Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,
"The turban on thy sunburnt brow?

Wilt never vary
Thy tristful task;
But sing, still sing, of sand and seas, as now
Housed in thy willow zumbul on the dromedary?

"Thy tent has now o'er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon's plains;
We long to greet in blander climes
The love and laughter
Thy soul disdains.
Why wanderest ever thus, in prolix rhymes,
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling after?

"Awake! thou art as one who dreams!
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!
Thou faintest in the noontide beams!
Thy crystal beaker
Of juice is banned!
Filled with juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

"O, cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee, then, with an awakened eye!
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe's fountains
Still bubble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed,
And Poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's mountains!

"So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study mankind! probe
The heart! lay bare its love and wrath,
Its joys and sorrows!
Not round the globe,
O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But, into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels borrow!

"Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of life's cup of woe!
Weep for the souls of mankind bound
In chains of error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of grief or terror.

"Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like vultures we delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal — these be the food
For us! without such stimulants our dull souls lie dormant!

"But no long voyages — O, no more
Of the weary East or South — no more of the Simoom —
No apples from the Dead Sea shore —
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, whilst Europe's flowers
Monopolize thy *sopranos!*"

Thanks, friends, for this, your kind advice!
Would I could follow it — could bide in balmier land!
But those far Arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sand,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. O, no!
The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,
Which only knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands — in that no shady palm-tree groweth.

Sand-Songs.

I.

Sing of sand! — not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and the snake:
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean wave knoweth.

Like a Wraith with pinions burning,
Travels the red sand of the desert abroad
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel;
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Lightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon grave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore;
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, evermore.

Darkly unto past and coming years,
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands;
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad like the sands.

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee.

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms;
Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart!

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such sullen scorn:
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over, like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily.
Heavily as wingèd lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither they flee,
They, nor I, can tell; I see
On the bright brown sand I tread
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.
Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn, instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.

The Lion's Ride.

The lion is the desert's king; through his dominion so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the steady brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief:
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay, when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal-fires, when the Kaffir wends home through the lone karroo,
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu,

Then bend your gaze across the waste: — what see ye? The giraffe
Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound — a roar — a bound — the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state,
To match that dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.
Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!
As from the sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;
In thick, black streams of purling blood full fast his life is fleeting,
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of Israel traced —
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste —
From the sandy sea uprising as the waterspout from ocean;
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vulture whirs on high.
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And the hyenas, foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;
By the footprints red with gore and sweat, their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.
On, on! no pause nor rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!
The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes his last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's dread repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried: —
Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts doth ride.

The Sheik of Mount Sinai.

[A Narrative of 1830.]

"How sayest thou? Came to-day the caravan
From Africa? And is it here? 'Tis well;
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottoman;
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence fresh vigor."

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth, and thus began the Moor: —
"Old man! upon Algeria's towers the tricolor is flying,
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud réveil resounds at break of day;
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o'er heaps of dead and dying:
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

"Southward their legions marched through burning lands;
The Barbary sun flashed on their arms; about
Their chargers' manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.
Knowest thou where the giant Atlas rises dim
In the hot sky? Thither in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

"The Franks pursued. Hu! Allah! — each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and bomb!
The lion left the deer's half-crunched remains the while;
He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Hark, the shout, '*En Avant!*' To the topmost peak upclomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

"Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain's height,
The hundred cities of the plain, from Atlas to the sea afar,

From Tunis forth to Fez shone in the noonday light.
The spearmen rested by their steeds, or slaked their thirst at rivulets;
And round them through dark myrtles burned, each like a star,
The slender golden minarets.

"But in the valley blooms the odorous almond-tree,
And the aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms and suns.
Here was their conquest sealed. Look! — yonder heaves the sea,
And far to the left lies Franquistân. The banners flouted the blue skies;
The artillery-men came up. Mashallah! how the guns
Did roar to sanctify their prize!"

"'Tis they," the Sheik exclaimed, "I fought among them, I,
At the battle of the Pyramids! Red, all along the day, ran —
Red as thy turban folds — the Nile's high billows by!
But their Sultan? Speak! — he was once my guest.
His lineaments — gait — garb? — Sawest thou the man?"
The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

"No," he replied, "he bode in his warm palace halls.
A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile ranks;
An Aga thundered for him before Atlas's iron walls.
His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least, they lack
The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi of the Franks
Gave me this coin, in chaffering, some days back."

The Kasheef took the gold; he gazed upon the head and face.
Was this the great Sultan he had known long years ago?
It seemed not; for he sighed, as all in vain to trace
The still remembered features. "Ah, no! — this," he said, "is
Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye. Who *this* man is I do not know:
How very like a pear his head is."

The Emigrants.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy bustling band!
Your little all to see you lay,
Each in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy baskets on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth.

And you with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew:—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
Where oft ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth, and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced,
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint from the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn,
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands,
In Stressart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire?
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

John Charles Frémont, an American soldier and explorer, the "Pathfinder" of the Rocky Mountains, born at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 21, 1813; died in New York, July 13, 1890. In 1833 he was appointed teacher of mathematics on the United States sloop-of-war Natchez. On his return he became a railroad surveyor and engineer. In 1838 he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers. In the following year he projected a survey of the United States, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; and was instructed to explore the Rocky Mountain region. This exploration occupied four months. He then planned a second expedition to explore the then unknown region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. The expedition set out in May, 1843. Early in March he reached Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River, California. He finally returned to the States in July, 1844, after an absence of fourteen months.

In the spring of 1845 Frémont set out upon a third expedition. In May, 1846, he received dispatches directing him to look after the interests of the United States in California. He retraced his steps to California. Early in 1847 he concluded a treaty with the California population which terminated the war in California, leaving that country in the possession of the United States. He subsequently took up his residence in California, and when the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State, he was elected one of the United States Senators.

In 1856 Frémont was made the Presidential candidate of the newly formed Republican party.

Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War Frémont was made a Major-general in the United States Army. At the beginning of 1862 he was placed in command of the "Mountain District," comprising parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

After the conclusion of the war Frémont busied himself in promoting the construction of a southern railroad across the continent. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of the Territory of Arizona. He then began the composition of his autobiography, the first volume of which appeared in 1887, the title being "Memoirs of My Life, by John Charles Frémont."

First Ascent of Frémont's Peak.

(From Frémont's Journal of His First Expedition.)

August 10 [1842]. — The air at sunrise is clear and pure, and the morning extremely cold, but beautiful. A lofty snow peak of the mountain is glittering in the first rays of the sun, which has not yet reached us. The long mountain wall to the east, rising two thousand feet abruptly from the plain, behind which we see the peaks, is still dark, and cuts clear against the glowing sky. A fog, just risen from the river, lies along the base of the mountain. A little before sunrise, the thermometer was at 35°, and at sunrise 33°. Water froze last night, and fires are very comfortable. The scenery becomes hourly more interesting and grand, and the view here is truly magnificent; but, indeed, it needs something to repay the long prairie journey of a thousand miles. The sun has just shot above the wall, and makes a magical change. The whole valley is glowing and bright, and all the mountain peaks are gleaming like silver. Though these snow mountains are not the Alps, they have their own character of grandeur and magnificence, and will doubtless find pens and pencils to do them justice. In the scene before us we feel how much wood improves a view. The pines on the mountain seemed to give it much additional beauty. I was agreeably disappointed in the character of the streams on this side the ridge. Instead of the creeks, which description had led me to expect, I find bold, broad streams, with three or four feet water, and a rapid current. The fork on which we are encamped is upwards of a hundred feet wide, timbered with groves or thickets of the low willow. We were now approaching the loftiest part of the Wind River chain; and I left the valley a few miles from our encampment, intending to penetrate the mountains, as far as possible, with the whole party. We were soon involved in very broken ground, among long ridges covered with fragments of granite. Winding our way up a long ravine, we came unexpectedly in view of a most beautiful lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction we had been pursuing; and, descending the steep, rocky ridge, where it was necessary to lead our horses, we followed its banks to the southern extremity. Here a view of the utmost magnificence and grandeur burst upon our eyes. With nothing between us

and their feet to lessen the effect of the whole height, a grand bed of snow-capped mountains rose before us, pile upon pile, glowing in the bright light of an August day. Immediately below them lay the lake, between two ridges, covered with dark pines, which swept down from the main chain to the spot where we stood. Here, where the lake glittered in the open sunlight, its banks of yellow sand and the light foliage of aspen groves contrasted well with the gloomy pines. "Never before," said Mr. Preuss, "in this country or in Europe, have I seen such magnificent, grand rocks." I was so much pleased with the beauty of the place, that I determined to make the main camp here, where our animals would find good pasturage, and explore the mountains with a small party of men. Proceeding a little further, we came suddenly upon the outlet of the lake, where it found its way through a narrow passage between low hills. Dark pines, which overhung the stream, and masses of rock, where the water foamed along, gave it much romantic beauty. Where we crossed, which was immediately at the outlet, it is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and so deep that with difficulty we were able to ford it. Its bed was an accumulation of rocks, boulders, and broad slabs, and large angular fragments, among which the animals fell repeatedly.

The current was very swift, and the water cold and of a crystal purity. In crossing this stream, I met with a great misfortune in having my barometer broken. It was the only one. A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory; and now their snowy peaks rose majestically before me, and the only means of giving them authentically to science, the object of my anxious solicitude by night and day, was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snow of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp. All had seen my anxiety, and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a theme of constant discussion among them; and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be as true as the sun, should stand upon the summits and decide their disputes. Their grief was only inferior to my own.

This lake is about three miles long and of very irregular

width and apparently great depth, and is the head water of the third New Fork, a tributary to Green River, the Colorado of the West. On the map and in the narrative I have called it Mountain Lake. I encamped on the north side, about three hundred and fifty yards from the outlet. This was the most western point at which I obtained astronomical observations, by which this place, called Bernier's encampment, is made in 110° 08′ 03″ west longitude from Greenwich, and latitude 43° 49′ 49″. The mountain peaks, as laid down, were fixed by bearings from this and other astronomical points. We had no other compass than the small ones used in sketching the country; but from an azimuth, in which one of them was used, the variation of the compass is 18° east. The correction made in our field work by the astronomical observations indicates that this is a very correct observation.

As soon as the camp was formed, I set about endeavoring to repair my barometer. As I have already said, this was a standard cistern barometer, of Troughton's construction. The glass cistern had been broken about midway; but, as the instrument had been kept in a proper position, no air had found its way into the tube, the end of which had always remained covered. I had with me a number of vials of tolerably thick glass, some of which were of the same diameter as the cistern, and I spent the day in slowly working on these, endeavoring to cut them of the requisite length; but, as my instrument was a very rough file, I invariably broke them. A groove was cut in one of the trees, where the barometer was placed during the night, to be out of the way of any possible danger; and in the morning I commenced again. Among the powder horns in the camp, I found one which was very transparent, so that its contents could be almost as plainly seen as through glass. This I boiled and stretched on a piece of wood to the requisite diameter, and scraped it very thin, in order to increase to the utmost its transparency. I then secured it firmly in its place on the instrument with strong glue made from a buffalo, and filled it with mercury properly heated. A piece of skin, which had covered one of the vials, furnished a good pocket, which was well secured with strong thread and glue; and then the brass cover was screwed to its place. The instrument was left some time to dry; and, when I reversed it, a few hours after, I had the satisfaction to find it in perfect order, its indications being about the same as on the other side of the lake before it had been broken. Our

success in this little incident diffused pleasure throughout the camp; and we immediately set about our preparations for ascending the mountains.

As will be seen, on reference to a map, on this short mountain chain are the head waters of four great rivers of the continent, — namely, the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte Rivers. It had been my design, after having ascended the mountains, to continue our route on the western side of the range, and, crossing through a pass at the north-western end of the chain, about thirty miles from our present camp, return along the eastern slope across the heads of the Yellowstone River, and join on the line to our station of August 7, immediately at the foot of the ridge. In this way, I should be enabled to include the whole chain and its numerous waters in my survey; but various considerations induced me, very reluctantly, to abandon this plan.

I was desirous to keep strictly within the scope of my instructions; and it would have required ten or fifteen additional days for the accomplishment of this object. Our animals had become very much worn out with the length of the journey; game was very scarce; and, though it does not appear in the course of the narrative (as I have avoided dwelling upon trifling incidents not connected with the objects of the expedition), the spirits of the men had been much exhausted by the hardships and privations to which they had been subjected. Our provisions had well-nigh all disappeared. Bread had long been out of the question; and of all our stock we had remaining two or three pounds of coffee and a small quantity of macaroni, which had been husbanded with great care for the mountain expedition we were about to undertake. Our daily meal consisted of dry buffalo meat cooked in tallow; and, as we had not dried this with Indian skill, part of it was spoiled, and what remained of good was as hard as wood, having much the taste and appearance of so many pieces of bark. Even of this, our stock was rapidly diminishing in a camp which was capable of consuming two buffaloes in every twenty-four hours. These animals had entirely disappeared, and it was not probable that we should fall in with them again until we returned to the Sweet Water.

Our arrangements for the ascent were rapidly completed. We were in a hostile country, which rendered the greatest vigilance and circumspection necessary. The pass at the north end of the mountain was generally infested by Blackfeet; and im-

mediately opposite was one of their forts, on the edge of a little thicket, two or three hundred feet from our encampment. We were posted in a grove of beech, on the margin of the lake, and a few hundred feet long, with a narrow *prairillon* on the inner side, bordered by the rocky ridge. In the upper end of this grove we cleared a circular space about forty feet in diameter, and with the felled timber and interwoven branches surrounded it with a breastwork five feet in height. A gap was left for a gate on the inner side, by which the animals were to be driven in and secured, while the men slept around the little work. It was half hidden by the foliage, and, garrisoned by twelve resolute men, would have set at defiance any band of savages which might chance to discover them in the interval of our absence. Fifteen of the best mules, with fourteen men, were selected for the mountain party. Our provisions consisted of dried meat for two days, with our little stock of coffee and some macaroni. In addition to the barometer and a thermometer, I took with me a sextant and spy-glass, and we had, of course, our compasses. In charge of the camp I left Brenier, one of my most trustworthy men, who possessed the most determined courage.

August 12. — Early in the morning we left the camp, fifteen in number, well armed, of course, and mounted on our best mules. A pack animal carried our provisions, with a coffee-pot and kettle and three or four tin cups. Every man had a blanket strapped over his saddle, to serve for his bed, and the instruments were carried by turns on their backs. We entered directly on rough and rocky ground, and, just after crossing the ridge, had the good fortune to shoot an antelope. We heard the roar, and had a glimpse of a waterfall as we rode along; and, crossing in our way two fine streams, tributary to the Colorado, in about two hours' ride we reached the top of the first row or range of the mountains. Here, again, a view of the most romantic beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with the dark green of the balsam pine, relieved on the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicated with each other; and the green of the waters, common to mountain lakes of great depth, showed that it would be impos-

sible to cross them. The surprise manifested by our guides when these impassable obstacles suddenly barred our progress proved that we were among the hidden treasures of the place, unknown even to the wandering trappers of the region. Descending the hill, we proceeded to make our way along the margin to the southern extremity. A narrow strip of angular fragments of rock sometimes afforded a rough pathway for our mules; but generally we rode along the shelving side, occasionally scrambling up, at a considerable risk of tumbling back into the lake.

The slope was frequently 60°. The pines grew densely together, and the ground was covered with the branches and trunks of trees. The air was fragrant with the odor of the pines; and I realized this delightful morning the pleasure of breathing that mountain air which makes a constant theme of the hunter's praise, and which now made us feel as if we had all been drinking some exhilarating gas. The depths of this unexplored forest were a place to delight the heart of a botanist. There was a rich undergrowth of plants and numerous gay-colored flowers in brilliant bloom. We reached the outlet at length, where some freshly barked willows that lay in the water showed that beaver had been recently at work. There were some small brown squirrels jumping about in the pines and a couple of large mallard ducks swimming about in the stream.

The hills on this southern end were low, and the lake looked like a mimic sea as the waves broke on the sandy beach in the force of a strong breeze. There was a pretty open spot, with fine grass for our mules; and we made our noon halt on the beach, under the shade of some large hemlocks. We resumed our journey after a halt of about an hour, making our way up the ridge on the western side of the lake. In search of smoother ground, we rode a little inland, and, passing through groves of aspen, soon found ourselves again among the pines. Emerging from these, we struck the summit of the ridge above the upper end of the lake.

We had reached a very elevated point; and in the valley below and among the hills were a number of lakes at different levels, some two or three hundred feet above others, with which they communicated by foaming torrents. Even to our great height, the roar of the cataracts came up; and we could see them leaping down in lines of snowy foam. From this scene

of busy waters, we turned abruptly into the stillness of a forest, where we rode among the open bolls of the pines over a lawn of verdant grass, having strikingly the air of cultivated grounds. This led us, after a time, among masses of rock, which had no vegetable earth but in hollows and crevices, though still the pine forest continued. Toward evening we reached a defile, or rather a hole in the mountains, entirely shut in by dark pine-covered rocks.

A small stream, with a scarcely perceptible current, flowed through a level bottom of perhaps eighty yards' width, where the grass was saturated with water. Into this the mules were turned, and were neither hobbled nor picketed during the night, as the fine pasturage took away all temptation to stray; and we made our bivouac in the pines. The surrounding masses were all of granite. While supper was being prepared, I set out on an excursion in the neighborhood, accompanied by one of my men. We wandered about among the crags and ravines until dark, richly repaid for our walk by a fine collection of plants, many of them in full bloom. Ascending a peak to find the place of our camp, we saw that the little defile in which we lay communicated with the long green valley of some stream, which, here locked up in the mountains, far away to the south, found its way in a dense forest to the plains.

Looking along its upward course, it seemed to conduct by a smooth gradual slope directly toward the peak, which, from long consultation as we approached the mountain, we had decided to be the highest of the range. Pleased with the discovery of so fine a road for the next day, we hastened down to the camp, where we arrived just in time for supper. Our table service was rather scant; and we held the meat in our hands, and clean rocks made good plates on which we spread our macaroni. Among all the strange places on which we had occasion to encamp during our long journey, none have left so vivid an impression on my mind as the camp of this evening. The disorder of the masses which surrounded us, the little hole through which we saw the stars overhead, the dark pines where we slept, and the rocks lit up with the glow of our fires made a night picture of very wild beauty.

August 13.—The morning was bright and pleasant, just cool enough to make exercise agreeable; and we soon entered the defile I had seen the preceding day. It was smoothly carpeted with a soft grass and scattered over with groups of

flowers, of which yellow was the predominant color. Sometimes we were forced by an occasional difficult pass to pick our way on a narrow ledge along the side of the defile, and the mules were frequently on their knees; but these obstructions were rare, and we journeyed on in the sweet morning air, delighted at our good fortune in having found such a beautiful entrance to the mountains. This road continued for about three miles, when we suddenly reached its termination in one of the grand views which at every turn meet the traveler in this magnificent region. Here the defile up which we had traveled opened out into a small lawn, where, in a little lake, the stream had its source.

There were some fine *asters* in bloom, but all the flowering plants appeared to seek the shelter of the rocks and to be of lower growth than below, as if they loved the warmth of the soil, and kept out of the way of the winds. Immediately at our feet a precipitous descent led to a confusion of defiles, and before us rose the mountains. It is not by the splendor of far-off views, which have lent such a glory to the Alps, that these impress the mind, but by a gigantic disorder of enormous masses and a savage sublimity of naked rock in wonderful contrast with innumerable green spots of a rich floral beauty shut up in their stern recesses. Their wildness seems well suited to the character of the people who inhabit the country.

I determined to leave our animals here and make the rest of our way on foot. The peak appeared so near that there was no doubt of our returning before night; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with our provisions and blankets. We took with us nothing but our arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left our coats. Having made an early dinner, we started again. We were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge hid a succession of others; and when, with great fatigue and difficulty, we had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side. All these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed our path, forcing us to make long *détours*, frequently obliged to retrace our steps, and frequently falling

among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated toward the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. We clambered on, always expecting with every ridge that we crossed to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about four o'clock, when, pretty well worn out, we reached the shore of a little lake in which there was a rocky island. We remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others was bound with rocks, over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

By the time we had reached the further side of the lake, we found ourselves all exceedingly fatigued, and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, we encamped. The spot we had chosen was a broad, flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded us bright fires. Near by was a foaming torrent which tumbled into the little lake about one hundred and fifty feet below us, and which, by way of distinction, we have called Island Lake. We had reached the upper limit of the piney region; as above this point no tree was to be seen, and patches of snow lay everywhere around us on the cold sides of the rocks. The flora of the region we had traversed since leaving our mules was extremely rich, and among the characteristic plants the scarlet flowers of the *Dodecatheon dentatum* everywhere met the eye in great abundance. A small green ravine, on the edge of which we were encamped, was filled with a profusion of alpine plants in brilliant bloom. From barometrical observations made during our three days' sojourn at this place, its elevation above the Gulf of Mexico is 10,000 feet. During the day we had seen no sign of animal life; but among the rocks here we heard what was supposed to be the bleat of a young goat, which we searched for with hungry activity, and found to proceed from a small animal of a gray color, with short ears and no tail, — probably the Siberian squirrel. We saw a considerable number of them, and, with the exception of a small bird like a sparrow, it is the only inhabitant of this elevated part of the mountains. On our return we saw below this lake large flocks of the mountain goat. We had nothing to eat to-night. Lajeunesse with several others took their guns and sallied out in search of a goat, but returned unsuccessful. At sunset the barometer stood at 20.522, the attached thermometer 50°. Here we had the

misfortune to break our thermometer, having now only that attached to the barometer. I was taken ill shortly after we had encamped, and continued so until late in the night, with violent headache and vomiting. This was probably caused by the excessive fatigue I had undergone and want of food, and perhaps also in some measure by the rarity of the air. The night was cold, as a violent gale from the north had sprung up at sunset, which entirely blew away the heat of the fires. The cold and our granite beds had not been favorable to sleep, and we were glad to see the face of the sun in the morning. Not being delayed by any preparation for breakfast, we set out immediately.

On every side as we advanced was heard the roar of waters and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance until it expanded into a lake about one mile in length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains, and agreeably to his advice we left this little valley and took to the ridges again, which we found extremely broken and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him, and he went plunging down the plane. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed, and, though he turned a couple of somersets, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clément Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and lay down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed further in that direction, and took an observation where the barometer stood at 19.401, attached thermometer 50° in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak towards which all our efforts had been directed towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the meantime, finding myself grow rather worse than better, and doubtful how far my

strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse with four men back to the place where the mules had been left.

We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country; and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and, after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better toward sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

August 15. — It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clément Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object, if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely

shone. Snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure; and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450, attached thermometer 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, — three or four and eight or ten feet cube, — and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parflêche;* but here I put on a light thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to head-

ache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51° E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except the small, sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here on the summit where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but, while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus, the humble bee*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

It was a strange place — the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains — for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier, a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place,— in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The

barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44°, giving for the elevation of this summit 13.570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them with that of a French officer still farther to the north and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri. Far to the north we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte River. Around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin, lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3° east, which with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50° west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south 39° east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of

the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and, when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveler on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft, fragrant air; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and in spite of the cold slept soundly.

The Great Salt Lake.

(From Frémont's Journal of his Second Expedition.)

The cliffs and masses of rock along the shore were whitened by an incrustation of salt where the waves dashed up against them; and the evaporating water, which had been left in holes and hollows on the surface of the rocks, was covered with a crust of salt about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. It appeared strange that in the midst of this grand reservoir one of our greatest wants lately had been salt. Exposed to be more perfectly dried in the sun, this became very white and fine, having the usual flavor of very excellent common salt, without any foreign taste; but only a little was collected for present use, as there was in it a number of small black insects. Carrying with us the barometer and other instruments, in the afternoon we ascended to the highest point of the island, — a bare, rocky peak, 800 feet above the lake. Standing on the summit, we enjoyed an extended view of the lake, inclosed in a basin of rugged mountains, which sometimes left marshy flats and extensive bottoms between them and the shore, and in other places came directly down into the water with bold and precip-

itous bluffs. Following with our glasses the irregular shores, we searched for some indications of a communication with other bodies of water or the entrance of other rivers; but the distance was so great that we could make out nothing with certainty. To the southward, several peninsular mountains, 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, entered the lake, appearing, so far as the distance and our position enabled us to determine, to be connected by flats and low ridges with the mountains in the rear. At the season of high waters in the spring it is probable that all the marshes and low grounds are overflowed, and the surface of the lake considerably greater. In several places the view was of unlimited extent, — here and there a rocky islet appearing above the water at a great distance; and beyond everything was vague and undefined. As we looked over the vast expanse of water spread out beneath us, and strained our eyes along the silent shores over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the almost irresistible desire to continue our exploration; but the lengthening snow on the mountains was a plain indication of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the uncertainties of the lake. I therefore unwillingly resolved to terminate our survey here, and remain satisfied for the present with what we had been able to add to the unknown geography of the region. We felt pleasure also in remembering that we were the first who, in the traditionary annals of the country, had visited the islands, and broken, with the cheerful sound of human voices, the long solitude of the place.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE

(*Utah*)

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Philip Freneau, an American sea-captain, journalist, and poet, born at New York in 1752; died near Freehold, N. J., in 1832. He studied at Princeton College, N. J., where he wrote his "Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah." During the war of the Revolution he wrote numerous burlesques in prose and verse, which were very popular at the time. In 1865 these were brought together and edited with a "Memoir and Notes," by Evert A. Duyckinck. Freneau had intended to study law, but instead of this he "followed the sea." In 1780 he was captured by a British vessel, and confined in the prison-ship at New York, an event which he commemorated in his poem "The British Prison Ship." In 1789 Freneau was given the place of French translator in the State department, and at the same time he was editor of the *National Gazette*, a newspaper hostile to the administration of Washington. This journal was discontinued in 1793, and two years later he started a newspaper in New Jersey, and still later in New York, *The Time Piece*, a tri-weekly, in which appeared his cleverest prose essays. His newspaper undertakings were unsuccessful, and he again entered upon seafaring occupations. During the second war with Great Britain he wrote several spirited poems, glorifying the successes of the American arms. His mercantile undertakings were not prosperous, and he at length retired to a little farm which he owned in New Jersey. At the age of eighty he lost his way at night in a violent snow-storm, and was found next morning dead in a swamp near his residence.

Freneau may fairly be styled the earliest American poet; and, apart from this, not a few of his poems deserve a permanent place in our literature.

The Early New Englanders.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mold,
And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of old,
Disclaimed all pretenses to jesting and laughter,
And sighed their lives through to be happy hereafter.
On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They looked toward Zion, wherever they went,

Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worried mankind — for the sake of the Lord. . . .
A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green,
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen;
Their bodies were warmed with the linings of love,
And the fire was sufficient that flashed from above. . . .
On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud;
The road to the meeting was only allowed;
And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,
Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
This day was the mournfullest day of the week;
Except on religion none ventured to speak;
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives. . . .
This beautiful system of Nature below
They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.
They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature called Man —
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link, in its place, in creation's vast chain. . . .
Thus feuds and vexations distracted their reign —
And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain; —
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old.
Proud, rough, independent, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea;
Their country too barren their wish to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.
Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
I see the bold Yankees expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
No climate for them is too cold or too warm;
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm,
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.
No valor in fable their valor exceeds;
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;
No rivals have they in our annals of fame,
Or, if they are rivaled, 'tis York has the claim.

HENDRICK HUDSON LANDING ON MANHATTAN ISLAND

(*New York*)

The Dutch and the English in New York.

The first that attempted to enter this strait
(In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)
Was Hudson (the same that we mentioned before),
Who was lost in the gulf that he went to explore.
For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)
This captain transferred all his rights to the Dutch;
For the time has been here (to the world be it known),
When all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.
The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
And fixed on an island to lay out a town;
They modeled their streets from the horns of a ram:
And the name that best pleased them was New Amsterdam.
They purchased large tracts from the Indians for beads,
And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
Who (none knows for what) from their country had flown,
To live here in peace, undisturbed and alone.
New Belgia the Dutch called their province, be sure;
But names never yet made possession secure,
For Charley (the Second that honored the name)
Sent over a squadron asserting his claim.
Had his sword and his title been equally slender,
In vain had they summoned Mynheer to surrender.
The soil they demanded, and threatened the worst,
Insisting that Cabot had looked at it first.
The want of a squadron to fall on their rear
Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer.
Force ended the contest; the right was a sham,
And the Dutch were sent packing to hot Surinam.
'Twas hard to be thus of their labors deprived,
But the age of Republics had not yet arrived.
Fate saw (though no wizard could tell them as much)
That the Crown in due time, was to fare like the Dutch.

The Battle of Stonington, Conn., August, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moored, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones his sermon read,
In which the reverend Doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penned,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put old women in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repaired,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came — though very hard
The cannon played on Stonington.

The "Ramillies" began the attack,
"Despatch" came forward, bold and black,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers, with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul,
That stood a mile from Stonington.

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen;
They dashed away, and pray what then? —
This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw —
Though every house was full in view —
Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;
The Yankees brought two guns to bear;
And, Sir, it would have made you stare
This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored the "Pactolus" through and through,
And killed and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
To the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig "Dèspatch" was hulled and torn —
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
On the little fort at Stonington.

The "Ramillies" gave up the affray,
And with her comrades sneaked away:
Such was the valor, on that day,
Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert on certain grounds —
Besides the damage and the wounds —
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

The Wild Honeysuckle.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet.
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft water murmuring by.
Thus quietly thy Summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers less gay
(The flowers that did in Eden bloom).
Unpitying Frost, and Autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From Morning suns and Evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once you nothing lose,

For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.

May to April.

Without your showers
I breed no flowers;
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
Made room for May,
So must I part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.

Directions for Courtship.

When you discover a serious liking to a young woman, never disclose your passion to her by way of letter. It will either give the lady an idea that you are a bashful booby, or that you have not any address in conversation: both which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of only tolerable good sense.

During the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you what news, you must not tell her a long story out of the Dutch or English gazettes about the decline of trade, the fall of stocks, or the death of Mynheer Van der Possum. She looks for no such answers. You must relate a melancholy tale of two or three young gentlemen of fortune and handsome expectations, that have lately drowned themselves in the Schuylkill, or thrown themselves headlong from their third-story windows, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement, for the sake of a certain inexorable fair one, whose name you cannot recollect; but the beauty and shafts of whose eyes these poor young gentlemen could not possibly withstand. Such intelligence as this will instantly put her into good humor. . . .

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

John Hookham Frere, an English diplomatist, scholar, and poet, born in London, May 21, 1769; died at Malta, Jan 7, 1846. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was one of the brilliant lads who carried on that clever journal called *The Microcosm*, and afterward he was associated with Canning and others in the conduct of the *Anti-Jacobin.* Frere entered public service in the Foreign Office during the administration of Lord Grenville, and from 1796 to 1802 sat in Parliament. In 1799 he succeeded Canning as Under Secretary of State; in 1800 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal, and in 1802 he was transferred to Spain, whither he was again sent in 1808. He was in 1809 recalled, being succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley. In 1820 he took up his residence at Malta, and that island was thenceforth his home, although he made several extended visits to London. During his abode at Malta he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits: studied some of his favorite Greek authors, and made admirable translations of several of the comedies of Aristophanes, and from Theognis. In 1871 his entire works were edited by his nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.

In 1817 appeared anonymously the most notable of Frere's original poems. It was a small volume of mock-heroic verse entitled "Prospectus and Specimen, of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The poem is in four Cantos, with an explanatory Prologue:

The Marauding Giants.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a report
  Filled every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies on their journey to the Court,
  Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants to their fort —
  An unknown fort — for Government, they say,

Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction nor its distance.

V.

A waiting-damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
Herself a witness of a woeful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen.
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy Knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying;
"Excuse us, Madame, we've no time to waste:"
And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
With other Knights equipped and armed in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
And wandered up and down till break of day,
When they discovered by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay.
They found unleavened fragments scorched and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses;
He felt the embers but the heat was out;
He stood contemplating the roasted horses;
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces:
"The giants must be somewhere hereabout."
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows.

IX.

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest;

Their usual habitation must be near:
They feed at sunset, and retire to rest;
A moment's search will set the matter clear." —
The fact turned out precisely as he guessed:
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a valley, closed on every side,
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried.
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
First came the Briton, afterward the Roman:
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height,
Encompassed all the level valley round.
With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground.
That vale was so sequestered and secluded
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a cave and den,
That, with its strange construction, seemed to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when
Hewn inward in the huge suspended rock
The tombs and monuments of mighty men:
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base.

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased;
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage;
But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a reign.

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain:
A true-born Giant never trusts a Knight. —
He sent a herald, who returned again
All torn to rags and perishing with fright.
A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain: —
To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite.
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The castle and the fortress were assailed.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
They shoveled down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
Bouncing and bounding down and breaking bones.
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder.
Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed; —
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A council then was called, and all agreed
To call in succor from the country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede:
It seems his falcon was not to be found.
He went in search of her; but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the country came;
At Gawain's summons all the people aided;
They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
They dug, they delved, they palisaded,
Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded
And every ford where Giants might have waded.

XXIV.

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forbore, it was that in reality
His conscience smote him with a secret touch,

For having shocked his worthy friend's formality —
He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
He walks apart with him; and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces:

XXV.

Approving everything that had been done; —
"It serves to put the Giants off their guard;
Less hazard and less danger will be run;
I doubt not we shall find them unprepared.
The castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spared;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell),
That his whole system was entirely wrong.
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

XXVII.

"Indeed," Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know —
For aught that we can tell — this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
And we may starve and perish here outright.
'Tis better risking a decisive blow. —
I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band:
He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
Sliced downwards from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your entrance, just three yards behind,
  There was a mass of stone of moderate height;
It stood before you like a screen or blind;
  And there — on either hand to left and right —
Were sloping parapets or planes inclined,
  On which two massy stones were placed upright,
Secured by staples and by leather ropes
Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

"Cousin, these dogs have some device or gin!
  I'll run the gauntlet and I'll stand a knock!" —
He dashed into the gate through thick and thin;
  He hewed away the bands which held the block;
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
  And closed the entrance with a thundering shock,
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the classics in their seas.)

LII.

This saw Sir Tristram: As you may suppose,
  He found some Giants wounded, others dead;
He shortly equalizes these with those.
  But one poor devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose.
  Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies? — They were tolerably well;
  At least as well as could have been expected.
Many details I must forbear to tell;
  Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
  That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the fort,
  And seen all safe, was climbing to the wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer court;)
  But when he came, he saved himself the fall.

Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport:
The Giants were demolished one and all.
He pulled them up the wall. They climb and enter:
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

A Pause in the Story.

And now the thread of our romance unravels,
Presenting new performances on the stage:
A Giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next succeeding page. —
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this fastidious, supercilious age.
Reviews and paragraphs in morning papers;
The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapors.

The Monks and the Giants.

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river's bank and southern beam;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly presence and of good esteem,
That passed an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted
In the first Abbot's lifetime, much respect;
The Giants let them settle where they listed:
The Giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
Old and abandoned, dying with neglect;
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seemed a glorious, golden opportunity
To civilize the whole gigantic race;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity.
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,

And might have much enriched the whole community,
Had the old Giant lived a longer space.
But he relapsed, and though all means were tried,
They could but just baptize him — when he died.

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanor calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential:
They kept a distant courteous intercourse,
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathes a wish throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size and louder tone.
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling and the clangor,
Roused their irrational, gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply;
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal broke forth at break of day;
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say.
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel),

XIX.

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place.
Not so the Mountain-Giants (as behooved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved
They ran straight-forward to besiege the place
With a discordant, universant yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination;
The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So "my heart sickens and I drop my pen,"
And am obliged to pick it up again.

The Close of the War.

XLVIII.

The Giant-troops invariably withdrew
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain)
Returned to clamor, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again.
Thus the blockade grew tedious. I intended
A week ago, myself to raise and end it.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
For all my notions being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand
And multiply themselves a thousandfold
Beyond the first idea that I planned.
Besides — this present copy must be sold;
Besides — I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.

GUSTAV FREYTAG.

Gustav Freytag, a German novelist, dramatist, and journalist, born at Kreuzburg, in Silesia, July 13, 1816; died at Wiesbaden, April 30, 1895. He was educated at Oels, Breslau, and Berlin, and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1838. In 1845 he published a volume of poems entitled "In Breslau," and an historical comedy, "The Espousal of Kuntz von Rosen." He went in 1847 to Leipsic and, in conjunction with Julian Schmidt, became editor of *Grenzboten* (The Messenger of the Frontier). In this and the following year he published the dramas "Valentine" and "Count Waldemar;" in 1854, a comedy, "Die Journalisten;" and in 1859 a classical drama, "Die Fabier." Others of his dramatic works are "Der Gelehrte," a tragedy, and "Eine arme Schneiderseele," a comedy. His novel, "Soll und Haben" (1855), at once gave him a high place among German writers of fiction. It was translated into English under the title of "Debit and Credit." "Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit" was followed in 1862 by "Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des Deutschen Volkes." Another novel, "Die Verlorne Handschrift," appeared in 1864, and a series of tales collected under the title of "Die Ahnen" (Ancestors) in 1876. In 1870 Freytag resigned from the *Grenzboten*, and took charge of *Im neuen Reich*, a weekly journal published at Leipsic.

"The Princess and the Professor."

(From "The Lost Manuscript.")

It was a warm day on which the Professor set off to go to the castle. The air had not yet become cool after the storm of the night. There were fleeting shadows and bright sunshine on the sky and earth; the thick clouds sometimes cast a gray covering over the straight road along which the learned man passed; but then again it lay before him like a golden path, leading to the longed-for goal.

Thus did dazzling light and dark shadows flit through the soul of our scholar. "The manuscript will be found; it is concealed from us," he said to himself, and his brow became clouded.

"If it should not be found, many will read with astonishment how deceptive appearances were, how near the possibility. Many will with regret resign the hope which the words of the monk had inspired, yet none will feel this regret so much as I shall. A thought which has for years occupied my fancy, and directed my eyes to one object, has gained the mastery over me. The free mind of man plays with the thousand impressions of ancient and modern times: he restrains their power by the balance of his reason and strength of his will. But with me a small image of the faded characters of an old book has penetrated so deeply into my soul that the hope of obtaining it makes the blood course through my veins, and the fear of losing it paralyzes my energies. I know that my eagerness is too great; it has hardened me against the childish anguish of my wife, and I myself have not become stronger since I have trodden the uncertain path of the poacher. Every one should be on his guard lest his dreams should diminish the sovereignty of his mind. Even the dreams of the best hours, when a soul innocently devotes itself to a great feeling, may turn a man away from the straight path of duty, that lies nearest to him."

A golden light broke over his countenance. "But if it is found! It is only a small portion of our knowledge of ancient times that lies concealed in it. And yet it is just this discovery that would pour a flood of light upon a landscape hovering in twilight, and several decades of ancient life would become visible to our eyes with as distinct an outline as if they lay in a nearer past. The discovery would solve a hundred doubts, and excite a thousand new ones. Every later generation would rejoice in the great gain, and would seek, with revived energy, for new disclosures. Even for her, who at the castle shares so warm-heartedly in my anxieties, I wish the pleasure of this discovery. To her also it would be forever a great remembrance, that she had taken a kindly interest in the first labors of the searcher."

Higher rose the mountains and more brilliant became the coloring of their masses. The line of hills in the foreground stood forth from the misty distance; blue glimpses of the valley were visible through the openings of the dark wood. The carriage rolled through a well-preserved forest; a thick growth of firs and pines shut out the prospect for a time; when the road led again into the open country, through grassy meadows and groups of trees, the castle lay straight before the eyes of

the scholar. A massive, old-fashioned tower crowned with pinnacles rose out of a low wood; the afternoon sun shone above, its rays forming long streaks in the vaporous atmosphere. The brown walls stood out in the lonely landscape, like the last pillar of a gigantic ruined castle; only by the fresh-looking stone mullions of the well-fitted windows did one perceive that it was a habitable abode. Adjoining the tower rose the small chateau, with steeply-sloped roof and pointed windows; in its moderate dimensions it formed a strange contrast to its massive companion; but in spite of the disproportion of the parts the whole formed a stately relic of the middle ages. One could well see that its walls had afforded shelter and defense to many generations.

The tendrils of the wild vine twined up to the roof of the house and round the windows of the tower, which rose in seven stories, supported by strong buttresses. Thyme and grass grew above in the crevices of the crumbling stone; but the grass which a few days ago had covered the ground had been pulled up and the court and doors festively adorned for the new occupants. Banks of flowers and plants in pots were placed around in profusion. There was only one corner in which the hasty work had not been finished, and the remains of mossy green on the ground, and a swarm of blackbirds that fluttered round the tower, showed that the building had stood uninhabited in a lonely country.

The Professor sprang from the carriage, the Marshal greeted him from the balustrade, and led him into the unpretentious guest-chamber. Shortly after he conducted him through a vaulted passage of the castle to the tower. The Princess, who had just returned from a walk, was standing, with her summer hat in her hand, at the entrance of the tower.

"Welcome to my Solitude," she said; "happy be the hour in which this old mansion opens its doors to you. Here you stand at the entrance of my realm. I have made myself at home in almost every part of the tower; it is our female fortress. When these solid oak doors are closed we ladies can found an Amazonian kingdom, and without danger fire fir-cones upon the whole male world, for this is the fruit that flourishes best here. Come, Mr. Werner, I will take you to the place where your thoughts linger more willingly than with children of the present."

A winding stone staircase connected the stories of the tower,

each of which contained rooms and closets; the highest was a loft. The Princess pointed mysteriously to the staircase.

"Yonder at the top, below the rafters," said the Princess to the Professor, "the whole space is crammed with old household furniture. I could not restrain my curiosity, so yesterday I just peeped into the room; the things lie heaped up in wild confusion; we shall have much work."

The Professor examined with pleasure the well-preserved stone-work of the arched doors and the artistic work of the old-time locksmith. Little had been done in modern times to make the walls look respectable or to repair damage; but any one who took interest in the chisel and carving tools of the old builders, might perceive everywhere with pleasure that the tower could easily be changed into a masterpiece of ancient style.

The servant opened the door into the Princess's rooms. These also were simply arranged. The broken painted glass of the small window had been repaired with panes coarsely painted; only fragments of the old pictures still adhered to the lead.

"There is still much to be done here," explained the Princess; "and we shall gradually have everything arranged within the next few years."

The clatter of the Castellan's keys was heard in the anteroom, and the Professor turned towards the door.

"One moment's patience," cried the Princess, and she flew into an adjoining room. She returned in a gray cloak with a hood, which enveloped her in its folds, only the delicate face, the large beaming eyes, and smiling mouth being visible.

"It is only in this gnome costume that I venture to approach the dusty spirits of the lumber-room."

They ascended to the highest story. While the Castellan was picking out the key from the bunch, the Professor eagerly examined the door, and remarked, "More beautiful moldings by your old locksmith."

"I have hopes," said the Princess.

"Everything looks that way," replied the learned man.

The heavy door creaked on its hinges, and a large room presented itself to the eyes of the searchers. A bright light shone through the narrow openings in the wall upon the mysterious apartment; atoms of dust were seen whirling about in the straight shafts of air, while before and beyond all was confu-

sion wrapped in semi-darkness. Old furniture was piled up in hopeless confusion; gigantic wardrobes with broken doors, heavy tables with balls for feet, chairs with straight backs and leather cushions, from which the horsehair bristled out; together with fragments of old weapons, halberds, corroded greaves, and rusty helmets. Indistinct and vague, the forms appeared among each other: legs of chairs, flat pieces of wood with inlaid work, and heaps of old iron lying all around. It was a chaos of frippery, the artistic products of many centuries. Their hand touched the table at which a contemporary of Luther had sat; their foot pushed against a chest which had been broken open by Croats and Swede; or against the white lacquered chair, with moth-eaten velvet cushions, on which a court lady had once sat, in a hoop dress, with powdered hair. Now all lay together in desolate heaps, the cast-off husks of former generations, half destroyed and quite forgotten; empty chrysales, from which the butterflies had flown. All were covered with a gray shroud of dust — the last ashes of vanished life. What once had form and body, now, crushed into powder, whirled about in the air; clouds of dust opposed the entrance of those who came to disturb its possession; it hung to the hair and clothes of the living intruders, and glided slowly through the open door to the rooms, where varied colors and brilliant ornament surrounded the inmates, in order there to carry on the endless struggle of the past with the present — the quiet struggle that is daily renewed in great and small things which makes new things old, and finally dissolves the old in order that it may help to nourish the germ of youthful life.

The Professor glanced like a hawk amidst the legs of tables and chairs in the dusky background.

"Some things have lately been removed from here," he said; "there has been some sweeping among the furniture in the front."

"I yesterday endeavored to clean a little," said the Castellan, "because your Highness expressed a wish to enter here; but we have not gone far."

"Have you ever formerly examined the furniture in this room?" asked the Professor.

"No," replied the man. "I was only placed here last year by his Highness the Sovereign."

"Is there any catalogue of the things?" said the Professor.

The man said there was not.

"Do you know if there are chests or trunks here?"

"I think I have observed something of the kind," replied the Castellan.

"Fetch the workmen to move the things," ordered the Princess. "To-day every part of this attic shall be examined."

The Castellan hastened down. The Professor endeavored again to peep among the piled-up masses, but the glaring light from above dazzled his eyes. He looked at the princely child; she was standing in a costume of bright color at the door, like the fairy of the castle, who has ascended into the dwelling of the gray-bearded spirits of the house in order to accept their homage.

"It will be a long work, and your Highness will not like the dragging about of the dusty furniture."

"I will remain with you," exclaimed the Princess; "however contemptibly small may be my share in the discovery, I will not give it up."

Both were silent. The scholar moved about impatiently among the chairs. Moths fluttered in the clouds of dust, and a brown martin flew out from the nest which it had built in a corner of the window. All was still; there was no sound but a slight regular tapping, like a pendulum striking the hour, in the desolate room.

"That is the death-watch," whispered the Princess.

"The wood-worm is doing its work in the service of nature, it dissolves what is decayed, into its elements."

The sound ceased, but after a time began to tick again, then a second; they tapped and gnawed incessantly, down, down, and further down! Over the heads of the searchers the jackdaws were croaking, and further off the song of the nightingale sounded softly upon the labor of those who were unearthing the past.

The workmen came; they brought one article after another to the front of the room. Thicker rose the discoloring dust; the Princess took refuge in the anteroom, but the Professor did not leave his post. He worked hard himself, raising and arranging things in the front row. He went back for a moment to the door to take breath, the Princess received him laughing.

"You have undergone a complete transformation. You look as if you had been awaiting resurrection in this room, and I do not think I look much better."

"I see a chest," said the Professor, and hastened back.

Another confused medley of chairs' legs and backs were lifted away, and the workmen laid hold of a little chest which stood in the dark. "Set it down," ordered the Castellan, who quickly passed a large brush over it. It was carried to the light and appeared to be a trunk of pine wood with an arched top; the oil color of the paint had disappeared in many places. There were iron clamps at the corners, and a rusty key that held fast the staple of the lock, but hung loosely in the wood. On the cover of the chest, which was dusty and worn, a black "2" was visible. The Professor had the chest put at the feet of the Princess. He pointed to the cipher.

"This is probably one of the chests that the official of Rossau sent to the castle Solitude," he said, with assumed composure, but his voice trembled.

The Princess knelt down and endeavored to raise the cover, the lock broke away from the wood, and the chest opened.

Above lay a thick book, bound in parchment. Quickly the Professor pounced upon it, like a lion on his prey, but he laid it down again immediately. It was an old missal, written on parchment, the cover damaged and torn, the layers of parchment hung loosely in the book. He put his hand again in the chest, a torn hunting net filled the remaining space; beside that some damaged cross-bows, a bundle of arrows, and small iron-work. He raised himself, his cheeks were pale, his eyes glowed.

"This is No. 2, where is No. 1?" he exclaimed. He hurried back into the room, the Princess followed. "Forward, men," he cried out, "fetch the other trunk."

The men continued their work.

"There is something here," said one of the workmen; the Professor hastened to the spot, raised and drew it out, it was only an empty chest.

The work went on. The Marshal also had been brought here by curiosity; he eagerly viewed the old furniture, and caused those pieces to be placed together, which, according to his idea, might be mended and used in the castle. The staircase was filled with household goods, and one of the servants' rooms was opened that the old things might be deposited in it. An hour had passed, the room became more empty, the sun was sinking, its rays reflected the image of the opening in the wall on the opposite side; the other chest was not to be found.

"Remove everything," said the Professor, "even to the last piece of wood."

A heap of old lances, broken glasses and pottery were fetched out of the corner, also broken legs of tables, split pieces of veneered wood, and in the corner a great pewter tankard: — the space was clear. On the floor lay gnawed pieces on which the death-watch had already done its work.

The Professor entered the door again.

"This room is cleared," he said, with forced composure, to the Castellan. "Open the next room."

"I do not believe that you will find anything in it," replied the weary man. "You will only find old shelves and stoves there that formerly stood in the castle."

"Let us go in," said the Professor.

The Castellan opened the door hesitatingly; a second room, still larger and less inviting, came to view; sooty earthen pans, bricks, and slabs of slate, lay mountain-high at the entrance, and over these were wooden tools that probably had been used in the last repairs of the castle.

"I am glad to see this," said the Marshal; "such a load on the upper story is wrong. This lumber must be taken out of the tower."

The Professor had ascended a hill of slate slabs, and was seeking in the darkness for another trunk, but the chaos was too great.

"I will have it cleared out immediately," said the Marshal, consolingly, "but it may take a long time; we shall hardly get through to-day."

The Professor looked imploringly at the Princess.

"Get more people," she commanded.

"Even with that it will soon be dark," replied the Marshal, prudently. "We shall see how far we can get. At all events the Professor may betimes to-morrow find the entrance prepared."

"Meanwhile let us shake the dust from our clothes," said the Princess, "and come into my library; it lies just under us, you can there overlook the work of the people who are clearing away. The chest shall be conveyed into my library. I will take it with me, and shall expect you."

Two men carried No. 2 into the library, and the Professor went unwilling to his room to dress.

The Princess walked about the room where the old chest had been placed, awaiting the return of the scholar. With a heavy heart she looked forward to meeting him; she concealed

in her soul a wish and a commission. The Sovereign had taken leave of her this time with more kindness than he had done for years; before her departure, he had led her into a side room and spoken to her about Werner.

"You know that one cannot leave too much to honest Bergau; I should be glad if you will also do your best to keep the learned man with us. I have got accustomed to him in this short time and would unwillingly miss his enlivening society. But I do not think of myself alone. I am becoming old, and such a man would be of the greatest value to your brother for his whole life — a man in full vigor, who is always collected and calm in the midst of our distracting doings: I therefore wish this intimacy to be preserved and increased for you both: for you also, Sidonie. I have seen with especial satisfaction how enthusiastically you enter into the studies of our learned men. Your mind will not be sufficiently interested with the twittering of the well-mannered birds who surround us; some assistance from a talented person will open to you a nobler conception of the world. Endeavor to gain this man: every kind of burdensome duty shall be spared to him; what now makes his position uncertain shall be removed as soon as he is installed with us. I do not insist upon your speaking to him, I only wish it; and I wish you to believe that in this also I am thinking of your future."

Without doubt this was the case.

The Princess had listened to the words of her father with the quiet criticism that was customary between such near relations. But the words of the Sovereign on this occasion met with such an echo in her soul, that she expressed her willingness to speak to Mr. Werner.

"If you undertake this," the Sovereign said, in conclusion, "you must not do it by halves. Employ all the mild influence that you can exercise over him, obtain his square word and promise for whatever he is inclined to accede to."

The Princess now thought over these words with disquietude. Ah! she would gladly have conveyed to the heart of this much valued man the wishes of her own, but she felt annoyed and perplexed that her secret feelings should be made subservient to the will of another.

The Professor entered the library of the Princess; he gave a glance at the casts and books which were lying about, just unpacked and unarranged, and began:

"When one's hopes have been so much raised, it is difficult to bear suspense. One cannot help laughing over the mocking accident which brings us in contact with a monk whose work is of no value, and withholds from us that of the other which is of immeasurable importance."

The Princess pointed with her hand to the door: outside were heard the steps of people carrying something.

"Only have a little patience; if there is nothing more to-day there may be to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the Professor; "a whole night lies between. Meanwhile the worm gnaws incessantly, and all the powers of destruction are at work. Numberless are the possibilities that separate us from our hope: that acquisition alone is certain which we have in our hands."

He examined the chest.

"It is much smaller than I imagined. By what accident did the missal lie in it? It is not even certain whence it came, and it is still very doubtful what may lie concealed in the other chest."

The Princess raised the top.

"Let us meanwhile pay attention to the little we have found."

She took up the parchment volume, and put it in the hands of the learned man. Some leaves slipped out; the Professor caught hold of them; his eyes contracted, he jumped up and hastened to the window.

"These leaves do not belong to it," he said, reading them. At last he exclaimed: "A piece of the manuscript is found."

He held out the leaves to the Princess; his hand trembled, and the agitation of his countenance was such that he was obliged to turn away. He hastened to the table and searched the missal, opening it leaf by leaf, from beginning to end. The Princess held the leaves in her hand in eager expectation, and approached him. As he looked up he saw two large eyes fixed on him with tender sympathy. Again he seized the two leaves. "What I have here," he cried, "is both valuable and discouraging; one could almost weep that it is not more; it is a fragment out of the sixth book of the annals of Tacitus, that we already possess in another manuscript. These are two leaves of a parchment volume, but between them many are lost. The writing is well preserved — better than I should have expected. It is written by a German, in the characters of the twelfth century."

He looked quickly over the contents in the light of the setting sun. The Princess glanced over his shoulder curiously at the thick letters of the monk's hand.

"It is correct," he proceeded, more calmly, "the discovery is of the greatest interest. It will be instructive to compare this manuscript with the only one extant." He looked at it again. "If it is a copy," he murmured, "perhaps both indicate a common source. Thus the manuscript that we are seeking must be torn; these leaves have fallen out, and perhaps during the packing up have been shoved into a wrong book. There is much still that is mysterious; but the main fact appears to me certain, that we have here a remnant of the manuscript of Rossau, and this discovery ought to be a guarantee that the remainder is at hand. But how much of it?" he continued, gloomily, "and in what condition will it be?"

He again listened anxiously to the steps of the men who were clearing away in the loft. He rushed out of the room, up the stairs, but returned in a few minutes.

"The work goes on slowly," he said; "as yet there is nothing to be seen."

"I do not know whether to wish that it should go on quickly," exclaimed the Princess, cheerfully; but her eyes gave the lie to her smiling mouth. "You must know that I am very selfish in helping you to find the manuscript. As long as you are searching you belong to us. When you have obtained the treasure, you will withdraw yourself into your invisible world, and the retrospect alone will remain to us. I have a mind to close the remaining rooms of the house, and only to open one to you each year, until you have become quite at home with us."

"That would be cruel not to me alone," replied the Professor.

The Princess stepped up to him. "I do not speak mere empty words," she said, in a changed tone. "My father wishes you to make your home with us. Bergau is commissioned to enter into business arrangements, but they are not of the nature to determine your decision. Yet when I express the same wish, that you should remain with us, I do it from my own heart."

"This demand upon me is very unexpected," answered the learned man, with astonishment. "My custom is to weigh such proposals calmly, and from different points of view. I therefore beg your Highness not to require an answer."

"I cannot let you off," exclaimed the Princess. "I should like to gain you in my own way. You shall choose your office

and occupation here as freely as is compatible with our different relations: you shall have every kind of distinction, and every wish that it is in the power of the Sovereign to satisfy shall be fulfilled."

"I am a teacher in the University," replied the Professor. "I teach with pleasure, and not without success. My whole nature and the course of my education fit me for this vocation. The rights and duties which inclose my life have a firm hold on me. I have pupils, and I am engrossed with the work in which I wish them to partake."

"You will never find pupils that will be more truly devoted, or cling more warmly to you, than my brother and myself."

"I am not a tutor who can for any length of time oversee the duties of a prince; I am accustomed to the rigid method of the professor, and to quiet labor among my books."

"This last part of your occupation, at least, will not be lost to the world by your remaining here. This is just the place where you would find leisure, perhaps more than among your students."

"This new life would bring me new duties," replied the Professor, "which I should feel called upon to fulfill. It would occasion me also distractions to which I am not accustomed. You invite a man whom you regard as firm. True, in his own circle of life, that character he possesses; but you have no surety that in another sphere of life he will continue to be so. Do not believe that under changed circumstances I shall retain the repose and calmness of effort that the mind of a worker needs; and my dissatisfaction at inner disturbances would certainly make itself felt upon those about me. But even if I could hope for all regarding my home and my private relations that would make life satisfactory to me, I must still take into consideration where I can personally be most useful; and I am not at present convinced that this would be the case here."

The Princess looked down sadly. The steps of the men who were to free the manuscript from the piles of rubbish still continued to sound above.

"Yet," continued the Professor, "if we were to be fortunate enough to find the manuscript, many days, perhaps many years of my life would be taken up by a new task, which would be so great that I might find my University occupations a burden. Then I should have a right to ask myself, in what surroundings I should best be able to advance this work. In this case, I

should also have a right to leave the University for a long time. But if I do not find it, it will be painful to me to part from here, for my soul will long hover restlessly about this place."

"I will not let you off so easily," cried the Princess. "I hear only the words, duty and manuscript. Is the liking that we show to you, then, of no value to you? Forget, now, that I am a woman, and consider me as a warm-hearted boy, who looks up to you devotedly, and is not quite unworthy of your interest."

The Professor looked at the student who stood before him and did not wish to be considered a woman. The Princess had never looked so attractive. He gazed on the blushing cheeks, on the eyes which were fastened so expressively on his countenance, and on the rosy lips which trembled with inward emotion. "My pupils generally look different from that," he said, softly, "and they are accustomed to criticise their teacher more stringently."

"Be content for once," said the Princess, "with finding pure admiration in a susceptible soul. I have before said how much I value your acquaintance. I am no empress who governs a kingdom, and do not wish to employ your powers in my interest. But I should consider it the highest happiness to be in intimate relations with your mind, to listen to the noble words you utter. I feel a longing to look upon life with the clear eyes of a man. You have easily, as if in play, solved riddles that have tormented me, and answered questions with which I have struggled for years. Mr. Werner, you have taken a kind interest in me; if you go from here, I shall find myself alone in those pursuits with which I should most prefer being occupied. If I were a man I should seek you as my teacher; but I am fettered here, and I beckon you to me."

The learned man listened, entranced, to the soft voice that spoke so persuasively.

"I do not beg for myself alone," continued the Princess, "my brother also needs a friend. It will be his task to take charge of the welfare of many. What you could do for his mind would be for the benefit of others. When I look away from the present, and dream of the future of our princely house and of this country, I feel proud that we, brother and sister, have a presage of what will be demanded in our time from princes, and I feel an ambition that we should both, before all others, show ourselves worthy of this high calling. I hope to see a new life developed in my home, and my brother and my-

self surrounded by the best minds of our nation. Thus we should live sensibly and earnestly together, as our times require; it should be no pleasure-loving Court after the old style, but a hearty intercourse between the Sovereign and the mind of the nation. That will make us freer and better in ourselves, and will be an advantage to the whole people; it will also be a bright remembrance for future times. When I think of such a future, then, Mr. Werner, I see you as the dear companion of our life, and the thought makes me proud and happy."

The sun was setting, and its last rays fell glowing upon the Princess and the head of the scholar. Sweetly sounded the song of the nightingale among the elder-bushes; the Professor stood silent opposite the beautiful woman who painted life to him in such rosy colors; his heart beat and his strength failed him. He saw before him two eloquent eyes, and the sound of the entreating words, "Remain with us," rang with entrancing magic once more in his ear.

Something rustled near the Princess; the leaves of the manuscript which she had taken fell to the ground. The Professor bent down to pick them up, and as he raised himself again began, in a feeble tone:

"Your Highness takes a bright look into the future; my eye is accustomed only to read single lines in the history of past ages. Here lies my first task; my dreams hover about these leaves. I am only a man of the study, and I should become less were I to endeavor to become more. I know that I deprive myself of much, and in this hour, when a vision of a brilliant life shines before me so invitingly, I feel this more deeply than ever. But my greatest happiness must be, from within quiet walls, to impress upon the souls of others what will there blossom and bear fruit. My greatest reward must also be that in hours of triumph, when filled with the consciousness of power, some pupil of mine will give a fleeting thought to the far-distant teacher, who has been but one among the thousands that have formed him, but one among the many sowers in the limitless fields of science."

Thus spoke the scholar. But while speaking, with a severe struggle for composure, what was true and honorable, he did not think only of the truth, nor only of the treasure which he was seeking, but of the greater one which he had left in order to pursue his quest with the beautiful fairy of the tower. He heard the beseeching words, "Do not go, Felix," and they were

a timely warning. "When I return to her, will she be contented with me?" thought the innocent man. He was spared the necessity of asking the question.

The rolling of a carriage was heard below, and the steps of the servant who was coming to announce an arrival.

"Is your will so inflexible, your intention so firm?" exclaimed the Princess, passionately. "But I am also obstinate; I shall continue my entreaties. War between us two, Mr. Werner! Farewell, till evening."

She hastened down the steps. The evening light disappeared behind dark clouds; the mist hovered over the meadows and hung on the tops of the trees; and the daws flew croaking round the walls of the tower. The door of the room above creaked on its hinges, and the Castellan rattled his keys, while the scholar looked lovingly at the leaves which he held in his hand.

The Return of the Professor.

The twilight of evening fell on the deep valley, and the mist rose from the water; it floated slowly from tree to tree, it undulated and rolled its long, dusky veil between Ilse and her father's house. The trunks of the trees and the roof of the house disappeared, and the grotto seemed to hover in clouds of air separated from the earth amidst indistinct shadows, which hung round the entrance of the rock and fluttered at Ilse's feet, then collected together and dissolved.

Ilse sat on the bench at the entrance, her hands folded over her knees, appearing in her light dress, like a fairy woman of olden times, a ruler of the floating shadows. She gazed along her side of the shore on the mountain-path that led from Rossau.

The distant steps of a wanderer sounded through the damp fog. Ilse took hold of the moist stone. Something moved on the ground near her, and glided indistinctly forward — perhaps it was a night-swallow or owl.

"It is he," said Ilse, softly. She rose slowly, she trembled, and supported herself against the rock.

The figure of a man stepped out of the white mist; he stopped astonished when he saw a woman standing there.

"Ilse!" called out a clear voice.

"I await you here," she answered, in a low tone. "Stop there, Felix. You find not your wife as you left her. Another has coveted that which is yours; a poisonous breath has passed

over me; words have been said to me which no honest woman ought to hear, and I have been looked upon as a bought slave."

"You have escaped from the enemy."

"I have, and therefore am here; but I am no longer in the eyes of others what I once was. You had a wife free from all taint; she who now stands before you is evilly talked of, both on account of father and son."

"The noise of tongues dies away like the surging of the water beneath your feet. It signifies little what others think when we have done what is satisfactory to our own consciences."

"I am glad that you do not care for the talk of others. But I am not quite so proud and independent as I was. I conceal my sorrow, but I feel it always. I am lowered in my own eyes, and, I fear, Felix, in yours also; for I have brought on my own misfortune — I have been too frank with strangers, and given them a right over me."

"You have been brought up to trust in those who hold high positions. Who can give up loyal trust without pain?"

"I have been awakened, Felix. Now answer me," she continued, with agitation, "how do you return to me?"

"As a weary, erring man, who seeks the heart of his wife and her forgiveness."

"What has your wife to forgive, Felix?" she again asked.

"That my eyes were blinded, and that I forgot my first duties to follow a vain chase."

"Is that all, Felix? Have you brought me back your heart, unchanged to me as it was before?"

"Dear Ilse," exclaimed her husband, embracing her.

"I hear your tones of love," she exclaimed, passionately, throwing her arms round his neck. She led him into the grotto, stroked the drops of water out of his damp hair, and kissed him. "I have you, my beloved one; I cling firmly to you, and no power shall ever again separate me from you. Sit here, you long-suffering man; I hold you fast. Let me hear all the trouble you have gone through."

The Scholar held his wife in his arms, and related all. He felt her tremble when he told her his adventures.

"Indignant anger and terror impelled me along the road to Rossau after the Sovereign," he said, concluding his account, "and the delay for change of horses seemed insupportable to me. In the town I found a crush of vehicles worse than on a

market-day ; before the inn a confused noise of wheels, and the cries of men, drovers, and court-lackeys, who could not cross the water. In the city I learned from strangers that the foe of our happiness had been overtaken by a fate which pursued him to the water. We have done with him, and are free. They called out to me that the bridge on the way to you was broken. I sprang out of the carriage in order to seek the footpath over the hills and the road behind the garden. Then the dog of our landlord ran past me, and a coachman from our city came up to me and stated that he had brought Fritz and Laura to the town, but that they had gone further down the stream in order to find a crossing. You may believe that I would not wait."

"I knew that you would seek this path," said Ilse. "To-day you are come to me — to me alone; you belong only to me; you are given to me anew, betrothed to me for the second time. The habitations of men around us have disappeared; we stand alone in the wild cave of the dwarfs. You, my Felix, to whom the whole world belongs, who understand all the secrets of life, who know the past and divine the future — you have nothing now for a shelter but this cleft of the rock, and no covering but the kerchief of poor Anna for your weary limbs. The rock is still warm, and I will strew the grass of our hills as a couch for you. You have nothing, my hero in the wilderness, but the rocks and herbs, and your Ilse by your side."

The stillness of night reigns about; the stream rushes gently around the roots of the brambles; and the white mists hang like a thick curtain over the cave. Dusky phantoms glide along the valley; they hover, in long white dresses, past the rocky entrance, down into the open country, where a fresh breath of air dissolves them. High above, the moon spreads its white, glimmering tent, woven of rays of light and watery vapors; and the old juggler laughs merrily over the valley and down upon the rocky grotto. As the delusive moonlight harasses mortals by its unreal halo, so do they harass themselves by the pictures of their own fancy, in love and hate, in good and bad humor; their life passes away whilst they are thinking of their duty and err in doing it, whilst they seek truth and dream in seeking it. The spirit flies high, and the heart beats warm, but the hobgoblin of fancy works incessantly amidst the reality of life; the cleverest deceive themselves, and the best are disappointed by their own zeal.

Sleep in peace, Ilse. Thou sittest upon thy low stone

bench and holdest in thy lap the head of thy husband. Even in this hour of bliss, thou feelest the sorrow that came to him and thee, and a gentle sigh sounds through the cavern like the movement of a moth's wings against the walls of rock. Sleep in peace. For thou hast lived, in the weeks gone by, through that which for all future time will be a gain to thee. Thou hast learned to seek in the depths of thy own life judgment and firm resolve. It would not be fitting, Ilse, that the lightly-woven tale of that which thou hast suffered, should separately bring up the lofty questions of eternal moment that thou hast raised — thy doubts and thy fierce battles of conscience. That were a too heavy burden for our frail bark. Yet as the mariner at sea, his eye fixed upon things below, recognizes in the waters beneath the reflection of the clouds of heaven, so will thy attainment of freedom, Ilse, be seen in the reflection of thy thoughts, in thy countenance, thy manner, and thy conduct.

Slumber in peace, you children of light! Many of your hopes have been deceived, and much innocent trust has been destroyed by rough reality. The forms of a past time — forms that you have borne reverentially in your hearts — have laid a real hold on your life; for what a man thinks, and what a man dreams, becomes a power over him. What once has entered in the soul continues to work actively in it, exalting and impelling it onward, debasing and destroying it. About you, too, a game of fantastic dreams has played. If at times it has given you pain, it has still not impaired the power of your life, for the roots of your happiness lie as deep as it is granted man, that transitory flower, to rest in the soil of earth. Slumber in peace under the roof of the wild rock; the warm air of the grotto breathes round your couch, and the ancient vaulting of the roof spreads protectingly over your weary eyes! Around you the forest sleeps and dreams; the old inhabitants of the rock sit at the entrance of the cave. I know not whether they are the elves in whom Ilse does not believe, or the old friends of the scholar, the little goat-footed Pans, who blow their sylvan songs on their reed pipes. They hold their fingers to their mouth, and blow so gently in their pipe that it sounds sometimes like the rushing of the water or the soft sigh of a sleeping bird.

Ilse gently touched the head of her husband. Felix opened his eyes, threw his arms round his wife, and for a moment

looked in confusion at the wild scene about him. The mist hovered like a white curtain before the opening of the cave; the first dawn of morning cast a glow on the jagged projections of the dark vault; the redbreast sang, and the blackbird piped; the pure light of day was approaching.

"Do you not hear something?" whispered Ilse.

"The birds singing, and the water rushing."

"But under us, within the rock, some strange power is at work. It stirs and groans."

"It is some animal from the wood," said the Professor; "a fox or a rabbit."

The noise about their seat became louder; something was pushing against the stone bench; it was working and sighing like a man who carries a heavy burden.

"Look," whispered Ilse, "it is coming out; it is slipping round our feet. There sits the strange thing; it has shining eyes and a glittering cloak."

The Professor supported himself on his hand and looked at the dark spot, where a small figure sat with hairy face, its body covered with a stiff, glittering garment.

They both looked motionless at the figure.

"Now do you believe in the spirits of this place?" asked her husband, in a low tone.

"I am afraid, Felix; I distinctly see the gold of the dress, and I see a small beard and a horrible face."

She raised herself.

"Are you the Dwarf-King, Alberich," asked the Professor, "and is the Nibelungen treasure concealed here?"

"It is the red dog," cried Ilse, "he has a coat on."

The Professor jumped up; the dog crouched whining before his feet. The Scholar bent down, felt a strange material round the body of the dog, and took off the covering; he stepped to the entrance and held it up in the dawning light. It was old rotten stuff, woven with golden thread. The dog, freed from his burden, rushed out of the cave with a growl. The Professor gazed long on the torn tissue, let the rag fall, and said gravely:

"Ilse, I am at the goal of my long search. These are the remains of a priestly vestment. The dog has drawn this out of some hole into which he has crept; the treasure of the monk lies in this grotto. But I have done with my hopes. A few days ago this discovery would have intoxicated me, now so dark a remembrance is attached to it that the pleasure that I

might have had in what is concealed in these depths has almost all vanished."

There were loud voices on the opposite bank. Hans hallooed again through the mist; he greeted his sister and Felix who now came out from the cave on the broad rock, with the joyful news — "The water has fallen." The other brothers and sisters rushed after him and came close to the water shouting and screaming. Franz brought a sandwich in a paper, and declared his intention of throwing this breakfast over to them, that they might not starve. The children contended against this decision, and eagerly devised a plan of throwing over a piece of twine on a ball and attaching the sandwich to it. Life on the estate had again resumed its ordinary routine.

"Has Fritz come?" asked the Professor, across the stream.

"They are still at Rossau," called out Hans. "The bridge has been repaired; Mr. Hummel is up, and has gone down there."

The father also came, followed by a troop of laborers, who brought beams and planks. The men went into the water and drove a support into the soft ground, upon which they laid several slender tree-trunks across the water; the Professor caught the rope which was thrown to him. After a few hours' work a small bridge was erected. The Proprietor was the first who passed over to his children, and the men exchanged a grave greeting.

"If the men have an hour's time to spare during the day," said the Professor, "they may do one last work for me here. The hiding-place of the monks was in this cave."

In the meantime Mr. Hummel was descending with rapid steps towards Rossau. The carpenters were still working at the bridge. He cast a searching look on the spot where he had caught hold of the young Prince in the water, and murmured:

"He went down like a cannon-ball. This nation has no capacity for the sea either in its upper or lower classes, — in this whole neighborhood they have not so much as a boat. Twenty years ago there was one here, it is said, but it has been cut up to boil coffee. The best thanks that one can give to this Bielstein man for the disturbance that we have occasioned him, will be to send him a boat to keep among his bundles of straw."

With these thoughts he entered the door of the Dragon; there he went up to the sleepy landlord and asked:

"Where is the young couple that arrived yesterday evening?"

"They are up-stairs, I suppose," returned the latter, indifferently; "their bill is to be paid yet, if you will know."

As he was about to ascend to the upper floor, he heard a cry of joy.

"Father, my father!" exclaimed Laura, rushing down the stairs; she threw her arms round his neck, and gave vent to such warm expressions of tenderness and sorrow that Mr. Hummel at once became gracious.

"Vagrants!" he exclaimed; "have I caught you? Wait! you shall pay dearly for this escapade."

The Doctor also rushed headlong down-stairs, and greeted Mr. Hummel with outbursts of joy.

"Your carriage will bring the things after us; we will go on ahead," ordered Mr. Hummel. "How did your Don Juan behave?" he asked, in a low tone, of his daughter.

"Father, he took care of me like an angel, and sat on a chair the whole night before my door. It was terrible, father."

"And how does the affair please you? So romantic! It calls forth superb feelings, and one thereby escapes the almond-cake and the unseasoned jokes of the comic actor."

But Laura pressed up to her father, and looked imploringly at him, till Mr. Hummel said:

"So it has been a cure? Then I will joyfully pay the bill of the Dragon."

They walked out of the door together.

"How did she behave on the way?" he asked the Doctor, confidentially.

"She was charming," he exclaimed, pressing the arm of the father, "but in an anxious state of mind; I was sent up on the coach-box four times that repentance overcame her."

"What, and did you climb up?" asked Mr. Hummel, indignantly.

"It gave me pleasure to see that she was so deeply affected by the unusual nature of the journey."

"'It gives me pleasure that my poodle should go into the water,' said the flea, and was drowned," returned Mr. Hummel, mockingly. "Why did you not look calmly on the anxiety of my child? It would have saved you many a bond if you had been firm with her the first day."

"But she was not yet my wife," said the Doctor.

"O, it was tolerant mischievousness, was it?" replied the father, "may you bide your time."

When they approached the court-yard, the daughter hanging on the arm of her father — which she would not let go — he began:

"Not a word to-day, now, about this abominable elopement. I have hushed up your thoughtless folly before the people here, and thrown a mantle over it, that you may be able to open your eyes; you are announced and expected as quiet travelers. We shall remain here together to-day; to-morrow I shall speak to you, in my office of father, a last word concerning your romance."

At the door the wanderers were joyfully welcomed by their friends. The Professor and the Doctor embraced each other.

"You come just in time, Fritz; the adventure which we began here years ago will conclude to-day. The treasure of Brother Tobias is discovered."

After some hours the whole party started for the cave; the laborers followed with iron crows and levers.

The Proprietor examined the block of stone at the back of the cave. At the bottom on one side he saw a hole, the same through which the dog had crawled.

"This opening is new," he exclaimed; "it was closed by a stone which has fallen in."

The large stone bench was with some exertion rolled away, and an opening wide enough for a man to creep in without difficulty became perceptible. The lights were lowered into it, and showed a continuation of the cave sloping downwards, which went many yards further into the mountain. It was a desolate space. In the time of the monks it had undoubtedly been dry, but was no longer so. Roots of trees had driven the crevices of the rock asunder, or the strata had sunk, owing to the penetration of the damp. Thus an entrance had been given to water and animals, and there was a confused mass of litter from the wood and bones. The workmen cleared it with their tools, and the spectators sat and stood by, full of curiosity. The Professor, in spite of his composure, kept as close to the spot as he could. But the Doctor could not long bear to look on. He took off his coat and descended into the opening. Moldy pieces of thick cloth were brought up; probably the treasure had been conveyed in a large bag to its place of concealment. Then came altar covers and ecclesiastical robes.

There was a cry of joy, and the Doctor handed out a book. The face of the Professor was suffused with color as he took it. It was a missal or parchment. He gave it to the Proprietor,

who now looked on with great interest. The Doctor handed out a second book; all pressed near. The Professor sat on the ground and read. It was a manuscript of St. Augustine in a deplorable condition.

"Two!" he said, and his voice sounded hoarse from inward emotion.

"The Doctor handed a third book, again spiritual Latin hymns with notes. The fourth, a Latin Psalter. The Professor held out his hand, and it trembled.

"Is there more?" he exclaimed.

The Doctor's voice sounded hollow from the cave.

"There is nothing more."

"Look carefully," said the Professor, with faltering voice.

"Here is the last," cried the Doctor, handing out a small square board, "and here another."

They were two book covers of solid wood, the outside ornamented with carved ivory. The Professor perceived at once from the style of the figures that it was Byzantine work of the latest Roman period — the figure of an Emperor on a throne, and over him an angel with a halo.

"A large quarto of the fifth or sixth century. It is the cover of the manuscript, Fritz; where is the text?"

"There is no text to be found," again replied the sepulchral voice of the Doctor.

"Take the lantern and throw the light everywhere."

The Doctor took the second lantern in. He felt with his hand and pickax all round in every corner of the rock. He threw the last blade of straw out, and the last remnant of the bag. There was nothing of the manuscript to be seen — not a page, not a letter.

The Professor looked at the cover.

"They have torn it out," he said, in a faint voice; "probably the monks took the Roman Emperor in ivory for a saint."

He held the cover to the light. On the inner side of one of the pieces, amidst dust and decay, might be read, in old monkish writing, the words:

"THE TRAVELS OF THE SILENT MAN."

THE silent man was now drawn from his hiding-place. But he spoke not: his mouth remained mute forever.

"Our dream is at an end," said the Professor, composedly.

JEAN FROISSART.

Jean Froissart, a French ecclesiastic and chronicler, born at Valenciennes in Hainault in 1337; died at Chimay about 1410. He was educated for the Church. At twenty, he undertook to compile from the Chronicle of Jean le Bel a rhymed account of the wars of his time. In 1360 he went to England, provided with letters of recommendation to Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward III. Queen Philippa urged him to continue his rhymed chronicle; and to gather information he made journeys into Scotland and Wales. Then he went to the Continent. In 1369 he went to his native district, where he was urged to write in prose a continuous chronicle of the events of his own time.

Froissart, now nearly forty, fell in with this suggestion, and traveled far and wide in order to glean the information which he wanted. The "Chronicles" were the work of more than a quarter of a century, and appeared at intervals in detached portions, as they were written. They begin with the reign of Edward III. of England (1327–1377), and properly end with the death of Richard II. (1400), but there are a few paragraphs relating to events which took place as late as 1404. It is uncertain how long Froissart lived after this, but it is probable that he was alive in 1410. Some accounts say that he died in great poverty not earlier than 1420.

The "Chronicles" of Froissart, which were widely circulated in manuscript, were first printed at Paris in 1498, in four folio volumes, under the title "Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Écosse, de Bretagne, de Gascogne, Flanders et lieux d'alentour." They were translated into English during the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Berners.

The Invasion of France by King Edward III., and the Battle of Cressy.

(From the "Chronicles." Translation of John Bourchier, Lord Berners.)

HOW THE KING OF ENGLAND RODE THROUGH NORMANDY.

When the King of England arrived in the Hogue Saint-Vaast, the King issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground he fell so rudely that the blood brast out of

his nose. The knights that were about him took him up and said, "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not aland this day, for this is but an evil sign for us." Then the King answered quickly and said, "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. So that day and night the King lodged on the sands, and in the meantime discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages; there the King made two marshals of his host, the one the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt and the other the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Arundel constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should keep the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers; and also he ordained three battles, one to go on his right hand, closing to the seaside, and the other on his left hand, and the King himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one field.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways; and so long they went forth, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the which incontinent was won, for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels; there was found so much riches, that the boys and villains of the host set nothing by good furred gowns; they made all the men of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to be behind them for fear of rebelling again. After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed without brenning, then they spread abroad in the country and did what they list, for there was not to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg; the town they won and robbed it, and brent part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war.

OF THE GREAT ASSEMBLY THAT THE FRENCH KING MADE TO RESIST THE KING OF ENGLAND.

Thus by the Englishmen was brent, exiled, robbed, wasted, and pilled the good plentiful country of Normandy. Then the French King sent for the Lord John of Hainault, who came to him with a great number; also the King sent for other men of arms, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires, and assembled together the greatest number of people that had been seen in

BATTLE OF CRÉCY

France a hundred year before. He sent for men into so far countries, that it was long or they came together, wherefore the King of England did what him list in the mean season. The French King heard well what he did, and sware and said how they should never return again unfought withal, and that such hurts and damages as they had done should be dearly revenged; wherefore he had sent letters to his friends in the Empire, to such as were farthest off, and also to the gentle King of Bohemia and to the Lord Charles his son, who from thenceforth was called King of Almaine; he was made King by the aid of his father and the French King, and had taken on him the arms of the Empire: the French King desired them to come to him with all their powers, to the intent to fight with the King of England, who brent and wasted his country. These Princes and Lords made them ready with great number of men of arms, of Almains, Bohemians, and Luxemburgers, and so came to the French King. Also King Philip sent to the Duke of Lorraine, who came to serve him with three hundred spears; also there came the Earl [of] Salm in Saumois, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl William of Namur, every man with a fair company.

Ye have heard herebefore of the order of the Englishmen; how they went in three battles, the marshals on the right hand and on the left, the King and the Prince of Wales his son in the midst. They rode but small journeys, and every day took their lodgings between noon and three of the clock, and found the country so fruitful that they needed not to make no provision for their host, but all only for wine; and yet they found reasonably sufficient thereof. It was no marvel, though, they of the country were afraid; for before that time they had never seen men of war, nor they wist not what war or battle meant. They fled away as far as they might hear speaking of the Englishmen, and left their houses well stuffed, and granges full of corn; they wist not how to save and keep it. The King of England and the Prince had in their battle a three thousand men of arms and six thousand archers, and a ten thousand men afoot, beside them that rode with the marshals. . . .

Then the King went toward Caen, the which was a greater town and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, noble ladies and damosels, and fair churches, and specially two great and rich abbeys, one of the Trinity, another of Saint Stephen; and on the one side of the town one of the fairest castles of all Normandy, and captain therein was Robert of

Wargny, with three hundred Genoways, and in the town was the Earl of Eu and of Guines, Constable of France, and the Earl of Tancarville, with a good number of men of war. The King of England rode that day in good order and lodged all his battles together that night, a two leagues from Caen, in a town with a little haven called Austrehem, and thither came also all his navy of ships with the Earl of Huntingdon, who was governor of them.

The constable and other lords of France that night watched well the town of Caen, and in the morning armed them with all them of the town: then the constable ordained that none should issue out, but keep their defenses on the walls, gate, bridge, and river; and left the suburbs void, because they were not closed; for they thought they should have enough to do to defend the town, because it was not closed but with the river. They of the town said how they would issue out, for they were strong enough to fight with the King of England. When the constable saw their good wills, he said, "In the name of God be it, ye shall not fight without me." Then they issued out in good order, and made good face to fight and to defend them and to put their lives in adventure.

OF THE BATTLE OF CAEN, AND HOW THE ENGLISHMEN TOOK THE TOWN.

THE same day the Englishmen rose early and appareled them ready to go to Caen. The King heard mass before the sunrising, and then took his horse, and the Prince his son, with Sir Godfrey of Harcourt, marshal and leader of the host, whose counsel the King much followed. Then they drew toward Caen with their battles in good array, and so approached the good town of Caen. When they of the town, who were ready in the field, saw these three battles coming in good order, with their banners and standards waving in the wind, and the archers, the which they had not been accustomed to see, they were sore afraid and fled away toward the town without any order or good array, for all that the constable could do; then the Englishmen pursued them eagerly. When the constable and the Earl Tancarville saw that they took a gate at the entry and saved themselves and certain with them, for the Englishmen were entered into the town. Some of the knights and squires of France, such as knew the way to the castle, went thither, and the captain there received them all, for the castle was large. The Englishmen in the chase slew many, for they took none to mercy.

Then the constable and the Earl of Tancarville, being in the little tower at the bridge foot, looked along the street and saw their men slain without mercy; they doubted to fall in their hands. At last they saw an English knight with one eye, called Sir Thomas Holland, and a five or six other knights with him; they knew them, for they had seen them before in Pruce, in Granade, and in other viages. Then they called to Sir Thomas and said how they would yield themselves prisoners. Then Sir Thomas came thither with his company and mounted up into the gate, and there found the said lords with twenty-five knights with them, who yielded them to Sir Thomas; and he took them for his prisoners and left company to keep them, and then mounted again on his horse and rode into the streets, and saved many lives of ladies, damosels, and cloisterers from defoiling,—for the soldiers were without mercy. It fell so well the same season for the Englishmen, that the river, which was able to bear ships, at that time was so low that men went in and out beside the bridge. They of the town were entered into their houses, and cast down into the street stones, timber, and iron, and slew and hurt more than five hundred Englishmen; wherewith the King was sore displeased. At night when he heard thereof, he commanded that the next day all should be put to the sword and the town brent; but then Sir Godfrey of Harcourt said:—"Dear sir, for God's sake assuage somewhat your courage, and let it suffice you that ye have done. Ye have yet a great voyage to do or ye come before Calais, whither ye purpose to go; and sir, in this town there is much people who will defend their houses, and it will cost many of your men their lives, or ye have all at your will; whereby peradventure ye shall not keep your purpose to Calais, the which should redound to your rack. Sir, save your people, for ye shall have need of them or this month pass; for I think verily your adversary King Philip will meet with you to fight, and ye shall find many strait passages and rencounters; wherefore your men, an ye had more, shall stand you in good stead: and sir, without any further slaying ye shall be lord of this town; men and women will put all that they have to your pleasure." Then the King said, "Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal; ordain everything as ye will." Then Sir Godfrey with his banner rode from street to street, and commanded in the King's name none to be so hardy to put fire in any house, to slay any person, nor to violate any woman. When they of the town heard that cry, they

received the Englishmen into their houses and made them good cheer, and some opened their coffers and bade them take what them list, so they might be assured of their lives; howbeit there were done in the town many evil deeds, murders, and robberies. Thus the Englishmen were lords of the town three days and won great riches, the which they sent by barks and barges to Saint-Saviour by the river of Austrehem, a two leagues thence, whereas all their navy lay. Then the King sent the Earl of Huntingdon with two hundred men of arms and four hundred archers, with his navy and prisoners and riches that they had got, back again to England. And the King bought of Sir Thomas Holland the Constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, and paid for them twenty thousand nobles. . . .

The next day the King departed, brenning and wasting all before him, and at night lodged in a good village called Grandvilliers. The next day the King passed by Dargies; there was none to defend the castle, wherefore it was soon taken and brent. Then they went forth destroying the country all about, and so came to the castle of Poix, where there was a good town and two castles. There was nobody in them but two fair damosels, daughters to the Lord of Poix; they were soon taken, and had been violated, an two English knights had not been, Sir John Chandos and Sir Basset; they defended them and brought them to the King, who for his honor made them good cheer and demanded of them whither they would fainest go. They said, "To Corbie," and the King caused them to be brought thither without peril. That night the King lodged in the town of Poix. They of the town and of the castles spake that night with the marshals of the host, to save them and their town from brenning, and they to pay a certain sum of florins the next day as soon as the host was departed. This was granted them, and in the morning the King departed with all his host, except a certain that were left there to receive the money that they of the town had promised to pay. When they of the town saw the host depart and but a few left behind, then they said they would pay never a penny, and so ran out and set on the Englishmen, who defended themselves as well as they might and sent after the host for succor. When Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Thomas Holland, who had the rule of the rear guard, heard thereof, they returned and cried, "Treason, treason!" and so came again to Poix-ward and

found their companions still fighting with them of the town. Then anon they of the town were nigh all slain, and the town brent, and the two castles beaten down. Then they returned to the King's host, who was as then at Airaines and there lodged, and had commanded all manner of men on pain of death to do no hurt to no town of Arsyn, for there the King was minded to lie a day or two to take advice how he might pass the river of Somme; for it was necessary for him to pass the river, as ye shall hear after.

HOW THE FRENCH KING FOLLOWED THE KING OF ENGLAND IN BEAUVOISINOIS.

Now let us speak of King Philip, who was at Saint-Denis and his people about him, and daily increased. Then on a day he departed and rode so long that he came to Coppegueule, a three leagues from Amiens, and there he tarried. The King of England, being at Airaines, wist not where for to pass the river of Somme, the which was large and deep, and all bridges were broken and the passages well kept. Then at the King's commandment his two marshals with a thousand men of arms and two thousand archers went along the river to find some passage, and passed by Longpré, and came to the bridge of Remy, the which was well kept with a great number of knights and squires and men of the country. The Englishmen alighted afoot and assailed the Frenchmen from the morning till it was noon; but the bridge was so well fortified and defended that the Englishmen departed without winning of anything. Then they went to a great town called Fountains, on the river of Somme, the which was clean robbed and brent, for it was not closed. Then they went to another town called Long-en-Ponthieu; they could not win the bridge, it was so well kept and defended. Then they departed and went to Picquigny, and found the town, the bridge and the castle so well fortified that it was not likely to pass there; the French King had so well defended the passages, to the intent that the King of England should not pass the river of Somme, to fight with him at his advantage or else to famish him there.

When these two marshals had assayed in all places to find passage and could find none, they returned again to the King, and showed how they could find no passage in no place. The same night the French King came to Amiens with more than a

hundred thousand men. The King of England was right pensive, and the next morning heard mass before the sun-rising and then dislodged; and every man followed the marshals' banners, and so rode in the country of Vimeu approaching to the good town of Abbeville, and found a town thereby, whereunto was come much people of the country in trust of a little defense that was there; but the Englishmen anon won it, and all they that were within slain, and many taken of the town and of the country. The King took his lodging in a great hospital that was there. The same day the French King departed from Amiens and came to Airaines about noon; and the Englishmen were departed thence in the morning. The Frenchmen found there great provision that the Englishmen had left behind them, because they departed in haste. There they found flesh ready on the broaches, bread and pasties in the ovens, wine in tuns and barrels, and the tables ready laid. There the French King lodged and tarried for his lords.

That night the King of England was lodged at Oisemont. At night when the two marshals were returned, who had that day overrun the country to the gates of Abbeville and to Saint-Valery and made a great skirmish there, then the King assembled together his council and made to be brought before him certain prisoners of the country of Ponthieu and of Vimeu. The King right courteously demanded of them if there were any among them that knew any passage beneath Abbeville, that he and his host might pass over the river of Somme: if he would show him thereof, he should be quit of his ransom, and twenty of his company for his love. There was a varlet called Gobin Agace, who stepped forth and said to the King: — "Sir, I promise you on the jeopardy of my head I shall bring you to such a place, whereas ye and all your host shall pass the river of Somme without peril. There be certain places in the passage that ye shall pass twelve men afront two times between day and night; ye shall not go in the water to the knees. But when the flood cometh, the river then waxeth so great that no man can pass; but when the flood is gone, the which is two times between day and night, then the river is so low that it may be passed without danger both a-horseback and afoot. The passage is hard in the bottom, with white stones, so that all your carriage may go surely; therefore the passage is called Blanche-Taque. An ye make ready to depart betimes, ye may be there by the sun-rising." The King said, "If this be true

that ye say, I quit thee thy ransom and all thy company, and moreover shall give thee a hundred nobles." Then the King commanded every man to be ready at the sound of the trumpet to depart.

OF THE BATTLE OF BLANCHE-TAQUE.

THE King of England slept not much that night, for at midnight he arose and sowned his trumpets; then incontinent they made ready carriages and all things, and at the breaking of the day they departed from the town of Oisemont and rode after the guiding of Gobin Agace, so that they came by the sun-rising to Blanche-Taque: but as then the flood was up, so that they might not pass, so the King tarried there till it was prime; then the ebb came.

The French King had his currours in the country, who brought him word of the demeanor of the Englishmen. Then he thought to close the King of England between Abbeville and the river of Somme, and so to fight with him at his pleasure. And when he was at Amiens he had ordained a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay, to go and keep the passage of Blanche-Taque, where the Englishmen must pass or else in none other place. He had with him a thousand men of arms and six thousand afoot, with the Genoways; so they went by Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu and from thence to Crotoy, whereas the passage lay: and also he had with him a great number of men of the country, and also a great number of them of Montreuil, so that they were a twelve thousand men one and other.

When the English host was come thither, Sir Godemar du Fay arranged all his company to defend the passage. The King of England let not for all that; but when the flood was gone, he commanded his marshals to enter into the water in the name of God and St. George. Then they that were hardy and courageous entered on both parties, and many a man reversed. There were some of the Frenchmen of Artois and Picardy that were as glad to joust in the water as on the dry land.

The Frenchmen defended so well the passage at the issuing out of the water, that they had much to do. The Genoways did them great trouble with their cross-bows; on the other side the archers of England shot so wholly together, that the Frenchmen were fain to give place to the Englishmen. There was a sore battle, and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides. Finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in

the field. The King and the Prince passed, and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed, he that might best. When Sir Godemar saw that discomfiture, he fled and saved himself; some fled to Abbeville and some to Saint-Riquiers. They that were there afoot could not flee, so that there were slain a great number of them of Abbeville, Montreuil, Rue, and of Saint-Riquiers; the chase endured more than a great league. And as yet all the Englishmen were not passed the river, and certain currours of the King of Bohemia and of Sir John of Hainault came on them that were behind, and took certain horses and carriages and slew divers, or they could take the passage.

The French King the same morning was departed from Airaines, trusting to have found the Englishmen between him and the river of Somme; but when he heard how that Sir Godemar du Fay and his company were discomfited, he tarried in the field and demanded of his marshals what was best to do. They said, "Sir, ye cannot pass the river but at the bridge of Abbeville, for the flood is come in at Blanche-Taque"; then he returned and lodged at Abbeville.

The King of England, when he was past the river, he thanked God, and so rode forth in like manner as he did before. Then he called Gobin Agace and did quit him his ransom and all his company, and gave him a hundred nobles and a good horse. And so the King rode forth fair and easily, and thought to have lodged in a great town called Noyelles; but when he knew that the town pertained to the Countess d'Aumale, sister to the Lord Robert of Artois, the King assured the town and country as much as pertained to her, and so went forth: and his marshals rode to Crotoy on the seaside and brent the town, and found in the haven many ships and barks charged with wines of Poitou, pertaining to the merchants of Saintonge and of Rochelle; they brought the best thereof to the King's host. Then one of the marshals rode to the gates of Abbeville and from thence to Saint-Riquiers, and after to the town of Rue-Saint-Esprit. This was on a Friday, and both battles of the marshals returned to the King's host about noon and so lodged all together near to Cressy in Ponthieu.

The King of England was well informed how the French King followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company, "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no farther till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide

them, for I am on the right heritage of the Queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage: I will challenge it of mine adversary Philip of Valois." And because that he had not the eighth part in number of men as the French King had, therefore he commanded his marshals to choose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage; and so they did, and thither the King and his host went. Then he sent his currours to Abbeville, to see if the French King drew that day into the field or not. They went forth and returned again, and said how they could see none appearance of his coming; then every man took their lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place. This Friday the French King tarried still in Abbeville abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen; and at night they returned, and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That night the French King made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the King desired them to be friends each to other. The King looked for the Earl of Savoy, who should come to him with a thousand spears, for he had received wages for a three months of them at Troyes in Champagne.

OF THE ORDER OF THE ENGLISHMEN AT CRESSY.

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood-side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles:

In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

THE ORDER OF THE FRENCHMEN AT CRESSY, AND HOW THEY BEHELD THE DEMEANOR OF THE ENGLISHMEN.

This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four knights, the Moine [of] Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their

dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to [the] Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said: — "Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed them aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey,

that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

OF THE BATTLE OF CRESSY, AUGUST 26th, 1346.

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order, that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the

Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiereely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one paee and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piereing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their eross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned diseomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they eould not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I eannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the plaee about the King, and all their horses tied to each other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them

that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

James Anthony Froude, an eminent English historian and biographer, born at Dartington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818; died Oct. 20, 1894. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1842 became a Fellow of Exeter College. In 1844 he was ordained a deacon in the Established Church, and for some time was reckoned as one of the High Church party of whom J. H. Newman was a leader. He wrote many biographies in the series entitled "Lives of the English Saints." In 1847 he published anonymously a volume of fiction entitled "Shadows of the Clouds." In 1848 appeared his "Nemesis of Faith," which evinced that he had come to differ widely from the doctrines of the Anglican Church. He resigned his Fellowship, and was obliged to give up an appointment which he had received of a teachership in Tasmania. After this, for some years, he wrote largely for the *Westminster Review* and for *Fraser's Magazine*. He had in the meantime begun his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada." This History extends to twelve volumes, of which the first two appeared in 1856, and the last two in 1870. In 1867 he put forth a volume of "Short Studies on Great Subjects." In 1872, he made a lecturing tour in the United States. In 1874 Mr. Froude was commissioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to visit the Cape of Good Hope in order to investigate the causes which led to the Kaffir insurrection. He has also written: "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century" (1871–1874); "Cæsar, a Sketch" (1879); "Biography of Thomas Carlyle" (1882–1884), and "Oceana" an account of a tour through the British Colonial possessions (1886). Besides writing the "Biography of Carlyle," he edited his "Reminiscences."

His last works include: "The English in the West Indies" (1888); "Two Chiefs of Dunboy," an Irish romance (1889); "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" (1890); "The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon" (1891); "Story of the Armada" (1892); "Life and Letters of Erasmus" (1894). He became Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford in 1892.

The Death of Thomas Becket.

(From "Short Studies on Great Subjects.")

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black, restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity for the deliberate fool who was forcing destruction upon himself.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on, "We bring you the commands of the King beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen then, to what the King says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offenses. You have broken the treaty. You have allowed your pride to tempt you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose administration the Prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the King's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the Prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the King's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt

to the Prince. The King had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities, after having been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: — "The King commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young King's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was fast rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said, "but I tell you plainly, the King shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when he permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse, and went on in the same tone: — "The King commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission" (*absque licentiâ suâ*).

"The Pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the King had given his permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the King had told him that he might obtain from the Pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the King had given, the pretense of his authority was inexcusable. Fitzurse could scarce hear the archbishop out with patience. "Ay, ay!" said he; "will you make the King out to be a traitor, then? The King gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: — "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the King requires of you, his final commands are that

THE DEATH OF BECKETT.

you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the King cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go — never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail; and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the Council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the Council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict, then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the King's name we command you to see that this man does not escape."

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the King nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat, still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter

speeches? You would have done better, surely, by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. I know what I have before me."

It was four o'clock when the knights entered. It was now nearly five; and unless there were lights the room must have been almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an anteroom, beyond the anteroom the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside, with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy was less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the anteroom between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dark. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the northwest corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was "To the church! To the church!" There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear; or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately to the door into the south transept. His train was scattered behind him, all along the cloister from the passage leading out of the palace. As he entered the church, cries were heard, from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned in the dim light, coming through the cloister in their armor, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing, a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running of course parallel to the nave, was a Lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels; of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been none. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you coward! the Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out among the wolves. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, — William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, — forsook him to shift for themselves, ad-

mitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge, — or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir, when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the Lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc, and Hugh Mauclerc, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him — certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed him in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me."

The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner.

He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword with its remaining force wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc — the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them — strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served." Another said — scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of the words, — "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible; and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was

lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the Pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop ought not to be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

On a Siding at a Railway Station.

Some years ago I was traveling by railway, no matter whence or whither. I was in a second-class carriage. We had been long on the road, and had still some distance before us, when one evening our journey was brought unexpectedly to an end by the train running into a siding. The guards opened the doors, we were told that we could proceed no further, and were required to alight. The passengers were numerous, and of all ranks and sorts. There were third class, second, first, with saloon carriages for several great persons of high distinction. We had ministers of State, judges on circuit, directors, leading men of business, idle young men of family who were out amusing themselves, an archbishop, several ladies, and a duke and duchess with their suite. These favored travelers had Pullman cars to themselves, and occupied as much room as was allotted to scores of plebeians. I had amused myself for several days in observing the luxurious appurtenances by which they were protected against discomfort, — the piles of cushions and cloaks, the baskets of dainties, the novels and magazines to pass away the time, and the profound attention which they met with from the conductors and station-masters on the line. The rest of us were a miscellaneous crowd,— commercial people, lawyers, artists, men of letters, tourists moving about for pleasure or because they had nothing to do; and in third-class carriages, artisans and laborers in search of work, women looking for husbands or for service, or beggars flying from starvation in one part of the world to find it follow them like their shadows, let them go where they pleased. All these were huddled together, feeding hardly on such poor provisions as they carried with them or could pick up at the stopping-places. No more consideration was shown them than if they had been so many cattle. But they were merry enough: songs and sounds of laughter came from their windows, and notwithstanding all their conveniences, the languid-looking fine people in the large

compartments seemed to me to get through their journey with less enjoyment after all than their poor fellow travelers. These last appeared to be of tougher texture, to care less for being jolted and shaken, to be better humored and kinder to one another. They had found life go hard with them wherever they had been, and not being accustomed to have everything which they wished for, they were less selfish and more considerate.

The intimation that our journey was for the present at an end came on most of us as an unpleasant surprise. The grandees got out in a high state of indignation. They called for their servants, but their servants did not hear them, or laughed and passed on. The conductors had forgotten to be obsequious. All classes on the platform were suddenly on a level. A beggar woman hustled the duchess, as she was standing astonished because her maid had left her to carry her own bag. The patricians were pushed about among the crowd with no more concern than if they had been common mortals. They demanded loudly to see the station-master. The minister complained angrily of the delay; an important negotiation would be imperiled by his detention, and he threatened the company with the displeasure of his department. A consequential youth who had just heard of the death of his elder brother was flying home to take his inheritance. A great lady had secured, as she had hoped, a brilliant match for her daughter; her work over, she had been at the baths to recover from the dissipation of the season; difficulty had arisen unlooked for, and unless she was at hand to remove it the worst consequences might be feared. A banker declared that the credit of a leading commercial house might fail, unless he could be at home on the day fixed for his return; he alone could save it. A solicitor had the evidence in his portmanteau which would determine the succession to the lands and title of an ancient family. An elderly gentleman was in despair about his young wife, whom he had left at home; he had made a will by which she was to lose his fortune if she married again after his death, but the will was lying in his desk unsigned. The archbishop was on his way to a synod, where the great question was to be discussed whether gas might be used at the altar instead of candles. The altar candles were blessed before they were used, and the doubt was whether gas could be blessed. The right reverend prelate conceived that if the gas tubes were made in the shape of candles the difficulty could be got over,

but he feared that without his moderating influence the majority might come to a rash decision.

All these persons were clamoring over their various anxieties with the most naïve frankness, the truth coming freely out, whatever it might be. One distinguished-looking lady in deep mourning, with a sad, gentle face, alone was resigned and hopeful. It seemed that her husband had been stopped not long before at the same station. She thought it possible that she might meet him again.

The station-master listened to the complaints with composed indifference. He told the loudest that they need not alarm themselves. The State would survive the absence of the minister. The minister, in fact, was not thinking of the State at all, but of the party triumph which he expected; and the peerage which was to be his reward, the station-master said, would now be of no use to him. The youth had a second brother who would succeed instead of him, and the tenants would not be inconvenienced by the change. The fine lady's daughter would marry to her own liking instead of her mother's, and would be all the happier for it. The commercial house was already insolvent, and the longer it lasted the more innocent people would be ruined by it. The boy whom the lawyer intended to make into a rich baronet was now working industriously at school, and would grow up a useful man. If a great estate fell in to him he would be idle and dissolute. The old man might congratulate himself that he had escaped so soon from the scrape into which he had fallen. His wife would marry an adventurer, and would suffer worse from inheriting his fortune. The archbishop was commended for his anxiety. His solution of the candle problem was no doubt an excellent one; but his clergy were now provided with a harmless subject to quarrel over, and if it was adopted they might fall out over something else which might be seriously mischievous.

"Do you mean, then, that you are not going to send us forward at all?" the minister inquired sternly.

"You will see," the station-master answered with a curious short laugh. I observed that he looked more gently at the lady in mourning. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and though he held out no hope in words that her wish would be gratified, he smiled sadly, and the irony passed out of his face.

The crowd meanwhile were standing about the platform,

whistling tunes or amusing themselves, not ill-naturedly at the distress of their grand companions. Something considerable was happening. But they had so long experienced the ups and downs of things that they were prepared for what fortune might send. They had not expected to find a Paradise where they were going, and one place might be as good as another. They had nothing belonging to them except the clothes they stood in and their bits of skill in their different trades. Wherever men were, there would be need of cobblers, and tailors, and smiths, and carpenters. If not, they might fall on their feet somehow, if there was work to be done of any sort.

Presently a bell rang, a door was flung open, and we were ordered into a waiting-room, where we were told that our luggage was to be examined. It was a large, barely furnished apartment, like the *salle d'attente* at the Northern Railway Station at Paris. A rail ran across, behind which we were all penned; opposite to us was the usual long table, on which were piled boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, and behind them stood a row of officials, in a plain uniform with gold bands round their caps, and the dry peremptory manner which passengers accustomed to deference so particularly dislike. At their backs was a screen extending across the room, reaching half-way to the ceiling; in the rear of it there was apparently an office.

We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognize none of them. Packages there were in plenty, alleged to be the property of the passengers who had come in by the train. They were arranged in the three classes, — first, second, and third, — but the proportions were inverted: most of it was labeled as the luggage of the travelers in fustian, who had brought nothing with them but what they carried in their hands; a moderate heap stood where the second-class luggage should have been, and some of superior quality; but none of us could make out the shapes of our own trunks. As to the grand ladies and gentlemen, the innumerable articles which I had seen put as theirs into the van were nowhere to be found. A few shawls and cloaks lay upon the planks, and that was all. There was a loud outcry; but the officials were accustomed to it, and took no notice. The station-master, who was still in charge of us, said briefly that the saloon luggage would be sent forward in the next train. The late owners would have no more use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends.

The late owners! Were we no longer actual owners, then? My individual loss was not great, and besides, it might be made up to me; for I saw my name on a strange box on the table, and being of curious disposition, the singularity of the adventure made it interesting to me. The consternation of the rest was indescribable. The minister supposed that he had fallen among communists, who disbelieved in property, and was beginning a speech on the elementary conditions of society; when silence was called, and the third-class passengers were ordered to advance, that their boxes might be opened. Each man had his own carefully docketed. The lids flew off, and within, instead of clothes, and shoes, and dressing apparatus, and money, and jewels, and such-like, were simply samples of the work which he had done in his life. There was an account-book also, in which were entered the number of days which he had worked, the number and size of the fields, etc., which he had drained and inclosed and plowed, the crops which he had reaped, the walls which he had built, the metal which he had dug out and smelted and fashioned into articles of use to mankind, the leather which he had tanned, the clothes which he had woven, — all entered with punctual exactness; and on the opposite page, the wages which he had received, and the share which had been allotted to him of the good things which he had helped to create.

Besides his work, so specifically called, there were his actions, — his affection for his parents or his wife and children, his self-denials, his charities, his purity, his truth, his honesty; or it might be ugly catalogues of sins and oaths and drunkenness and brutality. But inquiry into action was reserved for a second investigation before a higher commissioner. The first examination was confined to the literal work done by each man for the general good, — how much he had contributed, and how much society had done for him in return; and no one, it seemed, could be allowed to go any further without a certificate of having passed this test satisfactorily. With the workmen, the balance in most instances was found enormously in their favor. The state of the case was so clear that the scrutiny was rapidly got over, and they and their luggage were passed in to the higher court. A few were found whose boxes were empty, who had done nothing useful all their lives, and had subsisted by begging and stealing. These were ordered to stand aside till the rest of us had been disposed of.

The saloon passengers were taken next. Most of them, who

had nothing at all to show, were called up together and were asked what they had to say for themselves. A well-dressed gentleman, who spoke for the rest, said that the whole investigation was a mystery to him. He and his friends had been born to good fortunes, and had found themselves, on entering upon life, amply provided for. They had never been told that work was required of them, either work with their hands or work with their heads, — in fact, work of any kind. It was right of course for the poor to work, because they could not honestly live otherwise. For themselves, they had spent their time in amusements, generally innocent. They had paid for everything which they had consumed. They had stolen nothing, taken nothing from any man by violence or fraud. They had kept the Commandments, all ten of them, from the time when they were old enough to understand them. The speaker, at least, declared that he had no breach of any Commandment on his own conscience, and he believed that he might say as much of his companions. They were superior people, who had been always looked up to and well spoken of; and to call upon them to show what they had done was against reason and equity.

"Gentlemen," said the chief official, "we have heard this many times; yet as often as it is repeated we feel fresh astonishment. You have been in a world where work is the condition of life. Not a meal can be had by any man that some one has not worked to produce. Those who work deserve to eat; those who do not work deserve to starve. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two. And no matter how superior you think yourselves, you will not pass here till you have something of your own to produce. You have had your wages beforehand — ample wages, as you acknowledge yourselves. What have you to show?"

"Wages!" the speaker said: "we are not hired servants; we received no wages. What we spent was our own. All the orders we received were that we were not to do wrong. We have done no wrong. I appeal to the higher court."

But the appeal could not be received. To all who presented themselves with empty boxes, no matter who they were, or how excellent their characters appeared to one another, there was the irrevocable answer — "No admittance, till you come better furnished." All who were in this condition, the duke and duchess among them, were ordered to stand aside with the

thieves. The duchess declared that she had given the finest parties in the season, and as it was universally agreed that they had been the most tedious, and that no one had found any pleasure there, a momentary doubt rose whether they might not have answered some useful purpose in disgusting people with such modes of entertainment; but no evidence of this was forthcoming: the world had attended them because the world had nothing else to do, and she and her guests had been alike unprofitable. Thus the large majority of the saloon passengers was disposed of. The minister, the archbishop, the lawyer, the banker, and others who although they had no material work credited to them had yet been active and laborious in their different callings, were passed to the superior judges.

Our turn came next, — ours of the second class, — and a motley gathering we were. Busy we must all have been, from the multitude of articles which we found assigned to us: manufacturers with their wares, solicitors with their law-suits, doctors and clergymen with the bodies and souls which they had saved or lost, authors with their books, painters and sculptors with their pictures and statues. But the hard test was applied to all that we had produced, — the wages which we had received on one side, and the value of our exertions to mankind on the other, — and imposing as our performances looked when laid out to be examined, we had been paid, most of us, out of all proportion to what we were found to have deserved. I was reminded of a large compartment in the Paris Exhibition, where an active gentleman, wishing to show the state of English literature, had collected copies of every book, review, pamphlet, or newspaper which had been published in a single year. The bulk was overwhelming, but the figures were only decimal points, and the worth of the whole was a fraction above zero. A few of us were turned back summarily among the thieves and the fine gentlemen and ladies: speculators who had done nothing but handle money which had clung to their fingers in passing through them, divines who had preached a morality which they did not practice, and fluent orators who had made speeches which they knew to be nonsense; philosophers who had spun out of moonshine systems of the universe, distinguished pleaders who had defeated justice while they established points of law, writers of books upon subjects of which they knew enough to mislead their readers, purveyors of luxuries which had added nothing to human health or strength, physicians and apothe-

caries who had pretended to knowledge which they knew that they did not possess, — these all, as the contents of their boxes bore witness against them, were thrust back into the rejected herd.

There were some whose account stood better, as having at least produced something of real merit, but they were cast on the point of wages: modest excellence had come badly off; the plausible and unscrupulous had thriven and grown rich. It was tragical, and evidently a surprise to most of us, to see how mendacious we had been: how we had sanded our sugar, watered our milk, scamped our carpentering and mason's work, literally and metaphorically; how in all things we had been thinking less of producing good work than of the profit which we could make out of it; how we had sold ourselves to tell lies and act them, because the public found lies pleasant and truth expensive and troublesome. Some of us were manifest rogues, who had bought cheap and sold dear, had used false measures and weights, had made cotton pass for wool, and hemp for silk, and tin for silver. The American peddler happened to be in the party, who had put a rind upon a grindstone and had sold it as a cheese. These were promptly sifted out and placed with their fellows; only persons whose services were on the whole greater than the pay which they had received were allowed their certificates. When my own box was opened, I perceived that though the wages had been small, the work done seemed smaller still; and I was surprised to find myself among those who had passed.

The whistle of a train was heard at this moment, coming in upon the main line. It was to go in half an hour, and those who had been turned back were told that they were to proceed by it to the place where they had been originally going. They looked infinitely relieved at the news; but before they started, a few questions had to be put to them, and a few alterations made which were to affect their future. They were asked to explain how they had come to be such worthless creatures. They gave many answers, which came mainly to the same thing. Circumstances had been against them. It was all owing to circumstances. They had been badly brought up. They had been placed in situations where it had been impossible for them to do better. The rich people repeated that they had never been informed that any work was expected of them. Their wants had all been provided for, and it was unfair to expect that they should have exerted themselves of their own accord when

they had no motive for working. If they had only been born poor, all would have gone well with them. The cheating tradesman declared that the first duty of a shopkeeper, according to all received principles, was to make money and better his condition. It was the buyer's business to see to the quality of the articles which he purchased; the shopkeeper was entitled to sell his wares at the highest price which he could get for them. So, at least, it was believed and taught by the recognized authorities on the subject. The orators, preachers, newspaper writers, novel-writers, etc., etc., of whom there were a great many, appealed to the crowds who came to listen to them, or bought and read their productions. *Tout le monde*, it was said, was wiser than the wisest single sage. They had given the world what the world wished for and approved; they had worked at supplying it with all their might, and it was extremely hard to blame them for guiding themselves by the world's judgment. The thieves and vagabonds argued that they had been brought into existence without their consent being asked: they had not wished for it; although they had not been without their pleasures, they regarded existence on the whole as a nuisance which they would gladly have been spared. Being alive, however, they had to keep alive; and for all that they could see, they had as full a right to the good things which the world contained as anybody else, provided they could get them. They were called thieves. Law and language were made by the property-owners, who were their natural enemies. If society had given them the means of living honestly they would have found it easy to be honest. Society had done nothing for them — why should they do anything for society?

So, in their various ways, those who had been "plucked" defended themselves. They were all delighted to hear that they were to have another chance; and I was amused to observe that though some of them had pretended that they had not wished to be born, and had rather not have been born, not one of them protested against being sent back. All they asked was that they should be put in a new position, and that the adverse influences should be taken off. I expected that among these adverse influences they would have mentioned the faults of their own dispositions. My own opinion had been that half the misdoings of men came from congenital defects of character which they had brought with them into the world, and that constitutional courage, right-mindedness, and practical ability were as much

gifts of nature or circumstance as the accidents of fortune. A change in this respect was of more consequence than in any other. But with themselves they were all apparently satisfied, and they required only an improvement in their surroundings. The alterations were rapidly made. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a laborer's cottage. She was to attend the village school and rise thence into a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a plowboy. The authors and preachers were to become mechanics, and bound apprentices to carpenters and blacksmiths. A philosopher who, having had a good fortune and unbroken health, had insisted that the world was as good as it could be made, was to be born blind and paralytic, and to find his way through life under the new conditions. The thieves and cheats, who pretended that their misdemeanors were due to poverty, were to find themselves, when they arrived in the world again, in palaces surrounded with luxury. The cup of Lethe was sent round. The past became a blank. They were hurried into the train; the engine screamed and flew away with them.

"They will be all here again in a few years," the station-master said, "and it will be the same story over again. I have had these very people in my hands a dozen times. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still nothing to show, and nothing but complaints of circumstances. For my part, I would put them out altogether." "How long is it to last?" I asked. "Well," he said, "it does not depend on me. No one passes here who cannot prove that he has lived to some purpose. Some of the worst I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fatted up and eaten, and made of use that way. Others have become asses, condemned to carry burdens, to be beaten with sticks, and to breed asses like themselves for a hundred generations. All animated creatures tend to take the shape at last which suits their character."

The train was scarcely out of sight when again the bell rang. The scene changed as at a theater. The screen was rolled back, and we who were left found ourselves in the presence of four grave-looking persons, like the board of examiners whom we remembered at college. We were called up one by one. The work which had passed the first ordeal was again looked into, and the quality of it compared with the talent or faculty of the producer, to see how far he had done his best, — whether anywhere he had done worse than he might have done and knew how to have done; while besides, in a separate collec-

tion, were the vices, the sins, the selfishnesses and ill-humors, with — in the other scale — the acts of personal duty, of love and kindness and charity, which had increased the happiness or lightened the sorrows of those connected with him. These last, I observed, had generally been forgotten by the owner, who saw them appear with surprise, and even repudiated them with protest. In the work, of course, both material and moral, there was every gradation both of kind and merit. But while nothing was absolutely worthless, everything, even the highest achievements of the greatest artist or the greatest saint, fell short of absolute perfection. Each of us saw our own performances, from our first ignorant beginnings to what we regarded as our greatest triumph; and it was easy to trace how much of our faults were due to natural deficiencies and the necessary failures of inexperience, and how much to self-will or vanity or idleness. Some taint of mean motives, too, — some desire of reward, desire of praise or honor or wealth, some foolish self-satisfaction, when satisfaction ought not to have been felt, — was to be seen infecting everything, even the very best which was presented for scrutiny.

So plain was this that one of us, an earnest, impressive-looking person, whose own work bore inspection better than that of most of us, exclaimed passionately that so far as he was concerned the examiners might spare their labor. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had he ever completely done it. He had struggled; he had conquered his grosser faults: but the farther he had gone, and the better he had been able to do, his knowledge had still grown faster than his power of acting upon it; and every additional day that he had lived, his shortcomings had become more miserably plain to him. Even if he could have reached perfection at last, he could not undo the past, and the faults of his youth would bear witness against him and call for his condemnation. Therefore, he said, he abhorred himself. He had no merit which could entitle him to look for favor. He had labored on to the end, but he had labored with the full knowledge that the best which he could offer would be unworthy of acceptance. He had been told, and he believed, that a high Spirit not subject to infirmity had done his work for him, and done it perfectly, and that if he abandoned all claim on his own account, he might be accepted for the sake of what another had done. This, he trusted, was true, and it was his sole dependence. In the so-

called good actions with which he seemed to be credited, there was nothing that was really good; there was not one which was altogether what it ought to have been.

He was evidently sincere, and what he said was undoubtedly true — true of him and true of every one. Even in the vehemence of his self-abandonment a trace lingered of the taint which he was confessing, for he was a polemical divine; he had spent his life and gained a reputation in maintaining this particular doctrine. He believed it, but he had not forgotten that he had been himself its champion.

The examiner looked kindly at him, but answered: —

"We do not expect impossibilities; and we do not blame you when you have not accomplished what is beyond your strength. Only those who are themselves perfect can do anything perfect. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. They bring into the world with them a disposition to seek what is pleasant to themselves, and what is pleasant is not always right. They learn to live as they learn everything else. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. The best only arrive at excellence. We do not find fault with the painter on account of his first bad copies, if they were as good as could be looked for at his age. Every craftsman acquires his art by degrees. He begins badly; he cannot help it; and it is the same with life. You learn to walk by falling down. You learn to live by going wrong and experiencing the consequences of it. We do not record against a man 'the sins of his youth' if he has been earnestly trying to improve himself. We do not require the same self-control in a child as in a man. We do not require the same attainments from all. Some are well taught, some are ill taught, some are not taught at all. Some have naturally good dispositions, some have naturally bad dispositions. Not one has had power 'to fulfill the law,' as you call it, completely. Therefore it is no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults those only which arise from idleness, willfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received."

I was amused to observe how pleased the archbishop looked while the examiner was speaking. He had himself been engaged in controversy with this gentleman on the share of "good works" in justifying a man; and if the examiner had not taken his side in the discussion, he had at least demolished his adversary. The archbishop had been the more disinterested in the line which

he had taken, as his own "works," though in several large folios, weighed extremely little; and indeed, had it not been for passages in his early life, — he had starved himself at college that he might not be a burden upon his widowed mother,— I do not know but that he might have been sent back into the world to serve as a parish clerk.

For myself, there were questions which I was longing to ask, and I was trying to collect my courage to speak. I wanted chiefly to know what the examiner meant by "natural disposition." Was it that a man might be born with a natural capacity for becoming a saint, as another man with a capacity to become a great artist or musician, and that each of us could only grow to the limits of his natural powers? And again, were idleness, willfulness, selfishness, etc., etc., natural dispositions? for in that case —

But at that moment the bell rang again, and my own name was called. There was no occasion to ask who I was. In every instance the identity of the person, his history, small or large, and all that he had said or done, was placed before the court so clearly that there was no need for extorting a confession. There stood the catalogue inexorably impartial, the bad actions in a schedule painfully large, the few good actions veined with personal motives which spoiled the best of them. In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean, as if no compositor had ever labored in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs on which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those on which I had labored least, and had almost forgotten; or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge, of willfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true, was not alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity, — culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments — these, to my unspeakable comfort, I perceived

were my heaviest crimes. Had I been accused of absolute worthlessness, I should have pleaded guilty in the state of humiliation to which I was reduced; but things were better than they might have been. I was flattering myself that when it came to the wages question, the balance would be in my favor: so many years of labor — such and such cheques received from my publisher. Here at least I held myself safe, and I was in good hope that I might scrape through.

The examiner was good-natured in his manner. A reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation was beginning to look disgusted, when suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures — creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces, — oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and blackbirds which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their murderer; out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbots, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest: "We all," he said, "were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven and the sparkling waves. We were not worth much; we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers, and we shall wonder at the judgment, though we shall withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him, — him and his fellows, — and we have failed to see in what the superiority

of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and unhappily the longest lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied, he kills us for his mere amusement."

The oxen lowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer but one was possible? Had I been myself on the bench I could not have hesitated. The fatal sentence of condemnation was evidently about to be uttered, when the scene became indistinct, there was a confused noise, a change of condition, a sound of running feet and of many voices. I awoke. I was again in the railway carriage; the door was thrown open; porters entered to take our things. We stepped out upon the platform. We were at the terminus for which we had been originally destined. Carriages and cabs were waiting; tall powdered footmen flew to the assistance of the duke and duchess. The station-master was standing hat in hand, and obsequiously bowing; the minister's private secretary had come to meet his right honorable chief with the red dispatch box, knowing the impatience with which it was waited for. The duke shook hands with the archbishop before he drove away. "Dine with us to-morrow?" he said. "I have had a very singular dream. You shall be my Daniel and interpret it for me." The archbishop regretted infinitely that he must deny himself the honor; his presence was required at the Conference. "I too have dreamt," he said; "but with your Grace and me the realities of this world are too serious to leave us leisure for the freaks of imagination."

Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

(From "History of England.")

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly, the Commissioners delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne — all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy. . . .

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jeweled paternosters were attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Mel-

ville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request"; and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "*Allons donc*," she then said, "let us go"; and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The ax leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back.

The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way; spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "*Ne criez vous*," she said, "*j'ai promis pour vous.*" Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. "*Adieu*," she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; "*adieu, au revoir.*" They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido*," "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the carls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*" The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and

then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the ax and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practiced headsman of the Tower. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the ax; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall.

"Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."

The White Terrace, Lake Tarawara, New Zealand.

(From "Oceana.")

In the morning we had to start early, for we had a long day's work cut out for us. We were on foot at seven. The weather was fine, with a faint, cool breeze, a few clouds, but no sign of rain. Five Maori boatmen were in attendance to carry coats and luncheon-basket. Kate presented herself with a subdued demeanor, as agreeable as it was unexpected. She looked picturesque, with a gray, tight-fitting woolen bodice, a scarlet skirt, a light scarf about her neck, and a gray billycock hat with a pink ribbon. She had a headache, she said, but was mild and gentle. I disbelieved entirely in the story of the eight husbands.

We descended to the lake head. The boat was a long, light gig, unfit for storms, but Lake Tarawara lay unruffled in the sunshine, tree and mountain peacefully mirrored on the surface. The color was again green, as of a shallow sea. Heavy bushes fringed the shore; high, wooded mountains rose on all sides of us, as we left the creek and came out upon the open water. The men rowed well, laughing and talking among themselves, and carried us in a little more than an hour to a point eight miles distant. We were now in an arm of the lake which reached

three miles further. At the head of this we landed by the mouth of a small, rapid river, and looked about us. It was a pretty spot, overhung by precipitous cliffs, with ivy fern climbing over them. A hot-spring was bubbling violently through a hole in the rock. The ground was littered with the shells of unnumbered crayfish which had been boiled in this caldron of Nature's providing.

Here we were joined by a native girl, Marileha by name, a bright-looking lass of eighteen, with merry eyes, and a thick, well-combed mass of raven hair (shot with orange in the sunlight) which she tossed about over her shoulders. On her back, thrown jauntily on, she had a shawl of feathers, which Elphinstone wanted to buy, but found the young lady coy. She was a friend of Kate's, it appeared, was qualifying for a guide, and was to be our companion, we were told, through the day. I heard the news with some anxiety, for there was said to be a delicious basin of lukewarm water on one of the terraces, in which custom required us to bathe. Our two lady-guides would provide towels, and officiate, in fact, as bathing-women. The fair Polycasta had bathed Telemachus, and the queenly Helen with her own royal hands had bathed Ulysses when he came disguised to Troy. So Kate was to bathe us, and Miss Marileha was to assist in the process.

We took off our boots and stockings, and put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us, Miss Mari laughing, shouting, and singing, to amuse Kate, whose head still ached. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and ti-trees. A rickety canoe was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed up a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness ; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide. The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the silicious stream proceeded. The stairs were twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more ; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a

circle of which the crater was the center. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half-submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw. There is nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape.

A crater has been opened through the rock one hundred and twenty feet above the lake. The water, which comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystallizes as it is exposed to the air. The water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down; and, for reasons which men of science can no doubt supply, the crystals take the form which I have described. The process is a rapid one. A piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality have penciled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of the inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as on the day they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

The thickness of the crust is, I believe, unascertained, the Maoris objecting to scientific examination of their treasure. It struck me, however, that this singular cascade must have been of recent — indeed measurably recent — origin. In the middle of the terrace were the remains of a ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hillside, as the crater opened now at one spot, and now at another. Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil, it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid were stopped, the surface would dry and crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairy-like wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes. We walked, or rather waded, upward to the boiling pool. It was not in this that we were to be bathed.

It was about sixty feet across, and was of unknown depth. The heat was too intense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little from the dense clouds of steam which lay upon it. We were more fortunate afterward at the crater of the second terrace. The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomena, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited silica, are like what would be seen in any Northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it.

The Devil's Hole.

A few minutes were allotted for each of the "sights." Kate was peremptory with Elphinstone and myself. Miss Marileha had charge of my son. "Come along, boy!" I heard her say to him. We were dragged off the White Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black, gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapor. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and it was as if a legion of imprisoned devils were warring to be let out. "Devil's Hole" they called the place, and the name suited well with it. Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large, open pool, boiling also so violently that great columns of water heaved and rolled and spouted as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smoke were alike intolerable. To look at the thing and then escape from it, was all that we could do; and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

Again a climb, and we were on an open, level plateau, two acres or so in extent, smoking rocks all round it, and scattered over its surface a number of pale brown mud-hills, exactly like African ant-hills. Each of these was the cone of some sulphurous Geyser. Some were quiet, some were active. Suspicious bubbles of steam spurted out under our feet as we trod, and we were warned to be careful where we went. Here we found a photographer, who had bought permission from the Maoris, at work with his instruments, and Marileha was made to stand for

her likeness on the top of one of the mud-piles. We did not envy him his occupation, for the whole place smelt of brimstone and of the near neighborhood of the Nether Pit. Our own attention was directed especially to a hole filled with mud of a peculiar kind, much relished by the natives, and eaten by them as porridge. To us, who had been curious about their food, this dirty mess was interesting. It did not, however, solve the problem. Mud could hardly be as nutritious as they professed to find it, though it may have had medicinal virtues to assist the digestion of the crawfish.

The Pink Terrace, Lake Tarawara.

We were now to be ferried across the lake. The canoe had been brought up — a scooped-out tree-trunk as long as a racing eight-oar, and about as narrow. It was leaky, and so low in the water that the lightest ripple washed over the gunwale. The bottom, however, was littered with fresh-gathered fern, which for the present was dry, and we were directed to lie down upon it. Marileha stood in the bow, wielding her paddle, with her elf-locks rolling wildly down her back. The hot waves lapped in, and splashed us. The lake was weird and evil looking. Here Kate had earned her medal from the Humane Society. Some gentleman, unused to boats, had lost his balance, or his courage, and had fallen overboard. Kate had dived after him as he sank, and fished him up again.

The Pink Terrace, the object of our voyage, opened out before us on the opposite shore. It was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with a pale rose-color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. The water has not, I believe, been completely analyzed. Miss Mari used her paddle like a mistress. She carried us over with no worse misfortune than a slight splashing, and landed us at the Terrace-foot. It was here, if anywhere, that ablutions were to take place. To my great relief I found that a native youth was waiting with the towels, and that we were to be spared the ladies' assistance. They — Kate and Mari — withdrew to wallow, rhinoceros-like, in a mud-pool of their own.

The youth took charge of us, and led us up the shining stairs. The crystals were even more beautiful than those which we had seen, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, or hanging in

festoons like creepers trailing from a rail. At the foot of each cascade the water lay in pools of ultramarine, their exquisite color being due in part, I suppose, to the light of the sky, refracted upward from the bottom. In the deepest of these we were to bathe. The temperature was 94° or 95°. The water lay inviting in its crystal basin. The water was deep enough to swim in comfortably, though not over our heads. We lay on our backs and floated for ten minutes in exquisite enjoyment, and the alkali or the flint, or the perfect purity of the element, seemed to saturate our systems. I, for one, when I was dressed again, could have fancied myself back in the old days when I did not know that I had a body, and could run up hill as lighty as down.

The bath over, we pursued our way. The marvel of the Terrace was still before us, reserved to the last, like the finish in a pheasant battue. The crater at the White Terrace had been boiling; the steam rushing out of it had filled the air with a cloud; and the scorching heat had kept us at a distance. Here the temperature was twenty degrees lower; there was still vapor hovering over the surface, but it was lighter and more transparent, and a soft breeze now and then blew it completely aside. We could stand on the brim and gaze, as through an opening in the earth, into an azure infinity beyond.

Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the bright white crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve, not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, not the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable ether itself, could convey to one who had not looked on it, a sense of that supernatural loveliness. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth in the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning sulphur. Here was a bath, if mortal flesh could have borne to dive into it! Had it been in Norway, we should have seen far down the floating Lorelei inviting us to plunge, and leave life and all belonging to it for such a home and such companionship. It was a bath for the gods and not for men. Artemis and her nymphs should have been swimming there, and we Actæons daring our fate to gaze on them.

England and Her Colonies.

The Colonists *are* a part of us. They have as little thought of leaving us as an affectionate wife thinks of leaving her husband. The married pair may have their little disagreements, but their partnership is for "as long as they both shall live." Our differences with the Colonists have been aggravated by the class of persons with whom they have been brought officially into contact. The administration of the Colonial Office has been generally in the hands of men of rank, or of men who aspire to rank; and although these high persons are fair representatives of the interests which they have been educated to understand, they are not the fittest to conduct our relations with communities of Englishmen with whom they have imperfect sympathy, in the absence of a well-informed public opinion to guide them. The Colonists are socially their inferiors, out of their sphere, and without personal point of contact. Secretaries of State lie yet under the shadow of the old impression that Colonies exist only for the benefit of the Mother Country. When they found that they could no longer tax the Colonies, or lay their trade under restraint, for England's supposed advantage, they utilized them as penal stations. They distributed the Colonial patronage, the lucrative places of public employment, to provide for friends or for political supporters. When this, too, ceased to be possible, they acquiesced easily in the theory that the Colonies were no longer of any use to us at all. The alteration of the suffrage may make a difference in the *personnel* of our Departments, but it will not probably do so to any great extent. A seat in the House of Commons is an expensive privilege, and the choice is practically limited. Not every one, however public-spirited he may be, can afford a large sum for the mere honor of serving his country; and those whose fortune and station in society are already secured, and who have no private interests to serve, are, on the whole, the most to be depended upon. But the People are now sovereign, and officials of all ranks will obey their masters. It is with the People that the Colonists feel a real relationship. Let the People give the officials to understand that the bond which holds the Empire together is not to be weakened any more, but is to be maintained and strengthened, and they will work as readily for purposes of union as they

worked in the other direction, when "the other direction" was the prevailing one. . . .

After all is said, it is on ourselves that the future depends. We are passing through a crisis in our national existence, and the wisest cannot say what lies before us. If the English character comes out of the trial true to its old traditions — bold in heart and clear in eye, seeking nothing which is not its own, but resolved to maintain its own with its hand upon its sword — the far off English dependencies will cling to their old home, and will look up to her and be still proud to belong to her, and will seek their own greatness in promoting hers. If, on the contrary (for among the possibilities there is a contrary), the erratic policy is to be continued which for the last few years has been the world's wonder; if we show that we have no longer any settled principles of action, that we let ourselves drift into idle wars and unprovoked bloodshed; if we are incapable of keeping order even in our own Ireland, and let it fall away from us or sink into anarchy; if, in short, we let it be seen that we have changed our nature, and are not the same men with those who once made our name feared and honored, then, in ceasing to deserve respect, we shall cease to be respected. The Colonies will not purposely desert us, but they will look each to itself, knowing that from us, and from their connection with us, there is nothing more to be hoped for. The cord will wear into a thread, and one accident will break it.

THOMAS FULLER.

Thomas Fuller, an eminent English clergyman and biographer, born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in June, 1608; died in London, Aug. 16, 1661. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and was presented to the living of St. Benoit's, Cambridge; where he came to be noted as an eloquent preacher, and was also made Prebendary of Salisbury. After some years he went to London, where he received the lectureship of the Savoy. Upon the outbreak of the civil war between the Parliament and Charles I. Fuller warmly espoused the royal cause, became a chaplain in the army, and suffered some inconveniences during the Protectorate of Cromwell. After the restoration of Charles II. he was made chaplain-extraordinary to the King, regained his prebendary, of which he had been deprived, and it was in contemplation to raise him to a bishopric; but he died before this intention was carried out. His principal works are "Historie of the Holy Warre" (1636); "Holy and Profane State," proposing examples for imitation and avoidance (1642); "Church History of Britain from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII" (1655), and "History of the Worthies of England," published in 1662, soon after his death. This last work is the one by which Fuller is now best known.

The King's Children.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

Katherine, fourth daughter to Charles the First and Queen Mary, was born at Whitehall (the Queen mother then being at St. James), and survived not above half an hour after her baptizing; so that it is charity to mention her, whose memory is likely to be lost, so short her continuance in this life, — the rather because her name is not entered, as it ought, into the register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; as indeed none of the King's children, save Prince Charles, though they were born in that parish. And hereupon a story depends.

I am credibly informed that at the birth of every child of kings born at Whitehall or St. James's, full five pounds were

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND

From a Painting by Anthony Van Dyck

ever faithfully paid to some unfaithful receivers thereof, to record the names of such children in the register of St. Martin's. But the money being embezzled (we know by some, God knows by whom), no memorial is entered of them. Sad that bounty should betray any to baseness, and that which was intended to make them the more solemnly remembered should occasion that they should be more silently forgotten! Say not, "Let the children of mean persons be written down in registers: kings' children are registers to themselves;" or, "All England is a register to them;" for sure I am, this common confidence hath been the cause that we have been so often at a loss about the nativities and other properties of those of royal extraction.

A Learned Lady.

Margaret More. — Excuse me, reader, for placing a lady among men and learned statesmen. The reason is because of her unfeigned affection to her father, from whom she would not willingly be parted (and from me shall not be), either living or dead.

She was born in Bucklersburie in London at her father's house therein, and attained to that skill in all learning and languages that she became the miracle of her age. Foreigners took such notice thereof that Erasmus hath dedicated some epistles unto her. No woman that could speak so well did speak so little; whose secrecy was such, that her father intrusted her with his most important affairs.

Such was her skill in the Fathers that she corrected a depraved place in Cyprian; for where it was corruptly written "Nisi vos sinceritas" she amended it "Nervos sinceritas." Yea, she translated Eusebius out of Greek; but it was never printed, because J. Christopherson had done it so exactly before.

She was married to William Roper of Eltham in Kent, Esquire, one of a bountiful heart and plentiful estate. When her father's head was set up on London Bridge, it being suspected it would be cast into the Thames to make room for divers others (then suffering for denying the King's supremacy), she bought the head and kept it for a relic (which some called affection, others religion, others superstition in her), for which she was questioned before the Council, and for some short time imprisoned until she had buried it; and how long she herself survived afterwards is to me unknown.

Henry De Essex, Standard-Bearer To Henry II.

It happened in the reign of this King, there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, *animum et signum simul abjecit*, — betwixt traitor and coward, — cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny, the doing of so foul a fact, until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the King, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, between shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

The Good Schoolmaster.

(From "The Holy and Profane State.")

There is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself. . . .

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they were books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all — saving some few exceptions — to these general rules: —

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto

him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails — so they count the rest of their schoolfellows — they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats Nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour Nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

On Books.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels,

as knowing that many of them — built merely for uniformity — are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

London.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

It is the second city in Christendom for greatness, and the first for good government. There is no civilized part of the world but it has heard thereof, though many with this mistake: that they conceive London to be the country and England but the city therein.

Some have suspected the declining of the luster thereof, because of late it vergeth so much westward, increasing in buildings, Covent Garden, etc. But by their favor (to disprove their fear) it will be found to burnish round about with new structures daily added thereunto.

It oweth its greatness under God's divine providence to the well-conditioned river of Thames, which doth not (as some tyrant rivers of Europe) abuse its strength in a destructive way, but employeth its greatness in goodness, to be beneficial to commerce, by the reciprocation of the tide therein. Hence it was that when King James, offended with the city, threatened to remove his court to another place, the Lord Mayor (boldly enough) returned that "he might remove his court at his pleasure, but could not remove the river Thames."

Erasmus will have London so called from Lindus, a city of Rhodes; averring a great resemblance betwixt the languages and customs of the Britons and Grecians. But Mr. Camden (who no doubt knew of it) honoreth not this his etymology with

the least mention thereof. As improbable in my apprehension is the deduction from Lud's-Town, — town being a Saxon, not British termination; and that it was so termed from Lan Dian, a temple of Diana (standing where now St. Paul's doth), is most likely in my opinion.

Miscellaneous Sayings.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the Devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

. . . Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

. . . One that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience.

But our captain counts the image of God — nevertheless his image — cut in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

William Henry Furness, an American clergyman and theological writer, born in Boston, 1802; died in Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1896. He was educated at Harvard University, studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1825 became pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Philadelphia. Before the Civil War he became distinguished for his zealous opposition to slavery. He was the author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels" (1836); "Jesus and His Biographers" (1838); "A History of Jesus" (1850); "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth" (1859); "The Veil Partly Lifted and Jesus Becoming Visible" (1864); "Jesus" (1870); "The Story of the Resurrection of Christ Told Once More" (1885); "Pastoral Offices" (1893). His translations from the German have received high praise, especially that of Schiller's "Das Lied von der Glocke," which is said to be the best English version of that beautiful poem. He has also published "Domestic Worship," a volume of prayers (1842); a volume of "Discourses" (1855), and numerous "Poems," original, or translated from the German. Even after he had reached the venerable age of ninety he preserved his vigorous faculties unimpaired, and often occupied the pulpit almost to the end of his life.

A Single Eye.

Let thine eye be single,
And no earth-born visions mingle
  With thy pure ideal.
Then will its undimmed light
Make all within thee bright,
  And all around thee real.

But if thine eye be double,
Black care will rise to trouble
  And veil that light.
Then blindly wilt thou grope,
Cheated of faith and hope
  By phantoms of the night.

Eternal Light.

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

The Personal Presence of Jesus.

Although He had renounced every private concern, and bound himself irrevocably to so terrible a fate, He nevertheless retained the healthiest and most cordial interest in men and things. Life lost not one jot of value in his eyes, although He knew that He had no lot in it but to die in torture, forsaken and defamed. On the contrary, who ever, within so brief a space of time — or indeed in any space of time, though extended to the utmost limit of this mortal existence — made so much out of it, or so enhanced its value, as He? With what light and beauty has He transfigured this life of ours! The world had nothing for Him but the hideous Cross, and yet He has flooded the world through that Cross with imperishable splendors, unconquerable Faith, and immortal Hope. Notwithstanding the deadly hatred of men, He loved them with a love stronger than death, and put faith in them as no other ever has done. The outcast He treated with a brother's tenderness, identifying Himself with the meanest of His fellow-men, and in the most emphatic manner teaching that sympathy withheld from the least is dishonor cast upon the greatest.

ARNOLDO FUSINATO.

Arnoldo Fusinato, an Italian poet, born near Vicenza in 1817. He was educated at the Seminary of Padua, studied law, and received his degree, but gave more attention to poetry than to legal practice. In 1848 he married the Princess Colonna, and after her death he married (in 1856) the poetess Erminia Fua. A sumptuous edition of Fusinato's "Poesies" was published at Venice in 1853. In 1870 he went to Rome as Chief Reviser of the Stenographic Parliamentary Reports. In 1871 appeared at Milan a volume of his "Poesie Patriottiche Inedite," which contained, among other pieces, the popular "Students of Padua." The poem quoted below has been translated into nearly every European language.

Venice in 1849.

The twilight is deepening, still is the wave;
I sit by the window, mute as by a grave;
Silent, companionless, secret I pine;
Through tears where thou liest I look, Venice mine.

On the clouds brokenly strewn through the west
Lies the last ray of the sun sunk to rest;
And a sad sibilance under the moon
Sighs from the broken heart of the lagoon.

Out of the city a boat draweth near:
"You of the gondola! tell us what cheer!"
"Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows."

No, no, nevermore on so great woe,
Bright sun of Italy, nevermore glow!
But o'er Venetian hopes shattered so soon,
Moan in thy sorrow forever, lagoon!

Venice, to thee comes at last the last hour;
Martyr illustrious, in thy foe's power;
Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

GONDOLA REGATTA

(*Venice*)

Not all the battle-flames over thee streaming;
Not all the numberless bolts o'er thee screaming;
Not for these terrors thy free days are dead:
Long live Venice! She 's dying for bread!

On thy immortal page sculpture, O Story,
Others' iniquity, Venice's glory;
And three times infamous ever be he
Who triumphed by famine, O Venice, o'er thee.

Long live Venice! Undaunted she fell;
Bravely she fought for her banner and well;
But bread lacks; the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

And now be shivered upon the stone here
Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear.
Unto thee, Venice, shall be my last song,
To thee the last kiss and the last tear belong.

Exiled and lonely, from hence I depart,
But Venice forever shall live in my heart;
In my heart's sacred place Venice shall be
As is the face of my first love to me.

But the wind rises, and over the pale
Face of its waters the deep sends a wail;
Breaking, the chords shriek, and the voice dies.
On the lagoon bridge the white banner flies.

ÉMILE GABORIAU.

Émile Gaboriau, a French novelist, was born at Saujon, in the department of Charente-Inférieure, Nov. 9, 1835; died at Paris, Sept. 28, 1873. He was for a short time a cavalryman, after which he was for a while in business; and while engaged in these occupations he began to gather the store of incidents which helped to make him famous as a writer of detective stories. His earlier sketches appeared in the lesser Parisian journals; and were afterward brought together under such collective titles as "Mariages d'Aventure," "Ruses d'Amour," "Les Comédiennes Adorées." These were supposed to represent contemporary life among military, theatrical, and fashionable people generally. They were followed in 1866 by his first novel, "L'Affaire Lerouge." Next appeared "Le Dossier No. 113" (1867) and "Le Crime d'Orcival" (1868), elaborate stories of crime and its detection, the plots of which are worked out with great skill and dramatic effect. His later publications during his life included: "Monsieur Lecocq" (1869); "Les Esclaves de Paris" (1869); "La Vie Infernale" (1870); "La Clique Dorée" (1871); "La Corde au Cou" (1873). He left manuscripts of other works, which were published posthumously, including "L'Argent des Autres" (1874) and "La Degringolade" (1876).

The Bank Robbery.

(From "File No. 113.")

In the Paris evening papers of Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1866, under the head of "Local Items," the following announcement appeared:

"A daring robbery, committed against one of our most eminent bankers, M. Andre Fauvel, caused great excitement this morning throughout the neighborhood of the Rue de Provence.

"The thieves, who were as skillful as they were bold, succeeded in making an entrance to the bank, in forcing the lock of a safe that has heretofore been considered impregnable, and in possessing themselves of the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty thousand francs in bank-notes.

"The police, immediately informed of the robbery, displayed their accustomed zeal, and their efforts have been crowned with success. Already, it is said, P. B., a clerk in the bank, has been arrested, and there is every reason to hope that his accomplices will be speedily overtaken by the hand of justice."

For four days this robbery was the town talk of Paris.

Then public attention was absorbed by later and equally interesting events; an acrobat broke his leg at the circus; an actress made her *début* at a small theater; and the item of the 28th was soon forgotten.

But for once the newspapers were — perhaps intentionally — wrong, or at least inaccurate in their information.

The sum of three hundred and fifty thousand francs certainly had been stolen from M. Andre Fauvel's bank, but not in the manner described.

A clerk had also been arrested on suspicion, but no decisive proof had been found against him. This robbery of unusual importance remained, if not inexplicable, at least unexplained.

The following are the facts as they were related with scrupulous exactness at the preliminary examination:

The banking-house of Andre Fauvel, No. 87 Rue de Provence, is an important establishment, and, owing to its large force of clerks, presents very much the appearance of a government department.

On the ground-floor are the offices, with windows opening on the street, fortified by strong iron bars, sufficiently large and close together to discourage all burglarious attempts.

A large glass door opens into a spacious vestibule, where three or four office-boys are always in waiting.

On the right are the rooms to which the public are admitted, and from which a narrow passage leads to the principal cash-room.

The offices of the corresponding clerk, book-keeper, and general accounts are on the left.

At the further end is a small court on which open seven or eight little wicket doors. These are kept closed, except on certain days when notes are due; and then they are indispensable.

M. Fauvel's private office is on the first floor over the offices, and leads into his elegant private apartments.

This private office communicates directly with the bank by

means of a narrow staircase, which opens into the room occupied by the head cashier.

This room, which in the bank goes by the name of the "cash office," is proof against all attacks, no matter how skillfully planned; indeed, it could almost withstand a regular siege, sheeted as it is like a monitor.

The doors, and the partition where the wicket doors are cut, are covered with thick sheets of iron; and a heavy grating protects the fireplace.

Fastened in the wall by enormous iron clamps is a safe, a formidable and fantastic piece of furniture, calculated to fill with envy the poor devil who easily carries his fortune in a pocket-book.

This safe, which is considered the masterpiece of the firm of Becquet, is six feet in height and four and a half in width, made entirely of wrought iron, with triple sides, and divided into isolated compartments in case of fire.

The safe is opened by an odd little key, which is, however, the least important part of the mechanism. Five movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet, constitute the real power of this ingenious safe.

Before inserting the key into the lock, the letters on the buttons must be in the exact position in which they were placed when the safe was locked.

In M. Fauvel's bank, as everywhere, the safe was always closed with a word that was changed from time to time.

This word was known only to the head of the bank and the cashier, each of whom had also a key to the safe.

In a fortress like this, a person could deposit more diamonds than the Duke of Brunswick's and sleep well assured of their safety.

But one danger seemed to threaten — that of forgetting the secret word which was the "Open sesame," of the safe.

On the morning of the 28th of February, the bank clerks were all busy at their various desks, about half past nine o'clock, when a middle-aged man of dark complexion and military air, clad in deep mourning, appeared in the office adjoining the "safe," and announced to the five or six employés present his desire to see the cashier.

He was told that the cashier had not yet come, and his attention was called to a placard in the entry, which stated that the "cash-room" was opened at ten o'clock.

This reply seemed to disconcert and annoy the new-comer.

"I expected," he said, in a tone of cool impertinence, "to find some one here ready to attend to my business. I explained the matter to Monsieur Fauvel yesterday. I am Count Louis de Clameran, an iron manufacturer at Oloron, and have come to draw three hundred thousand francs deposited in this bank by my late brother, whose heir I am. It is surprising that no direction was given about it."

Neither the title of the noble manufacturer, nor his explanations, appeared to have the slightest effect upon the clerks.

"The cashier has not yet arrived," they repeated, "and we can do nothing for you."

"Then conduct me to Monsieur Fauvel."

There was a moment's hesitation; then a clerk named Cavaillon, who was writing near a window, said:

"The chief is always out at this hour."

"Then I will call again," replied M. de Clameran.

And he walked out, as he had entered, without saying "Good-morning," or even touching his hat.

"Not very polite, that customer," said little Cavaillon; "but he will soon be settled, for here comes Prosper."

Prosper Bertomy, head cashier of Fauvel's banking-house, was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, with fair hair and large dark-blue eyes, fastidiously neat, and dressed in the height of the fashion.

He would have been very prepossessing but for a cold, reserved English-like manner, and a certain air of self-sufficiency which spoiled his naturally bright, open countenance.

"Ah, here you are!" cried Cavaillon. "Some one has just been asking for you."

"Who? An iron manufacturer, was it not?"

"Exactly."

"Well, he will come back again. Knowing that I would get here late this morning, I made all my arrangements yesterday."

Prosper had unlocked his office door, and, as he finished speaking, entered, and closed it behind him.

"Good!" exclaimed one of the clerks, "there is a man who never lets anything disturb him. The chief has quarreled with him twenty times for always coming too late, and his remonstrances have no more effect upon him than a breath of wind."

"And very right, too: he knows he can get anything he wants out of the chief."

"Besides, how could he come any sooner? A man who sits up all night, and leads a fast life, doesn't feel like going to work early in the morning. Did you notice how very pale he looked when he came in?"

"He must have been playing heavily again. Couturier says he lost fifteen thousand francs at a sitting last week."

"His work is none the worse done for all that," interrupted Cavaillon. "If you were in his place" —

He stopped short. The cash-room door suddenly opened, and the cashier appeared before them with tottering step, and a wild, haggard look on his ashy face.

"Robbed!" he gasped out; "I have been robbed!"

Prosper's horrified expression, his hollow voice and trembling limbs betrayed such fearful suffering that the clerks jumped up from their desks, and ran toward him. He almost dropped into their arms; he was sick and faint, and fell into a chair.

His companions surrounded him, and begged him to explain himself.

"Robbed?" they said; "where, how, by whom?"

Gradually, Prosper recovered himself.

"All the money I had in the safe," he said, "has been stolen."

"All?"

"Yes, all; three packages, each containing one hundred notes of a thousand francs, and one package of fifty thousand. The four packages were wrapped in a sheet of paper, and tied together."

With the rapidity of lightning, the news of the robbery spread throughout the banking-house, and the room was soon filled with curious listeners.

"Tell us, Prosper," said young Cavaillon, "did you find the safe broken open?"

"No; it is just as I left it."

"Well, then, how, why" —

"Yesterday I put three hundred and fifty thousand francs in the safe, and this morning they are gone."

All were silent except one old clerk, who did not seem to share the general consternation.

"Don't distress yourself, Monsieur Bertomy," he said; "perhaps the chief disposed of the money."

The unhappy cashier started up with a look of relief; he eagerly caught at the idea.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "you are right; the chief must have taken it."

But, after thinking a few minutes, he said, in a tone of deep discouragement:

"No, that is impossible. During the five years that I have had charge of the safe, Monsieur Fauvel has never opened it except in my presence. Several times he has needed money, and has either waited until I came, or sent for me, rather than touch it in my absence."

"Well," said Cavaillon, "before despairing, let us ascertain."

But a messenger had already informed M. Fauvel of the disaster.

As Cavaillon was about to go in quest of him, he entered the room.

M. Andre Fauvel appeared to be a man of fifty inclined to corpulency, of medium height, with iron-gray hair; and, like all hard workers, he had a slight stoop.

Never did he by a single action belie the kindly expression of his face.

He had a frank air, a lively intelligent eye, and large, red lips.

Born in the neighborhood of Aix, he betrayed, when animated, a slight Provencal accent that gave a peculiar flavor to his genial humor.

The news of the robbery had extremely agitated him, for his usually florid face was now quite pale.

"What is this I hear? what has happened?" he said to the clerks, who respectfully stood aside when he entered the room.

The sound of M. Fauvel's voice inspired the cashier with the factitious energy of a great crisis. The dreaded and decisive moment had come; he arose, and advanced toward his chief.

"Monsieur," he began, "having, as you know, a payment to make this morning, I yesterday drew from the Bank of France three hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"Why yesterday, monsieur?" interrupted the banker. "I think I have a hundred times ordered you to wait until the day of the payment."

"I know it, monsieur, and I did wrong to disobey you. But the evil is done. Yesterday evening I locked the money up; it has disappeared, and yet the safe has not been broken open."

"You must be mad!" exclaimed M. Fauvel, "you are dreaming!"

These few words destroyed all hope; but the very horror of the situation gave Prosper, not the coolness of a matured resolution, but that sort of stupid, stolid indifference which often results from unexpected catastrophes.

It was with apparent calmness that he replied:

"I am not mad; neither, unfortunately, am I dreaming; I am simply telling the truth."

This tranquillity at such a moment appeared to exasperate M. Fauvel. He seized Prosper by the arm, and shook him roughly.

"Speak!" he cried out; "speak! who do you pretend to say opened the safe? Answer me?"

"I cannot say."

"No one but you and I knew the secret word. No one but you and myself had keys."

This was a formal accusation; at least, all the auditors present so understood it.

Yet Prosper's strange calmness never left him for an instant. He quietly released himself from M. Fauvel's grasp, and very slowly said:

"In other words, monsieur, I am the only person who could have taken this money."

"Unhappy wretch!"

Prosper drew himself to his full height, and, looking M. Fauvel full in the face, added:

"Or you!"

The banker made a threatening gesture; and there is no knowing what would have happened if they had not been interrupted by loud and angry voices at the entry door.

A man insisted upon entering, in spite of the protestations of the errand boys, and succeeded in forcing his way in. It was M. de Clameran.

The clerks stood looking on, bewildered, and motionless. The silence was profound, solemn.

It was easy to see that some terrible question, a question of life or death, was being weighed by all these men.

The iron-founder did not appear to observe anything unusual. He advanced, and without lifting his hat, said in the same impertinent tone:

"It is after ten o'clock, gentlemen."

No one answered; and M. de Clameran was about to con-

tinue, when, turning around, he for the first time saw the banker, and walking up to him, said:

"Well, monsieur, I congratulate myself upon finding you in at last. I have been here once before this morning, and found the cash-room not opened, the cashier not arrived, and you absent."

"You are mistaken, monsieur; I was in my office."

"At any rate, I was told you were out; that gentleman over there assured me of the fact."

And the iron-founder pointed out Cavaillon.

"However, that is of little importance," he went on to say. "I return, and this time not only the cash-room is closed, but I am refused admittance to the banking-house, and find myself compelled to force my way in. Be so good as to tell me whether I can have my money."

M. Fauvel's flushed face turned pale with anger as he listened to this insolence; yet he controlled himself.

"I would be obliged to you, monsieur, for a short delay."

"I thought you told me" —

"Yes, yesterday. But this morning, this very instant, I find I have been robbed of three hundred and fifty thousand francs."

M. de Clameran bowed ironically, and said:

"Shall I have to wait long?"

"Long enough for me to send to the bank."

Then turning his back on the iron-founder, M. Fauvel said to his cashier:

"Write and send as quickly as possible to the bank an order for three hundred thousand francs. Let the messenger take a carriage."

Prosper remained motionless.

"Do you hear me?" said the banker, angrily.

The cashier trembled; he seemed as if trying to shake off a terrible nightmare.

"It is useless to send," he said, in a measured tone: "we owe this gentleman three hundred thousand francs, and we have less than one hundred thousand in the bank."

M. de Clameran evidently expected this answer, for he muttered:

"Naturally."

Although he only pronounced this word, his voice, his manner, his face clearly said:

"This comedy is well acted; but nevertheless it is a comedy, and I don't intend to be duped by it."

Alas! after Prosper's answer, and the iron-founder's coarsely expressed opinion, the clerks knew not what to think.

The fact was, that Paris had just been startled by several financial crashes. The thirst for speculation caused the oldest and most reliable houses to totter. Men of the most unimpeachable honor had to sacrifice their pride, and go from door to door imploring aid.

Credit, that rare bird of security and peace, rested with none, but stood with upraised wings, ready to fly off at the first rumor of suspicion.

Therefore, this idea of a comedy arranged beforehand between the banker and his cashier, might readily occur to the minds of people who, if not suspicious, were at least aware of all the expedients resorted to by speculators, in order to gain time, which with them often meant salvation.

M. Fauvel had had too much experience not to instantly divine the impression produced by Prosper's answer; he read the most mortifying doubt on the faces around him.

"Oh! don't be alarmed, monsieur," said he to M. de Clameran; "this house has other resources. Be kind enough to await my return."

He left the room, went up the narrow steps leading to his study, and in a few minutes returned, holding in his hand a letter and a bundle of securities.

"Here, quick, Couturier!" he said to one of his clerks, "take my carriage, which is waiting at the door, and go with monsieur to Monsieur de Rothschild's. Hand him this letter and these securities; in exchange you will receive three hundred thousand francs, which you will hand to this gentleman."

The iron-founder was visibly disappointed; he seemed desirous of apologizing for his impertinence.

"I assure you, monsieur, that I had no intention of giving offense. Our relations for some years have been such that I hope"—

"Enough, monsieur," interrupted the banker, "I desire no apologies. In business, friendship counts for nothing. I owe you money; I am not ready to pay; you are pressing; you have a perfect right to demand what is your own. Follow my clerk; he will pay you your money."

Then he turned to his clerks who stood curiously gazing on, and said:

"As for you, gentlemen, be kind enough to resume your desks."

In an instant the room was cleared of every one except the clerks who belonged there; and they sat at their desks with their noses almost touching the paper before them, as if too absorbed in their work to think of anything else.

Still, excited by the events so rapidly succeeding each other, M. Andre Fauvel walked up and down the room with quick, nervous steps, occasionally uttering some low exclamation.

Prosper remained leaning against the door, with pale face and fixed eyes, looking as if he had lost the faculty of thinking.

Finally the banker, after a long silence, stopped short before Prosper; he had determined upon the line of conduct he would pursue.

"We must have an explanation," he said. "Let us go into your office."

The cashier mechanically obeyed without a word; and his chief followed him, taking the precaution to close the door after them.

The cash-room bore no evidence of a successful burglary. Everything was in perfect order; not even a paper was misplaced.

The safe was open, and on the top shelf lay several rouleaus of gold, overlooked or disdained by the thieves.

M. Fauvel, without troubling himself to examine anything, took a seat, and ordered his cashier to do the same. He had entirely recovered his equanimity, and his countenance wore its usual kind expression.

"Now that we are alone, Prosper," he said, "have you nothing to tell me?"

The cashier started, as if surprised at the question. "Nothing, monsieur, that I have not already told you."

"What, nothing? Do you persist in asserting a fable so absurd and ridiculous that no one can possibly believe it? It is folly! Confide in me; it is your only chance of salvation. I am your employer, it is true; but I am before and above all your friend — your best and truest friend. I cannot forget that in this very room, fifteen years ago, you were intrusted to me by your father; and ever since that day have I had cause to congratulate myself on possessing so faithful and efficient a clerk. Yes, it is fifteen years since you came to me. I was then just commencing the foundation of my fortune. You have seen

it gradually grow, step by step, from almost nothing to its present height. As my wealth increased, I endeavored to better your condition; you, who, although so young, are the oldest of my clerks. At each inventory of my fortune, I increased your salary."

Never had Prosper heard him express himself in so feeling and paternal a manner. Prosper was silent with astonishment.

"Answer," pursued M. Fauvel; "have I not always been like a father to you? From the first day my house has been open to you; you were treated as a member of my family. Madeleine and my sons looked upon you as a brother. But you grew weary of this peaceful life. One day, a year ago, you suddenly began to shun us, and since then" —

The memories of the past thus evoked by the banker seemed too much for the unhappy cashier, he buried his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

"A man can confide everything to his father without fear of being harshly judged," resumed M. Fauvel. "A father not only pardons, he forgets. Do I not know the terrible temptations that beset a young man in a city like Paris? There are some inordinate desires before which the firmest principles must give way, and which so pervert our moral sense as to render us incapable of judging between right and wrong. Speak, Prosper, speak!"

"What do you wish me to say?"

"The truth. When an honorable man yields, in an hour of weakness, to temptation, his first step toward atonement is confession. Say to me, Yes, I have been tempted, dazzled: the sight of these piles of gold turned my brain. I am young; I have passions."

"I!" murmured Prosper, "I!"

"Poor boy," said the banker, sadly; "do you think I am ignorant of the life you have been leading since you left my roof a year ago? Can you not understand that all your fellow-clerks are jealous of you? that they do not forgive you for earning twelve thousand francs a year? Never have you committed a piece of folly without my being immediately informed of it by an anonymous letter. I can tell the exact number of nights you have spent at the gaming-table, and the amount of money you have squandered. Oh, envy has good eyes and a quick ear! I have great contempt for these cowardly denunciations, but was forced not only to heed them, but to make inquiries

myself. It is only right that I should know what sort of a life is led by the man to whom I intrust my fortune and my honor."

Prosper seemed about to protest against this last speech.

"Yes, my honor," insisted M. Fauvel, in a voice that a sense of humiliation rendered still more vibrating. "Yes, my credit might have been compromised to-day by this Monsieur de Clameran. Do you know how much I shall lose by paying him this money? And suppose I had not had the securities which I have sacrificed? You did not know I possessed them."

The banker paused, as if hoping for a confession, which, however, did not come.

"Come, Prosper, have courage, be frank. I will go upstairs. You will look again in the safe; I am sure that in your agitation you did not search thoroughly. This evening I will return; and I am confident that, during the day, you will have found, if not the three hundred and fifty thousand francs, at least the greater portion of it; and to-morrow neither you nor I will remember anything about this false alarm."

M. Fauvel had risen, and was about to leave the room, when Prosper arose, and seized him by the arm.

"Your generosity is useless, monsieur," he said bitterly; "having taken nothing I can restore nothing. I have searched carefully; the bank-notes have been stolen."

"But by whom, poor fool? By whom?"

"By all that is sacred, I swear that it was not by me."

The banker's face turned crimson. "Miserable wretch!" cried he, "do you mean to say that I took the money?"

Prosper bowed his head, and did not answer.

"Ah! it is thus, then," said M. Fauvel, unable to contain himself any longer. "And you dare — Then between you and me, Monsieur Prosper Bertomy, justice shall decide. God is my witness that I have done all I could to save you. You will have yourself to thank for what follows. I have sent for the commissary of police; he must be waiting in my study. Shall I call him down?"

Prosper, with the fearful resignation of a man who abandons himself, replied in a stifled voice:

"Do as you will."

The banker was near the door, which he opened, and after giving the cashier a last searching look, said to an office boy:

"Anselme, ask the commissary of police to step down."

If there is one man in the world whom no event can move or surprise, who is always on his guard against deceptive appearances, and is capable of admitting everything and explaining everything, it certainly is a Parisian commissary of police.

While the judge, from his lofty place, applies the code to the facts submitted to him, the commissary of police observes and watches all the odious circumstances that the law cannot reach. He is perforce the confidant of disgraceful details, domestic crimes, and tolerated vices.

If, when he entered upon his office, he had any illusions, before the end of a year they were all dissipated.

If he does not absolutely despise the human race, it is because often, side by side with abominations indulged in with impunity, he discovers sublime generosities which remain unrewarded.

He sees impudent scoundrels filching public respect; and he consoles himself by thinking of the modest, obscure heroes whom he has also encountered.

So often have his previsions been deceived, that he has reached a state of complete skepticism. He believes in nothing, neither in evil nor in absolute good; not more in virtue than in vice.

His experience has forced him to come to the sad conclusion, that not men, but events, are worth considering.

The commissary sent for by M. Fauvel soon made his appearance.

It was with a calm air, if not one of perfect indifference, that he entered the office.

He was followed by a short man dressed in a full suit of black, which was slightly relieved by a crumpled collar.

The banker, scarcely bowing to him, said:

"Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which compels me to have recourse to your assistance?"

"It is about a robbery, I believe."

"Yes; an infamous and mysterious robbery committed in this office, from the safe you see open there, of which my cashier" (he pointed to Prosper) "alone possesses the key and the word."

This declaration seemed to arouse the unfortunate cashier from his dull stupor.

"Excuse me, monsieur," he said, to the commissary, in a low tone. "My chief also has the word and the key."

"Of course that is understood."

The commissary at once drew his own conclusions.

Evidently these two men accused each other.

From their own statements, one or the other was guilty.

One was the head of an important bank; the other was a simple cashier.

One was the chief; the other was the clerk.

But the commissary of police was too well skilled in concealing his impressions to betray his thoughts by any outward sign. Not a muscle of his face moved.

But he became more grave, and alternately watched the cashier and M. Fauvel, as if trying to draw some profitable conclusion from their behavior.

Prosper was very pale and dejected. He had dropped into a seat, and his arms hung inert on either side of the chair.

The banker, on the contrary, remained standing, with flashing eyes and crimson face, expressing himself with extraordinary violence.

"And the importance of the theft is immense," continued M. Fauvel; "they have taken a fortune — three hundred and fifty thousand francs. This robbery might have had the most disastrous consequences. In times like these, the want of this sum might compromise the credit of the wealthiest banking-house in Paris."

"I believe so, if notes fall due."

"Well, monsieur, I had this very day a heavy payment to make."

"Ah, really!"

There was no mistaking the commissary's tone; a suspicion, the first, had evidently entered his mind.

The banker understood it; he started, and said quickly:

"I met the demand, but at the cost of a disagreeable sacrifice. I ought to add further, that, if my orders had been obeyed, the three hundred and fifty thousand francs would not have been in."

"How is that?"

"I never desire to have large sums of money in my house over night. My cashier had positive orders to wait always until the last moment before drawing the money from the Bank of France. I above all forbade him to leave money in the safe over night."

"You hear this?" said the commissary to Prosper.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the cashier, "Monsieur Fauvel's statement is quite correct."

After this explanation, the suspicions of the commissary, instead of being strengthened, were dissipated.

"Well," he said, "a robbery has been perpetrated, but by whom? Did the robber enter from without?"

The banker hesitated a moment.

"I think not," he said, at last.

"And I am certain he did not," said Prosper.

The commissary expected and was prepared for those answers; but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up immediately.

"However," said he, "we must make ourselves sure of it." Turning toward his companion:

"Monsieur Fanferlot," he said, "go and see if you cannot discover some traces that may have escaped the attention of these gentlemen."

M. Fanferlot, nicknamed "the squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little proud. Slim and insignificant in appearance he might, in spite of his iron muscles, be taken for a bailiff's under clerk, as he walked along, buttoned up to the chin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress us disagreeably — an odiously turned-up nose, thin lips, and little restless black eyes.

Fanferlot, who had been on the police force for five years, burned to distinguish himself, to make for himself a name. He was ambitious. Alas! he was unsuccessful, lacking opportunity — or genius.

Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywhere; studied the doors, sounded the partitions, examined the wicket, and stirred up the ashes in the fireplace.

"I can not imagine," said he, "how a stranger could have effected an entrance here."

He walked around the office.

"Is this door closed at night?" he inquired.

"It is always locked."

"And who keeps the key?"

"The office-boy, to whom I always give it in charge before leaving the bank," said Prosper.

"This boy," said M. Fauvel, "sleeps in the outer room on

a sofa-bedstead, which he unfolds at night, and folds up in the morning."

"Is he here now?" inquired the commissary.

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the banker.

He opened the door and called:

"Anselme!"

This boy was the favorite servant of M. Fauvel, and had lived with him for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected; but the idea of being connected in any way with a robbery is terrible, and he entered the room trembling like a leaf.

"Did you sleep in the next room last night?" asked the commissary.

"Yes, monsieur, as usual."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"About half past ten; I had spent the evening at a café near by, with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?"

"Not a sound; and still I sleep so lightly that, if monsieur comes down to the cash-room when I am asleep, I am instantly awakened by the sound of his footsteps."

"Monsieur Fauvel often comes to the cash-room at night, does he?"

"No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?"

"No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not; for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drunk with the valet."

"That will do; you can retire," said the commissary.

When Anselme had left the room, Fanferlot resumed his search.

He opened the door of the private staircase.

"Where do these stairs lead to?" he asked.

"To my private office," replied M. Fauvel.

"Is not that the room whither I was conducted when I first came?" inquired the commissary.

"The same."

"I would like to see it," said Fanferlot, "and examine the entrances to it."

"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel, eagerly; "follow me, gentlemen. And you come too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted of two rooms; the wait-

ing-room, sumptuously furnished and beautifully decorated, and the study where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office-desk, several leather-covered chairs, and, on either side of the fireplace, a secretary and a book-shelf.

These two rooms had only three doors: one opened on the private stairway, another into the banker's bedroom, and the third into the main vestibule. It was through this last door that the banker's clients and visitors were admitted.

M. Fanferlot examined the study at a glance. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering some indication and had found nothing.

"Let us see the adjoining room," he said.

He passed into the waiting-room, followed by the banker and the commissary of police.

Prosper remained alone in the study.

Despite the disordered state of his mind, he could not but perceive that his situation was momentarily becoming more serious.

He had demanded and accepted the contest with his chief; the struggle had commenced; and now it no longer depended upon his own will to arrest the consequences of his action.

They were about to engage in a bitter conflict, utilizing all weapons, until one of the two should succumb, the loss of honor being the cost of defeat.

In the eyes of Justice, who would be the innocent man?

Alas! the unfortunate cashier saw only too clearly that the chances were terribly unequal, and was overwhelmed with the sense of his own inferiority.

Never had he thought that his chief would carry out his threats; for, in a contest of this nature, M. Fauvel would have as much to risk as his cashier, and more to lose.

He was sitting near the fireplace, absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings, when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened, and a beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold.

She was tall and slender; a loose morning-gown, confined at the waist by a simple black ribbon, betrayed to advantage the graceful elegance of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft; her complexion had the creamy pallor of a white camellia; and her beautiful dark hair, carelessly held together by a tortoise-shell comb, fell in a profusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was Madeleine, M. Fauvel's niece, of whom he had spoken not long before.

Seeing Prosper in the study, where probably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah!"

Prosper started up as if he had received an electric shock. His eyes, a moment before so dull and heavy, now sparkled with joy as if he had caught a glimpse of a messenger of hope.

"Madeleine," he gasped, "Madeleine!"

The young girl was blushing crimson. She seemed about to hastily retreat, and stepped back, but, Prosper having advanced toward her, she was overcome by a sentiment stronger than her will, and extended her hand, which he seized and pressed with much agitation.

They stood thus face to face, but with averted looks, as if they dared not let their eyes meet for fear of betraying their feelings; having much to say, and not knowing how to begin, they stood silent.

Finally Madeleine murmured in a scarcely audible voice:

"You, Prosper — you!"

These words broke the spell. The cashier dropped the white hand which he held, and answered, bitterly:

"Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of your childhood — suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft; Prosper, whom your uncle has just delivered up to justice, and who, before the day is over, will be arrested, and thrown into prison."

Madeleine, with a terrified gesture, cried in a tone of anguish:

"Good heavens! Prosper, what are you saying?"

"What, mademoiselle! do you not know what has happened? Have not your aunt and cousins told you?"

"They have told me nothing. I have scarcely seen my cousins this morning; and my aunt is so ill that I felt uneasy, and came to tell uncle. But for Heaven's sake speak: tell me the cause of your distress."

Prosper hesitated. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, of revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head, and replied:

"Thanks, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the last doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you; but allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress, and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

Madeleine interrupted him imperiously:

"I insist upon knowing."

"Alas, mademoiselle!" answered Prosper, "you will only too soon learn my misfortune and my disgrace; then, yes, then you will applaud yourself for what you have done."

But she became more urgent; instead of commanding, she entreated; but Prosper was inflexible.

"Your uncle is in the adjoining room, mademoiselle, with the commissary of police and a detective. They will soon return. I entreat you to retire that they may not find you here."

As he spoke he gently pushed her through the door, and closed it upon her.

It was time, for the next moment the commissary and M. Fauvel entered. They had visited the main entrance and waiting-room, and had heard nothing of what had passed in the study.

But Fanferlot had heard for them.

This excellent blood-hound had not lost sight of the cashier. He said to himself, "Now that my young gentleman believes himself to be alone, his face will betray him. I shall detect a smile or a wink that will enlighten me."

Leaving M. Fauvel and the commissary to pursue their investigations, he posted himself to watch. He saw the door open, and Madeleine appear upon the threshold; he lost not a single word or gesture of the rapid scene which had passed.

It mattered little that every word of this scene was an enigma. M. Fanferlot was skillful enough to complete the sentences he did not understand.

As yet he only had a suspicion; but a mere suspicion is better than nothing; it is a point to start from. So prompt was he in building a plan upon the slightest incident, that he thought he saw in the past of these people who were utter strangers to him glimpses of a domestic drama.

If the commissary of police is a skeptic, the detective has faith; he believes in evil.

"I understand the case now," said he, to himself. "This man loves the young lady, who is really very pretty; and, as he is quite handsome, I suppose his love is reciprocated. This love affair vexes the banker, who, not knowing how to get rid of the importunate lover by fair means, has to resort to foul, and plans this imaginary robbery, which is very ingenious."

Thus to M. Fanferlot's mind, the banker had simply robbed

himself, and the innocent cashier was the victim of an odious machination.

But this conviction was, at present, of little service to Prosper.

Fanferlot, the ambitious man, who had determined to obtain renown in his profession, decided to keep his conjectures to himself.

"I will let the others go their way, and I'll go mine," he said. "When, by dint of close watching and patient investigation, I shall have collected proof sufficient to insure certain conviction, I will unmask the scoundrel."

He was radiant. He had at last found the crime so long looked for, which would make him celebrated. Nothing was wanting, neither the odious circumstances, nor the mystery, nor even the romantic and sentimental element represented by Prosper and Madeleine.

Success seemed difficult, almost impossible, but Fanferlot, the "squirrel," had great confidence in his own genius for investigation.

Meanwhile, the search up-stairs completed, M. Fauvel and the commissary returned to the room where Prosper was waiting for them.

The commissary, who had seemed so calm, when he first came, now looked grave and perplexed. The moment for taking a decisive part had come, yet it was evident that he hesitated.

"You see, gentlemen," he began, "our search has only confirmed our first suspicion."

M. Fauvel and Prosper bowed assentingly.

"And what do you think, Monsieur Fanferlot?" continued the commissary.

Fanferlot did not answer.

Occupied in studying the safe-lock, he manifested signs of a lively surprise. Evidently he had just made an important discovery.

M. Fauvel, Prosper, and the commissary rose, and surrounded him.

"Have you discovered any trace?" said the banker, eagerly.

Fanferlot turned around with a vexed air. He reproached himself for not having concealed his impressions.

"Oh!" said he, carelessly, "I have discovered nothing of importance."

"But we should like to know," said Prosper.

"I have merely convinced myself that this safe has been recently opened or shut, I know not which, with great violence and haste."

"Why so?" asked the commissary, becoming attentive.

"Look, monsieur, at this scratch near the lock."

The commissary stooped down, and carefully examined the safe; he saw a light scratch several inches long that had removed the outer coat of varnish.

"I see the scratch," said he, "but what does that prove?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" said Fanferlot. "I just now told you it was of no importance."

Fanferlot said this, but it was not his real opinion.

This scratch, undeniably fresh, had for him a signification that escaped the others. He said to himself, "This confirms my suspicions. If the cashier had stolen millions, there was no occasion for his being in a hurry; whereas the banker creeping down in the dead of the night with cat-like footsteps, for fear of awakening the boy in the anteroom, in order to rifle his own money safe, had every reason to tremble, to hurry, to hastily withdraw the key, which, slipping along the lock, scratched off the varnish."

Resolved to unravel by himself the tangled thread of this mystery, the detective determined to keep his conjectures to himself; for the same reason he was silent as to the interview which he had overheard between Madeleine and Prosper.

He hastened to withdraw attention from the scratch upon the lock.

"To conclude," he said, addressing the commissary, "I am convinced that no one outside of the bank could have obtained access to this room. The safe, moreover, is intact. No suspicious pressure has been used on the movable buttons. I can assert that the lock has not been tampered with by burglar's tools or false keys. Those who opened the safe knew the word, and possessed the key."

This formal affirmation of a man whom he knew to be skillful, ended the hesitation of the commissary.

"That being the case," he replied, "I must request a few moments' conversation with Monsieur Fauvel."

"I am at your service," said the banker.

Prosper foresaw the result of this conversation. He quietly placed his hat on the table, to show that he had no intention of attempting to escape, and passed into the adjoining room.

Fanferlot also went out, but not before the commissary had made him a sign, and received one in return.

This sign signified, "You are responsible for this man."

The detective needed no admonition to make him keep a strict watch. His suspicions were too vague, his desire for success was too ardent, for him to lose sight of Prosper an instant.

Closely following the cashier, he seated himself in a dark corner of the room, and, pretending to be sleepy, he fixed himself in a comfortable position for taking a nap, gaped until his jawbone seemed about to be dislocated, then closed his eyes, and kept perfectly quiet.

Prosper took a seat at the desk of an absent clerk. The others were burning to know the result of the investigation; their eyes shone with curiosity, but they dared not ask a question.

Unable to restrain himself any longer little Cavaillon, Prosper's defender, ventured to say:

"Well, who stole the money?"

Prosper shrugged his shoulders.

"Nobody knows," he replied.

Was this conscious innocence or hardened recklessness? The clerks observed with bewildered surprise that Prosper had resumed his usual manner — that sort of icy haughtiness that kept people at a distance, and made him so unpopular in the bank.

Save the death-like pallor of his face, and the dark circles around his swelled eyes, he bore no traces of the pitiable agitation he had exhibited a short time before.

Never would a stranger entering the room have supposed that this young man, idly lounging in a chair, and toying with a pencil, was resting under an accusation of robbery, and was about to be arrested.

He soon stopped playing with the pencil, and drew toward him a sheet of paper on which he hastily wrote a few lines.

"Ah, ha!" thought Fanferlot the "squirrel," whose hearing and sight were wonderfully good in spite of his profound sleep, "eh! eh! he makes his little confidential communication on paper, I see; now we will discover something positive."

His note written, Prosper folded it carefully in the smallest possible size, and after furtively glancing toward the detective,

who remained motionless in his corner, threw it across the desk to little Cavaillon with this one word:

"Gypsy!"

All this was so quickly and skillfully done that Fanferlot was confounded, and began to feel a little uneasy.

"The devil take him!" said he to himself; "for a suffering innocent; this young dandy has more pluck and nerve than many of my oldest customers. This, however, shows the result of education!"

Yes; innocent or guilty, Prosper must have been endowed with great self-control and power of dissimulation to affect this presence of mind at a time when his honor, his future happiness, all that he held dear in life, were at stake. And he was only thirty years old.

Either from natural deference, or from the hope of gaining some ray of light by a private conversation, the commissary determined to speak to the banker before acting decisively.

"There is not a shadow of doubt, monsieur," he said as soon as they were alone, "this young man has robbed you. It would be a gross neglect of duty if I did not secure his person. The law will decide whether he shall be released, or sent to prison."

This declaration seemed to distress the banker.

He sunk into a chair, and murmured:

"Poor Prosper!"

Seeing the astonished look of his listener, he added:

"Until to-day, monsieur, I have always had the most implicit faith in his honesty, and would have unhesitatingly confided my fortune to his keeping. Almost on my knees have I besought and implored him to confess that in a moment of desperation he had taken the money, promising him pardon and forgetfulness; but I could not move him. I have loved him; and even now, in spite of the trouble and humiliation that he is bringing upon me, I cannot bring myself to feel harshly toward him."

The commissary looked as if he did not understand.

"What do you mean by humiliation, monsieur?"

"What!" said M. Fauvel, excitedly, "is not justice the same for all? Because I am the head of a bank, and he only a clerk, does it follow that my word is more to be relied upon than his? Why could I not have robbed myself? Such things have been done. They will ask me for facts; and I shall be compelled to expose the exact situation of my house, explain my affairs, disclose the secret and method of my operations."

"It is true, monsieur, that you will be called upon for some explanation; but your well-known integrity" —

"Alas! He was honest too. His integrity has never been doubted. Who would have been suspected this morning if I had not been able to instantly produce a hundred thousand crowns? Who would be suspected if I could not prove that my assets exceed my liabilities by more than three millions?"

To a strictly honorable man, the thought, the possibility of suspicion tarnishing his fair name, is cruel suffering. The banker suffered, and the commissary of police saw it, and felt for him.

"Be calm, monsieur," said he; "before the end of a week, justice will have collected sufficient proof to establish the guilt of this unfortunate man, whom we may now recall."

Prosper entered with Fanferlot — whom they had much trouble to awaken — and with the most stolid indifference listened to the announcement of his arrest.

In response he calmly said:

"I swear that I am innocent."

M. Fauvel, much more disturbed and excited than his cashier, made a last attempt.

"It is not too late yet, poor boy," he said; "for Heaven's sake reflect" —

Prosper did not appear to hear him. He drew from his pocket a small key, which he laid on the table, and said:

"Here is the key of your safe, monsieur. I hope for my sake that you will some day be convinced of my innocence; and I hope for your sake that the conviction will not come too late."

Then as every one was silent, he resumed:

"Before leaving I hand over to you the books, papers, and accounts necessary for my successor. I must at the same time inform you that, without speaking of the stolen three hundred and fifty thousand francs, I leave a deficit in cash."

"A deficit!" thought the commissary: "how, after this, can his guilt be doubted? Before stealing the whole contents of the safe, he has kept his hand in by occasional small thefts."

"A deficit!" said the detective to himself; "now, no doubt, the very innocence of this poor devil gives his conduct an appearance of great depravity; were he guilty, he would have replaced the first money by a portion of the second."

The grave importance of Prosper's statement was considerably diminished by the explanation he proceeded to make:

"There is a deficit of three thousand five hundred francs on my cash account, which has been disposed of in the following manner: two thousand taken by myself in advance of my salary; fifteen hundred advanced to several of my fellow-clerks. This is the last day of the month; to-morrow the salaries will be paid, consequently"—

The commissary interrupted him.

"Were you authorized to draw money whenever you wished to advance the clerks' pay?"

"No; but I knew that Monsieur Fauvel would not have refused me permission to oblige my friends in the bank. What I did is done everywhere; I have simply followed my predecessor's example."

The banker made a sign of assent.

"As regards that spent by myself," continued the cashier, "I had a sort of right to it, all of my savings being deposited in this bank; about fifteen thousand francs."

"That is true," said M. Fauvel; "Monsieur Bertomy has at least that amount on deposit."

This last question settled, the commissary's errand was over, and his report might now be made. He announced his intention of leaving, and ordered the cashier to prepare to follow him.

Usually, this moment, when stern reality stares us in the face, when our individuality is lost and we feel that we are being deprived of our liberty — this moment is terrible.

At this fatal command, "Follow me," which brings before our eyes the yawning prison gates, the most hardened sinner feels his courage fail, and abjectly begs for mercy.

But Prosper lost none of that studied phlegm which the commissary secretly pronounced consummate impudence.

Slowly, with as much careless ease as if going to breakfast with a friend, he smoothed his hair, drew on his overcoat and gloves, and said, politely:

"I am ready to accompany you, monsieur."

The commissary folded up his pocketbook, and bowed to M. Fauvel, saying to Prosper:

"Come!"

They left the room, and with a distressed face, and eyes filled with tears that he could not restrain, the banker stood watching their retreating forms.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaimed; "gladly would I give

twice that sum to regain my old confidence in poor Prosper, and be able to keep him with me!"

The quick-eared Fanferlot overheard these words, and prompt to suspicion, and ever disposed to impute to others the deep astuteness peculiar to himself, was convinced they had been uttered for his benefit.

He had remained behind the others, under pretext of looking for an imaginary umbrella, and, as he reluctantly departed, said he would call in again to see if it had been found.

It was Fanferlot's task to escort Prosper to prison; but, as they were about starting, he asked the commissary to leave him at liberty to pursue another course, a request which his superior granted.

Fanferlot had resolved to obtain possession of Prosper's note, which he knew to be in Cavaillon's pocket.

To obtain this written proof, which must be an important one, appeared the easiest thing in the world. He had simply to arrest Cavaillon, frighten him, demand the letter, and, if necessary, take it by force.

But to what would this disturbance lead? To nothing, unless it were an incomplete and doubtful result.

Fanferlot was convinced that the note was intended, not for the young clerk, but for a third person.

If exasperated, Cavaillon might refuse to divulge who this person was, who, after all, might not bear the name "Gypsy" given by the cashier. And, even if he did answer his questions, would he not lie?

After mature reflection, Fanferlot decided that it would be superfluous to ask for a secret when it could be surprised. To quietly follow Cavaillon, and keep close watch on him, until he caught him in the very act of handing over the letter, was but play for the detective.

This method of proceeding, moreover, was much more in keeping with the character of Fanferlot, who, being naturally soft and stealthy, deemed it due to his profession to avoid all disturbance or anything resembling violence.

Fanferlot's plan was settled when he reached the vestibule.

He began talking with an office-boy, and, after a few apparently idle questions, had discovered that the Fauvel bank had no outlet on the Rue de la Victoire, and that consequently all the clerks were obliged to pass in and out through the main entrance on the Rue de Provence.

From this moment the task he had undertaken no longer presented a shadow of difficulty. He rapidly crossed the street and took up his position under a gateway.

His post of observation was admirably chosen; not only could he see every one who entered and came out of the bank, but also commanded a view of all the windows, and by standing on tiptoe could look through the grating, and see Cavaillon bending over his desk.

Fanferlot waited a long time, but did not wax impatient; for he had often had to remain on watch entire days and nights at a time, with much less important objects in view than the present one. Besides, his mind was busily occupied in estimating the value of his discoveries, weighing his chances, and, like Perrette with her pot of milk, building the foundation of his fortune upon present success.

Finally, about one o'clock, he saw Cavaillon rise from his desk, change his coat, and take down his hat.

"Very good!" he exclaimed, "my man is coming out; I must keep my eyes open."

The next moment Cavaillon appeared at the door of the bank; but before stepping on the pavement he looked up and down the street in an undecided manner.

"Can he suspect anything?" thought Fanferlot.

No, the young clerk suspected nothing; only having a commission to execute, and fearing his absence would be observed, he was debating with himself which would be the shortest road for him to take.

He soon decided, entered the Faubourg Montmartre, and walked up the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette so rapidly, utterly regardless of the grumbling passers-by whom he elbowed out of his way, that Fanferlot found it difficult to keep him in sight.

Reaching the Rue Chaptal, Cavaillon suddenly stopped, and entered the house numbered 39.

He had scarcely taken three steps in the narrow corridor when he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turning abruptly, found himself face to face with Fanferlot.

He recognized him at once, and turning very pale, he shrunk back, and looked around for means of escape.

But the detective, anticipating the attempt, barred the passage-way. Cavaillon saw that he was fairly caught.

"What do you want with me?" he asked, in a voice tremulous with fright.

Fanferlot was distinguished among his *confrères* for his exquisite suavity and unequaled urbanity. Even with his prisoners he was the perfection of courtesy, and never was known to handcuff a man without first obsequiously apologizing for being compelled to do so.

"You will be kind enough, my dear monsieur," he said, "to excuse the great liberty I take; but I really am under the necessity of asking you for a little information."

"Information! From me, monsieur?"

"From you, my dear monsieur; from Monsieur Eugene Cavaillon."

"But I do not know you."

"Ah, yes, you remember seeing me this morning. It is only about a trifling matter, and you will overwhelm me with obligations if you will do me the honor to accept my arm and step outside for a moment."

What could Cavaillon do? He took Fanferlot's arm, and went out with him.

The Rue Chaptal is not one of those noisy thoroughfares where foot-passengers are in perpetual danger of being run over by numberless vehicles dashing to and fro; there were but two or three shops, and from the corner of the Rue Fontaine occupied by an apothecary, to the entrance of the Rue Leonie, extended a high, gloomy wall, broken here and there by a small window which lighted the carpenters' shops behind.

It was one of those streets where you could walk at your ease, without having to step from the sidewalk every moment. So Fanferlot and Cavaillon were in no danger of being disturbed by passers-by.

"What I wished to say is, my dear monsieur," began the detective, "that Monsieur Prosper Bertomy threw you a note this morning."

Cavaillon vaguely foresaw that he was to be questioned about this note, and instantly put himself on his guard.

"You are mistaken," he said, blushing to his ears.

"Excuse me, monsieur, for presuming to contradict you, but I am quite certain of what I say."

"I assure you that Prosper never gave me anything."

"Pray, monsieur, do not persist in a denial; you will compel me to prove that four clerks saw him throw you a note written in pencil and closely folded."

Cavaillon saw the folly of further contradicting a man so well informed; so he changed his tactics, and said:

"It is true Prosper gave me a note this morning; but it was intended for me alone, and after reading it, I tore it up, and threw the pieces in the fire."

This might be the truth. Fanferlot feared so; but how could he assure himself of the fact? He remembered that the most palpable tricks often succeed the best, and, trusting to his star, he said, at hazard:

"Permit me to observe that this statement is not correct; the note was intrusted to you to give to Gypsy."

A despairing gesture from Cavaillon apprised the detective that he was not mistaken: he breathed again.

"I swear to you, monsieur" — began the young man.

"Do not swear, monsieur," interrupted Fanferlot: "all the oaths in the world would be useless. You not only preserved the note, but you came to this house for the purpose of giving it to Gypsy, and it is in your pocket now."

"No, monsieur, no!"

Fanferlot paid no attention to this denial, but continued in his gentlest tone:

"And I am sure you will be kind enough to give it to me; believe me, nothing but the most absolute necessity" —

"Never!" exclaimed Cavaillon; and, believing the moment favorable, he suddenly attempted to jerk his arm from under Fanferlot's, and escape.

But his efforts were vain; the detective's strength was equal to his suavity.

"Don't hurt yourself, young man," he said, "but take my advice and quietly give up the letter."

"I have not got it."

"Very well; see, you reduce me to painful extremities. If you persist in being so obstinate, I shall call two policemen, who will take you by each arm, and escort you to the commissary of police; and, once there, I shall be under the painful necessity of searching your pockets, whether you will or not."

Cavaillon was devoted to Prosper, and willing to make any sacrifice in his behalf; but he clearly saw that it was worse than useless to struggle any longer, as he would have no time to destroy the note. To deliver it under force was no betrayal; but he cursed his powerlessness, and almost wept with rage.

"I am in your power," he said, and then suddenly drew from his pocket-book the unlucky note, and gave it to the detective.

BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS.

Benito Perez Galdós, a Spanish novelist and journalist, was born at Las Palmas, in the island of Grand Canary, May 10, 1845. He early developed talent both as an artist and as a writer. He removed in 1863 to Madrid, where he became successively editor of several journals. As a writer of fiction he first distinguished himself by the publication of two historical romances entitled "La Fontana de Oro" (1871) and "El Andaoz." Next, in imitation of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, he published two series of "Episodios Nacionales." These novels achieved a great success in Spain, and were also widely read in Spanish America. Among these earlier works were: "Baillén" (1873); "Napoleon en Chamartin" (1874); "Cadiz" (1874); "Juan Martin el Empecinado" (1874); "La Batalla de los Arapiles" (1875); "El Terror de 1824" (1877). Encouraged by the success of these productions, he composed other romances: "Doña Perfecta," which was translated into English in 1880; "Gloria," translated by Nathan Wetherell in 1879; "Marianela," and "La Familia de Leone Roche," which augmented his fame and brought him into the foremost rank of Spanish novelists. He composed a long series of contemporary romances, entitled: "La Desheredada" (1880); "El Amigo Mando" (1881); "Tormento" (1883); "Lo Prohibido" (1884); "Fortunatay Jacinta" (1886); "Mian" (1888); "La Incognita" (1890); "Realidad" (1890); "Angel Guerra" (1891). Other later works are: "La Loca de la Casa," "San Quintin," and "Los Condenados." He was admitted as a member of the Spanish Academy Feb. 7, 1897.

Doña Perfecta's Daughter.

(From "Doña Perfecta.")[1]

[Pepe Rey, a young engineer, arrives at Orbajosa to marry his cousin Rosario, the match having been made up between his father and Doña Perfecta, the girl's mother, who is warmly attached to the father of Pepe, her brother, and furthermore under heavy obligations to him for his excellent management of her large property interests. The landscape is the arid and poverty-stricken country of central Spain, though the town itself — "seated on

[1] Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

the slope of a hill from the midst of whose closely clustered houses arose many dark towers, and on the height above it the ruins of a dilapidated castle" — such a town would probably be more appreciated by a traveler from abroad and a lover of the picturesque, than by a Spaniard, too familiar with its type. Orbajosa is a little place, full of narrow prejudices and vanities. Pepe Rey, with his modern ways, soon finds that he is wounding these prejudices at every turn. We look on with pained surprise at the difficulties that grow up around the young man, an excellent and kind-hearted fellow. Lawsuits are multiplied against him; he is turned out of the cathedral by order of the bishop for strolling about during service-time to look at some architectural features; and he is refused the hand of his cousin. Doña Perfecta herself joins in this hostility, which finally develops into a venomous bitterness that menaces his life. Such a feeling was not the outgrowth of mere provincial narrowness: we see in the end that it was the result of the plot of Maria Remedios, a woman of a humble sort, who aspired to secure the heiress Rosario for her own chubby-faced home-bred son. She influenced the village priest, and he influenced Doña Perfecta. Early in the day, the young engineer would have abandoned the sinister place but for Rosario, who really loved him. She conveyed to him, on a scrap from the margin of a newspaper, the message:

"They say you are going away. If you do, I shall die."

She is a charming picture of girlhood, — lovely, true-hearted, affectionate, aspiring to be heroic, and yet crippled at last by a filial conscience and the long habit of clinging dependence. She has agreed to flee at night with her lover, and he is already in the garden. Her mother, the stern Doña Perfecta, ranging uneasily through the house, enters her room about the appointed time for the escape.]

"WHY don't you sleep?" her mother asked her.

"What time is it?" asked the girl.

"It will soon be midnight." . . .

Rosario was trembling, and everything about her denoted the keenest anxiety. She lifted her eyes to heaven supplicatingly, and then turned them on her mother with a look of the utmost terror.

"Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Did you say it was midnight?"

"Yes."

"Then — but is it already midnight?" . . .

"Something is the matter with you; you have something on your mind," said her mother, fixing on her daughter her penetrating eyes.

"Yes — I wanted to tell you," stammered the girl, "I wanted to say — Nothing, nothing; I will go to sleep."

"Rosario, Rosario! your mother can read your heart like an open book," exclaimed Doña Perfecta with severity. "You are agitated. I have already told you that I am willing to pardon you if you will repent, if you are a good and sensible girl."

"Why, am I not good? Ah, mamma, mamma! I am dying." Rosario burst into a flood of bitter and disconsolate tears.

"What are these tears about?" said her mother, embracing her. "If they are tears of repentance, blessed be they."

"I don't repent! I can't repent!" cried the girl, in a burst of sublime despair. She lifted her head, and in her face was depicted a sudden inspired strength. Her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders. Never was there seen a more beautiful image of a rebellious angel.

"What is this? Have you lost your senses?" said Doña Perfecta, laying both hands on her daughter's shoulders.

"I am going away!" said the girl with the exaltation of delirium. And she sprang out of bed.

"Rosario, Rosario — my daughter! For God's sake, what is this?"

"Ah mamma, señora!" exclaimed the girl, embracing her mother; "bind me fast!"

"In truth, you would deserve it. What madness is this?"

"Bind me fast! I am going away — I am going away with him!" . ...

"Has he told you to do so? has he counseled you to do that? has he commanded you to do that?" asked the mother, launching these words like thunderbolts against her daughter.

"He has counseled me to do it. We have agreed to be married. We must be married, mamma, dear mamma. I will love you — I know that I ought to love you — I shall be forever lost if I do not love you."

"Rosario, Rosario!" cried Doña Perfecta in a terrible voice, "rise!"

There was a short pause.

"This man — has he written to you?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen him again since that night?"

"Yes."

"And you have written to him?"

"I have written to him also. O señora! why do you look at me in that way? You are not my mother."

"Would to God that I were not! Rejoice in the harm you are doing me. You are killing me; you have given me my death-blow!" cried Doña Perfecta, with indescribable agitation. "You say that that man" —

"Is my husband — I will be his wife, protected by the law. You are not a woman! Why do you look at me in that way? You make me tremble. Mother, mother, do not condemn me!"

"You have already condemned yourself — that is enough. Obey me, and I will forgive you. Answer me — when did you receive letters from that man?"

"To-day."

"What treachery! what infamy!" cried her mother, roaring rather than speaking. "Had you appointed a meeting?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Where?"

"Here, here! I will confess everything, everything! I know it is a crime. I am a wretch; but you, my mother, will take me out of this hell. Give your consent. Say one word to me, only one word!"

"That man here in my house!" cried Doña Perfecta, springing back several paces from her daughter.

Rosario followed her on her knees.

At the same instant three blows were heard, three crashes, three explosions. [Maria Remedios had spied upon Pepe Rey, the lover; shown Caballuco, a brutal servant and ally, how to follow him stealthily into the garden; and had then come to arouse the house.] It was the heart of Maria Remedios knocking at the door through the knocker. The house trembled with an awful dread. Mother and daughter stood as motionless as statues.

A servant went downstairs to open the door, and shortly afterward Maria Remedios, who was not now a woman but a basilisk enveloped in a mantle, entered Doña Perfecta's room. Her face, flushed with anxiety, exhaled fire.

"He is there, he is there," she said, as she entered. "He got into the garden through the condemned door." She paused for breath at every syllable.

"I know already," returned Doña Perfecta, with a sort of bellow.

Rosario fell senseless to the floor.

"Let us go downstairs," said Doña Perfecta, without paying any attention to her daughter's swoon.

The two women glided downstairs like two snakes. The maids and the manservant were in the hall, not knowing what

to do. Doña Perfecta passed through the dining-room into the garden, followed by Maria Remedios.

"Fortunately we have Ca-Ca-Ca-balluco there," said the canon's niece.

"Where?"

"In the garden, also. He cli-cli-climbed over the wall."

Doña Perfecta explored the darkness with her wrathful eyes. Rage gave them the singular power of seeing in the dark that is peculiar to the feline race.

"I see a figure there," she said. "It is going towards the oleanders."

"It is he," cried Remedios. "But there comes Ramos — Ramos!" [Cristóbal Ramos, or "Caballuco."]

The colossal figure of the Centaur was plainly distinguishable.

"Towards the oleanders, Ramos! Towards the oleanders!"

Doña Perfecta took a few steps forward. Her hoarse voice, vibrating with a terrible accent, hissed forth these words: —

"Cristobal, Cristobal, — kill him!"

A shot was heard. Then another.

What the Canon Thought.

During the many years that I have lived at Orbajosa I have seen innumerable personages come here from the Court, some brought by the uproar of the elections, some to visit a deserted estate or see the antiquities in the Cathedral, and all talking to us of English plows and thrashing-machines, water-powers, banks, and I know not what foolery besides. Let them be off with a thousand devils! We are very well without visits from these gentlemen of the Court, much more without this perpetual clamor about our poverty, and the greatness and wonder of other places. More knows the madman at home than the wise man abroad. Is it not so, Señor Don Jose?

RICHARD GALL.

Richard Gall, Scottish poet, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, December, 1776; died at Edinburgh, May 10, 1801. At eleven years of age he was apprenticed to his maternal uncle, who was a carpenter and builder. After some time spent in this apprenticeship, he ran away and went to Edinburgh. Here he spent his leisure in study and writing, and was regarded as a poet of great promise. Gall was not destined to fulfill this promise.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
  Fare-thee-weel before I gang —
Bonny Doon, where, early roamin',
  First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
  First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
  Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends sae dear my bosom ever,
  Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
  Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it
  Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
  How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure;
  Now a sad and last adieu!

"Twa Brigs of Ayr"

The Braes o' Drumlee.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow toppit wi' broom!
How oft hae I sat i' the bield o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,
We see na the blasts that destroy;
We count na upon the fell waes that may come,
An' eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw na the fause face that fortune can wear,
Till forced from my country to flee;
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Farewell,"
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!

Farewell, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,
Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;
Ye'll bloom when I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair nidder'd wi' sorrow an' care.
Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;
For never again shall the tear weet my cheek
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"
Sae I took my departure, an' saunter'd awa',
Yet aften look'd wistfu' behind.
Oh! sair is the heart of the mither to twin
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I heftit 'mang strangers years thretty an' twa',
But naething could banish my care;
An' aften I sigh'd when I thought on the past,
Whaur a' was sae pleasant an' fair.
But now, wae's my heart! whan I'm lyart an' auld,

An' fu' lint-white my haffet locks flee,
I'm hamewards return'd wi' a remnant o' life
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder'd, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear once to me.
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld bones they will rest
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

JOHN GALT.

John Galt, a Scottish novelist, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, May 2, 1779; died at Greenock, April 11, 1839. He early showed a fondness for literature, and at the age of twenty-five went to London. His health failing, he set out in 1809 upon a tour in the Levant. This lasted three years, and upon his return to England he published "Letters from the Levant" and "Voyages and Travels." For some years he tried his hand at almost every species of literary composition. His first successful work was a novel, "The Ayrshire Legatees," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820–1821. This was followed during the next three years by several other tales, among which are the "Annals of the Parish" and "The Provost," which are considered the best of his works. In 1826 he went to Canada, but returned to England in 1829, and resumed his literary life. He wrote a "Life of Byron," an "Autobiography," a collection of "Miscellanies," and several novels, the best of which is "Lawrie Todd" (1830). Several years before his death Galt was seized with a spinal disease which resulted in repeated paralytic attacks, which in time deprived him wholly of the use of his limbs, so that his later works were dictated to an amanuensis.

His writings are especially noted for their quaint expression and apt delineation of Scottish life and character.

Installation of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder.

(From the "Annals of the Parish.")

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the

finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their willfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfaddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamor was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was adoing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: "This will do well enough — timber to timber;" but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me: but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: "Here's the feckless Mess-John;" and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: "Honest man, what's your

pleasure here?" Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and — who would have thought it? — from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock nightcap — I mind him as well as if it were but yesterday — and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: "Come in, sir, and ease yoursel'; this will never do; the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage." I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. "I was mindit," quoth he, "never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and not to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbors to do likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family."

Lawrie Todd's Second Marriage.

(From "Lawrie Todd.")

My young wife was dead, leaving me an infant son. If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice; it cannot be. Therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to a dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a woman can have; not that I object to money on its own account, but only

to its effect in the airs and vanities it begets in the silly maiden — especially if her husband profits by it.

For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman — one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trousers. And such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer from Vermont, who had come to New York about a codfish adventure that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cutwater. His hair was lank and oily; the tie of his cravat was always dislocated; and he wore an old white beaver hat turned up behind. His long, bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and, without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes of a Sabbath evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family; and there I discovered in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed to the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on't since his old woman went to pot."

Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one.

"Now, Squire, you see," continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;" and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the end of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if so be as you're agoing to do so, don't you go

to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye; but do it right away."

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"If that bain't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedest with me. But I ain't a pumpkin; the Squire he knows that."

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"I reckon Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a-parleyvoo; but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye here, Squire. There be you spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a-hippen such a small child for no man's money; which is tarnation bad."

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark. He drew his chair close in front of me; and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone:

"Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece, she baint five-and-twenty — she'll make a heavenly splice! — I have known that 'ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the bush — dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore; she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come on no account, no never, till Judy fetched her right away, when done milking t'other thirteen."

"No doubt, Mr. Hoskins," said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country: but I have no cows to milk; all my live-stock is a sucking bairn."

"By the gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that. But the Squire knows I aint a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie — good, says I — I sha'n't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds — what is blacksmith in our village — offered me two hundred and fifty dollars — gospel by the living jingo! — in my hand right away. But you see as how he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer. I said, No, no; and there she is still to be had; and I reckon

Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation."

Discovering by this plain speaking how the cat jumped — to use one of his own terms — we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass that I made a proposal for Miss Judith; and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the *Fair American* arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in that codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard-on wedding-day.

FRANCIS GALTON.

Francis Galton, an English scientific writer and African explorer, born at Duddeston, near Birmingham in 1822. He studied medicine in the Birmingham Hospital, and in King's College, London, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. He then made two journeys of exploration, one in North Africa and one in South Africa. He is best known through the published results of his studies into the subject of hereditary genius. In 1853 he published an account of the latter journey in a "Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa." Among his other works are "The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries" (1855); "Hereditary Genius, Its Laws and Consequences" (1869); "English Men of Science; Their Nature and Nurture" (1874); "Inquiries Into Human Faculty and Its Development," "Record of Family Faculties, etc." (1883), and "Natural Inheritance" (1889); "Foreign Prints" (1893). He has also written several memoirs on anthropometic subjects and kindred topics. He has held official positions in connection with the Royal Society, the Royal Geographical Society, and other scientific bodies. He invented the system of composite photography.

The Comparative Worth of Different Races.

(From "Hereditary Genius.")

Every long-established race has necessarily its peculiar fitness for the conditions under which it has lived, owing to the sure operation of Darwin's law of natural selection. However, I am not much concerned for the present with the greater part of those aptitudes, but only with such as are available in some form or other of high civilization. We may reckon upon the advent of a time when civilization, which is now sparse and feeble and far more superficial than it is vaunted to be, shall overspread the globe. Ultimately it is sure to do so, because civilization is the necessary fruit of high intelligence when found in a social animal, and there is no plainer lesson to be read off the face of Nature than that the result of the operation of her laws is to

evoke intelligence in connection with sociability. Intelligence is as much an advantage to an animal as physical strength or any other natural gift; and therefore, out of two varieties of any race of animal who are equally endowed in other respects, the most intelligent variety is sure to prevail in the battle of life. Similarly, among animals as intelligent as man, the most social race is sure to prevail, other qualities being equal.

Under even a very moderate form of material civilization, a vast number of aptitudes acquired through the "survivorship of the fittest" and the unsparing destruction of the unfit, for hundreds of generations, have become as obsolete as the old mail-coach habits and customs since the establishment of railroads, and there is not the slightest use in attempting to preserve them; they are hindrances, and not gains, to civilization. I shall refer to some of these a little further on, but I will first speak of the qualities needed in civilized society. They are, speaking generally, such as will enable a race to supply a large contingent to the various groups of eminent men of whom I have treated in my several chapters. Without going so far as to say that this very convenient test is perfectly fair, we are at all events justified in making considerable use of it, as I will do in the estimates I am about to give.

In comparing the worth of different races, I shall make frequent use of the law of deviation from an average, to which I have already been much beholden; and to save the reader's time and patience, I propose to act upon an assumption that would require a good deal of discussion to limit, and to which the reader may at first demur, but which cannot lead to any error of importance in a rough provisional inquiry. I shall assume that the *intervals* between the grades of ability are the *same* in all the races. . . . I know this cannot be strictly true, for it would be in defiance of analogy if the variability of all races were precisely the same; but on the other hand, there is good reason to expect that the error introduced by the assumption cannot sensibly affect the off-hand results for which alone I propose to employ it; moreover, the rough data I shall adduce will go far to show the justice of this expectation.

Let us then compare the negro race with the Anglo-Saxon, with respect to those qualities alone which are capable of producing judges, statesmen, commanders, men of literature and science, poets, artists, and divines. If the negro race in America had been affected by no social disabilities, a comparison of

their achievements with those of the whites in their several branches of intellectual effort, having regard to the total number of their respective populations, would give the necessary information. As matters stand, we must be content with much rougher data.

First, the negro race has occasionally, but very rarely, produced such men as Toussaint L'Ouverture. . . .

Secondly, the negro race is by no means wholly deficient in men capable of becoming good factors, thriving merchants, and otherwise considerably raised above the average of whites. . . .

Thirdly, we may compare, but with much caution, the relative position of negroes in their native country with that of the travelers who visit them. The latter no doubt bring with them the knowledge current in civilized lands, but that is an advantage of less importance than we are apt to suppose. The native chief has as good an education in the art of ruling men as can be desired; he is continually exercised in personal government, and usually maintains his place by the ascendancy of his character, shown every day over his subjects and rivals. A traveler in wild countries also fills to a certain degree the position of a commander, and has to confront native chiefs at every inhabited place. The result is familiar enough — the white traveler almost invariably holds his own in their presence. It is seldom that we hear of a white traveler meeting with a black chief whom he feels to be the better man. I have often discussed this subject with competent persons, and can only recall a few cases of the inferiority of the white man, — certainly not more than might be ascribed to an average actual difference of three grades, of which one may be due to the relative demerits of native education, and the remaining two to a difference in natural gifts.

Fourthly, the number among the negroes of those whom we should call half-witted men is very large. Every book alluding to negro servants in America is full of instances. I was myself much impressed by this fact during my travels in Africa. The mistakes the negroes made in their own matters were so childish, stupid, and simpleton-like as frequently to make me ashamed of my own species. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that their *c* is as low as our *e*, which would be a difference of two grades, as before. I have no information as to actual idiocy among the negroes — I mean, of course, of that class of idiocy which is not due to disease.

The Australian type is at least one grade below the African negro. I possess a few serviceable data about the natural capacity of the Australian, but not sufficient to induce me to invite the reader to consider them.

The average standard of the Lowland Scotch and the English North Country men is decidedly a fraction of a grade superior to that of the ordinary English, because the number of the former who attain to eminence is far greater than the proportionate number of their race would have led us to expect. The same superiority is distinctly shown by a comparison of the well-being of the masses of the population; for the Scotch laborer is much less of a drudge than the Englishman of the Midland counties — he does his work better, and "lives his life" besides. The peasant women of Northumberland work all day in the fields, and are not broken down by the work; on the contrary, they take a pride in their effective labor as girls, and when married they attend well to the comfort of their homes. It is perfectly distressing to me to witness the draggled, drudged, mean look of the mass of individuals, especially of the women, that one meets in the streets of London and other purely English towns. The conditions of their life seem too hard for their constitutions, and to be crushing them into degeneracy.

The ablest race of whom history bears record is unquestionably the ancient Greek, partly because their masterpieces in the principal departments of intellectual activity are still unsurpassed and in many respects unequaled, and partly because the population that gave birth to the creators of those masterpieces was very small. Of the various Greek sub-races, that of Attica was the ablest, and she was no doubt largely indebted to the following cause for her superiority: Athens opened her arms to immigrants, but not indiscriminately, for her social life was such that none but very able men could take any pleasure in it; on the other hand, she offered attractions such as men of the highest ability and culture could find in no other city. Thus by a system of partly unconscious selection she built up a magnificent breed of human animals, which in the space of one century — viz., between 530 and 430 B.C. — produced the following illustrious persons, fourteen in number: —

Statesmen and Commanders. — Themistocles (mother an alien), Miltiades, Aristides, Cimon (son of Miltiades), Pericles (son of Xanthippus, the victor at Mycale).

Literary and Scientific Men. — Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato.

Poets. — Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.

Sculptor. — Phidias.

We are able to make a closely approximate estimate of the population that produced these men, because the number of the inhabitants of Attica has been a matter of frequent inquiry, and critics appear at length to be quite agreed in the general results. . . . The average ability of the Athenian race is, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own — that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our race, the caliber of whose intellect is easily gauged by a glance at the contents of a railway book-stall.

We know, and may guess something more, of the reason why this marvelously gifted race declined. Social morality grew exceedingly lax; marriage became unfashionable, and was avoided; many of the more ambitious and accomplished women were avowed courtesans and consequently infertile, and the mothers of the incoming population were of a heterogeneous class. In a small, sea-bordered country, where emigration and immigration are constantly going on, and where the manners are as dissolute as were those of Greece in the period of which I speak, the purity of a race would necessarily fail. It can be therefore no surprise to us, though it has been a severe misfortune to humanity, that the high Athenian breed decayed and disappeared; for if it had maintained its excellence, and had multiplied and spread over large countries, displacing inferior populations (which it well might have done, for it was exceedingly prolific), it would assuredly have accomplished results advantageous to human civilization, to a degree that transcends our powers of imagination.

If we could raise the average standard of our race only one grade, what vast changes would be produced! The number of men of natural gifts equal to those of the eminent men of the present day would be necessarily increased more than tenfold; . . . but far more important to the progress of civilization would be the increase in the yet higher orders of intellect.

We know how intimately the course of events is dependent on the thoughts of a few illustrious men. If the first-rate men in the different groups had never been born, even if those among them who have a place in my appendices on account of their hereditary gifts had never existed, the world would be very different to what it is. . . .

It seems to me most essential to the well-being of future generations, that the average standard of ability of the present time should be raised. Civilization is a new condition imposed upon man by the course of events, just as in the history of geological changes new conditions have continually been imposed on different races of animals. They have had the effect either of modifying the nature of the races through the process of natural selection, whenever the changes were sufficiently slow and the race sufficiently pliant, or of destroying them altogether, when the changes were too abrupt or the race unyielding. The number of the races of mankind that have been entirely destroyed under the pressure of the requirements of an incoming civilization, reads us a terrible lesson. Probably in no former period of the world has the destruction of the races of any animal whatever been effected over such wide areas, and with such startling rapidity, as in the case of savage man. In the North-American continent, in the West-Indian islands, in the Cape of Good Hope, in Australia, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land, the human denizens of vast regions have been entirely swept away in the short space of three centuries, less by the pressure of a stronger race than through the influence of a civilization they were incapable of supporting. And we too, the foremost laborers in creating this civilization, are beginning to show ourselves incapable of keeping pace with our own work. The needs of centralization, communication, and culture, call for more brains and mental stamina than the average of our race possess. We are in crying want for a greater fund of ability in all stations of life; for neither the classes of statesmen, philosophers, artisans, nor laborers are up to the modern complexity of their several professions. An extended civilization like ours comprises more interests than the ordinary statesmen or philosophers of our present race are capable of dealing with, and it exacts more intelligent work than our ordinary artisans and laborers are capable of performing. Our race is overweighted, and appears likely to be drudged into degeneracy by demands that exceed its powers. . . .

When the severity of the struggle for existence is not too great for the powers of the race, its action is healthy and conservative; otherwise it is deadly, just as we may see exemplified in the scanty, wretched vegetation that leads a precarious existence near the summer snow line of the Alps, and disappears altogether a little higher up. We want as much backbone as we can get, to bear the racket to which we are henceforth to be exposed, and as good brains as possible to contrive machinery, for modern life to work more smoothly than at present. We can in some degree raise the nature of man to a level with the new conditions imposed upon his existence; and we can also in some degree modify the conditions to suit his nature. It is clearly right that both these powers should be exerted, with the view of bringing his nature and the conditions of his existence into as close harmony as possible.

In proportion as the world becomes filled with mankind, the relations of society necessarily increase in complexity, and the nomadic disposition found in most barbarians becomes unsuitable to the novel conditions. There is a most unusual unanimity in respect to the causes of incapacity of savages for civilization, among writers on those hunting and migratory nations who are brought into contact with advancing colonization, and perish, as they invariably do, by the contact. They tell us that the labor of such men is neither constant nor steady; that the love of a wandering, independent life prevents their settling anywhere to work, except for a short time, when urged by want and encouraged by kind treatment. Meadows says that the Chinese call the barbarous races on their borders by a phrase which means "hither and thither," "not fixed." And any amount of evidence might be adduced, to show how deeply Bohemian habits of one kind or another were ingrained in the nature of the men who inhabited most parts of the earth, now overspread by the Anglo-Saxon and other civilized races. Luckily there is still room for adventure, and a man who feels the cravings of a roving, adventurous spirit to be too strong for resistance, may yet find a legitimate outlet for it in the colonies, in the army, or on board ship. But such a spirit is, on the whole, an heirloom that brings more impatient restlessness and beating of the wings against cage bars, than persons of more civilized characters can readily comprehend, and it is directly at war with the more modern portion of our moral natures. If a man be purely a nomad, he has only to be nomadic and his instinct is satisfied; but no Englishmen of the nineteenth

century are purely nomadic. The most so among them have also inherited many civilized cravings that are necessarily starved when they become wanderers, in the same way as the wandering instincts are starved when they are settled at home. Consequently their nature has opposite wants, which can never be satisfied except by chance, through some very exceptional turn of circumstances. This is a serious calamity; and as the Bohemianism in the nature of our race is destined to perish, the sooner it goes the happier for mankind. The social requirements of English life are steadily destroying it. No man who only works by fits and starts is able to obtain his living nowadays, for he has not a chance of thriving in competition with steady workmen. If his nature revolts against the monotony of daily labor, he is tempted to the public-house, to intemperance, and it may be to poaching, and to much more serious crime; otherwise he banishes himself from our shores. In the first case, he is unlikely to leave as many children as men of more domestic and marrying habits; and in the second case, his breed is wholly lost to England. By this steady riddance of the Bohemian spirit of our race, the artisan part of our population is slowly becoming bred to its duties, and the primary qualities of the typical modern British workman are already the very opposite of those of the nomad. What they are now was well described by Mr. Chadwick as consisting of "great bodily strength, applied under the command of a steady, persevering will; mental self-contentedness; impassibility to external irrelevant impressions, which carries them through the continued repetition of toilsome labor, 'steady as time.'"

It is curious to remark how unimportant to modern civilization has become the once famous and thoroughbred-looking Norman. The type of his features, which is probably in some degree correlated with his peculiar form of adventurous disposition, is no longer characteristic of our rulers, and is rarely found among celebrities of the present day; it is more often met with among the undistinguished members of highly born families, and especially among the less conspicuous officers of the army. Modern leading men in all paths of eminence, as may easily be seen in a collection of photographs, are of a coarser and more robust breed: less excitable and dashing, but endowed with far more ruggedness and real vigor. Such also is the case as regards the German portion of the Austrian nation. . . .

Much more alien to the genius of an enlightened civilization

than the nomadic habit is the impulsive and uncontrolled nature of the savage. A civilized man must bear and forbear; he must keep before his mind the claims of the morrow as clearly as those of the passing minute; of the absent as well as of the present. This is the most trying of the new conditions imposed on man by civilization, and the one that makes it hopeless for any but exceptional natures among savages to live under them. The instinct of a savage is admirably consonant with the needs of savage life; every day he is in danger through transient causes; he lives from hand to mouth, in the hour and for the hour, without care for the past or forethought for the future: but such an instinct is utterly at fault in civilized life. The half-reclaimed savage, being unable to deal with more subjects of consideration than are directly before him, is continually doing acts through mere maladroitness and incapacity, at which he is afterwards deeply grieved and annoyed. The nearer inducements always seem to him, through his uncorrected sense of moral perspective, to be incomparably larger than others of the same actual size but more remote; consequently, when the temptation of the moment has been yielded to and passed away, and its bitter result comes in its turn before the man, he is amazed and remorseful at his past weakness. It seems incredible that he should have done that yesterday which to-day seems so silly, so unjust, and so unkindly. The newly reclaimed barbarian, with the impulsive, unstable nature of the savage, when he also chances to be gifted with a peculiarly generous and affectionate disposition, is of all others the man most oppressed with the sense of sin.

Now, it is a just assertion, and a common theme of moralists of many creeds, that man, such as we find him, is born with an imperfect nature. He has lofty aspirations, but there is a weakness in his disposition which incapacitates him from carrying his nobler purposes into effect. He sees that some particular course of action is his duty, and should be his delight; but his inclinations are fickle and base, and do not conform to his better judgment. The whole moral nature of man is tainted with sin, which prevents him from doing the things he knows to be right.

The explanation I offer to this apparent anomaly seems perfectly satisfactory from a scientific point of view. It is neither more nor less than that the development of our nature, whether under Darwin's law of natural selection or through the effects of changed ancestral habits, has not yet overtaken the develop-

ment of our moral civilization. Man was barbarous but yesterday, and therefore it is not to be expected that the natural aptitudes of his race should already have become molded into accordance with his very recent advance. We, men of the present centuries, are like animals suddenly transplanted among new conditions of climate and of food: our instincts fail us under the altered circumstances.

My theory is confirmed by the fact that the members of old civilizations are far less sensible than recent converts from barbarism, of their nature being inadequate to their moral needs. The conscience of a negro is aghast at his own wild, impulsive nature, and is easily stirred by a preacher; but it is scarcely possible to ruffle the self-complacency of a steady-going Chinaman.

The sense of original sin would show, according to my theory, not that man was fallen from high estate, but that he was rising in moral culture with more rapidity than the nature of his race could follow. My view is corroborated by the conclusion reached at the end of each of the many independent lines of ethnological research — that the human race were utter savages in the beginning; and that after myriads of years of barbarism, man has but very recently found his way into the paths of morality and civilization.

The Establishment of a Type by Selection.

(From "Natural Inheritance.")

Suppose that we are considering the stature of some animal that is liable to be hunted by certain beasts of prey in a particular country. So far as he is big of his kind, he would be better able than the mediocres to crush through the thick grass and foliage whenever he was scampering for his life, to jump over obstacles, and possibly to run somewhat faster than they. So far as he is small of his kind, he would be better able to run through narrow openings, to make quick turns and to hide himself. Under the general circumstances it would be found that animals of some peculiar stature had on the whole a better chance of escape than any other; and if their race is closely adapted to these circumstances in respect to stature, the most favored stature would be identical with the mean of the race. Though the impediments to flight are less unfavorable to this (stature) than to any other, they will differ in different experiences. The course of an animal might chance to pass through

denser foliage than usual, or the obstacles in his way might be higher. In that case an animal whose stature exceeded the mean would have an advantage over mediocrities. Conversely the circumstances might be more favorable to a small animal. Each particular line of escape might be most favorable to some particular stature, and whatever this might be, it might in some cases be more favored than any other. But the accidents of foliage and soil in a country are characteristic and persistent. Therefore those which most favor the animals of the mean stature will be more frequently met with than those which favor any other stature, and the frequency of the latter occurrence will diminish rapidly as the stature departs from the mean.

It might well be that natural selection would favor the indefinite increase of numerous separate faculties if their improvement could be effected without detriment to the rest: then mediocrity in that faculty would not be the safest condition. Thus an increase of fleetness would be a clear gain to an animal liable to be hunted by beasts of prey, if no other useful faculty was thereby diminished.

But a too free use of this "if" would show a jaunty disregard of a real difficulty. Organisms are so knit together that change in one direction involves change in many others; these may not attract attention, but they are none the less existent. Organisms are like ships of war, constructed for a particular purpose in warfare as cruisers, line-of-battle ships, etc., on the principle of obtaining the utmost efficiency for their special purpose. The result is a compromise between a variety of conflicting desiderata, such as cost, speed, accommodation, stability, weight of guns, thickness of armor, quick steering power, and so on. It is hardly possible in a ship of any established type to make an improvement in one respect without a sacrifice in other directions.

Evolution may produce an altogether new type of vessel that shall be more efficient than the old one, but when a particular type has become adapted to its functions, it is not impossible to produce a mere variety of its type that shall have increased efficiency in some one particular without detriment to the rest. So it is with animals.

ARNE GARBORG.

Arne Garborg, Norwegian novelist of the realist, or, more accurately, the naturalist, school, born in Norway, Jan. 25, 1851, of pietistic peasant parents. His first book, "A Freethinker," appeared in 1881 and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1883 by "Peasant Students," a study of life among the students at Christiania University. Of his other works, "Men Folks" (1886) was written as a defiance to the authorities to suppress his as they had the book of another writer; "With Mamma" (1889) was awarded a prize of 2,000 marks by the Berlin Freie Bühne, and "Weary Men" (1891) is by many considered his best book.

Garborg has been the champion of a distinctive Norwegian language, made up of peasant dialects. He has published "With Mamma," "Men Folks," "Free Divorce," "A Freethinker," "Peasant Students," "Weary Men," "Peace," "A Fairy, A Romance in Verse," "Teacher: A Drama in five acts," and "Jonas Lie: A Critical Study."

A Prospective Husband.

(From "With Mamma.")

Beyond all else Mrs. Holmsen had her debts, too, to think of. A bit here and a bit there, they amounted to considerable. This disgusting club-footed Michael she must at any rate contrive to get free from. He had become so loathsome of late that it was absolutely unendurable. Since that time last Christmas when she was in and talked so nice to him to get food for the children, he probably thought that the old story was forgotten and poverty had made her approachable — fie! No, she would rather take the children and jump into the sea! Such a fright as he — lame and sick, with a wife and grown children — one could never listen to it!

Heavens — if one but had a neat, smart person with means and a heart in him and whom one could get to interest himself in the unfortunate children! She thought of all her acquaintances, but found nobody to turn to. She could ask none of

them right out for assistance; besides, they had all helped her somewhat before. The man she had met this evening, Solum, might be worth considering; he was rich and fond of children and really a fine man in every respect; but what was the use when one doesn't know him?

All at once it occurred to her that one must be able to get to know him. Indeed, he had spoken of making her a call; in any event, she would be able to meet him again. Think, if one could win him over, bring about friendly relations —

No love-affair! That wasn't necessary. She had only to be a little gracious toward him; have her affairs interest him a little; these rich men are not so very free with their money. Why should she not be able to win him? Him like others? And when it was for the children's sake?

He understood the conditions at Miss Auberg's. He would comprehend that it must be hard for a mother to have her children in such a house; then he might have a little to spare for the mother. What would a few hundred-dollar bills be to a timber-dealer in these times?

Think — perhaps she would find a way out! There must be a way to win him. She was not too old yet; and she could trim herself up a little and be amiable. Beauty she had always had, rather too much than too little; and if she was a little older and staid, he was about like the others. Only no sort of flirtation; — love affairs and the like she had had enough of in her time.

Of course he had noticed that she was pretty. And she really was when she was well. Perhaps she had already made something of an impression on him. This calling to "see Fannie" — hem! Who knows? Men were seldom so delighted with children. What if it should be herself he had a desire to see again? That would answer very well indeed.

After a time she was weary of planning and began to pass over to dreams.

Heavens! even if it should happen that he was smitten a little — He was indeed in the condition of a man who expects to be free to marry. And why — why — could it not as well be her as another?

So many things happened in this world, and what was more unlikely than that? Think, if he became in love and if some fine day he were to say "I cannot live without you. Will you be mine when I — when my wife departs this world?" — It

wouldn't be the first time such a thing has happened! More than one widower has become engaged in that way. And not only engaged, too —

People did not take such things so seriously as one might think. Many things occur that are worse than that. Not to speak of men — they do just as they please; but ladies, too — one wouldn't believe how many nice women went slyly about — it is, indeed, not all gold that glitters!

No one did anything about it either; so long as there was not too much scandal. "It is your own affair," as Pastor Brandt wrote.

Ah, fie! Yes, there were indeed handsome things the Lord is often compelled to behold! God grant, such would never be said of the "queen of Fredheim!"

Think, if there should be a means of rescue! It was too good to believe! Think, if she could once get so that she felt safe! Safe for the children! Safe for herself! Free from this endless worry, these interminable anxieties! Oh, it would be like living again, like coming out of prison, like rising from a tomb! But of course it would not happen; far from it — far from it!

The Conflict of the Creeds.

(From "A Freethinker.")

The noise of carriage wheels increased. The carriage drove up before the door, and all the people of the parsonage sprang up in joy. Ragna however reddened somewhat. A minute after, both Hans Vangen and Eystein Hauk stood in the room. Hans embraced his parents and his sister, and on the surface was happy; Hauk greeted them kindly and warmly like an acquaintance of the family, and bowed deep before Ragna.

"A good evening to you, and a merry Christmas-time!" called out Hans. "Here is the great foreign traveler and wise man Eystein Hauk, and here" — he pointed to the chaplain — "is the strict man of God, Balle; chaplain now, pastor later on, finally bishop; a well-founded theologian and a true support to the Church in these distracted times. It will be well with you if you do not fall into a quarrel about belief."

There was talking and laughing; the pastor's wife poured out wine; the new-comers sat down; the table was quickly set, and then they went into the dining-room, where Christmas grits and

Christmas fish stood smoking in a great dish and "awaited the help of the people." The pastor read a blessing, which was not listened to with any further devoutness. Ragna and Balle sat for the most part and looked at Hauk, but Hauk looked at Ragna, and the pastor's wife said of Hans how he had grown during the past year, and how his good looks and his affability had improved.

The one who talked most at the table was Hans. Hauk was rather silent. The pastor asked him in a few words about his travels abroad; he answered promptly but shortly, and often in such a cleverly turned way of speaking that it was difficult to find out his real meaning.

The chaplain, too, would have liked to hear about foreign lands. What was the state of the Christian religion in France? — Well, it was various. It was there as here: there were people of all sorts. — But was not the great majority unchristian? — Well, of enlightened and learned people it was, to be sure, the smallest part who strictly could be called Christians. — But with morals? Was there not a great deal of social viciousness and impropriety? — Well, if it were only considered under certain conditions, in certain cities, it was probably there as in other places. — Indeed! — Balle, rebuffed, looked away from Hauk, and did not talk with him afterward.

When they left the table there was set out dessert, with wine, and pipes were also brought. The conversation went on as before, but it was none the less Hans who talked most. He was a fresh, happy fellow. His mother sat and found pleasure in looking at him. The pastor and Balle sat and smoked, glanced now and then at Hauk, who was a little way off at a smaller table, talking small-talk with Ragna. The pastor had become more silent, and Balle looked as if he little liked the state of things, although he tried to control himself. Hans understood this, and laughed.

"Do not bother yourself about Hauk," said he. "He has been in Paris and has learned French manners, and consequently he likes women's society best; but even if he is a little grand, he will quickly become Norse again, keep to his pipe and his glass, and let women take care of themselves."

Balle bit his lips; the pastor smiled a little. "Young people are more bashful here in Norway," said he. "That is true," he continued. "You have read the new novel 'Virginia,' that the people have waited so long for?"

"'Virginia'?—pfh! that is a vile book," answered Hans, and smiled.

"Vile?" said the chaplain questioningly.

"It is a scandalous book! says Christiania. It has set the whole town on end. It works destruction upon marriage, they say; upon morals, upon society. I have never seen Christiania so moral as in these days."

"H'm!" said Balle; "Christiania is on the whole a moral town."

"It is at this time! The young poets are happy for all the days of their life. The men forbid the women to read the book, and the women forbid their daughters"—

"And so they all read it together?" said the pastor.

"Certainly! The women read it and say, 'Paugh! the poets do not know life.' The daughters, the poor dear angels, they read it and say, 'Dear me, is that anything? Have we not read worse books than that?'"

"But tell us, then, what the book is about?" said the pastor.

"It is about—that married people shall love each other," said Hans stoutly.

"Oho! free love!" called out the chaplain.

"Certainly! Free love! 'All true love is free,' says the foolhardy fellow of a poet."

"Do you hear that, pastor?" said Balle.

"If our own poets also take it up, let us have a care! Then he recognizes 'free thought'; and what then?" asked the chaplain.

"That is true," replied Hans. "'All thoughts are free,' he says, 'and not merely duty free.'"

"Of course he does not believe in God?"

"I doubt it; but even that is not the worst."

"Not the"—

"No, for there are many people in Christiania who do not believe in God. But these poets do not even believe in the Devil!" Hans laughed like a child at the face that the chaplain made; the pastor looked severely at Hans, who cast down his eyes and was silent.

"Worthless fruit," sighed the chaplain. "Our poets have hitherto kept themselves free from these godless thoughts, even if they have not always had the right opinion of Christianity, and particularly have taken up with the confusions of Grundtvigianism; but now, now it has taken another path. Do you

see the spirit of revolt, pastor? Do you hear how they rise and tear asunder all its bonds; how opposition arises against all that is high and holy, and they storm even against the foundations of society?"

"May God help us!" sighed the pastor. "It does not look right. Is there anything new in the newspapers?" he asked, as if to get away from a conversation that plainly oppressed him.

Hans ran out, and came quickly in again with the newspapers. Such of these as were French he took for himself, the rest he gave to Balle.

"Do you see, father?" said Hans with the mien of a schoolmaster. "If you will have politics, you must turn to France. All other politics are merely an echo of theirs. France is Europe. France is the world!"

"Do you hear, pastor?" said Balle. "Do you hear how the French spirit spreads and increases in power? the French spirit, which has always been one and the same with rationalism and revolution?"

"Here is an article that will do Balle good!" called out Hans. "It does not assume the good tone or prattle tediously like our Norse newspaper articles. There is fire and burning in it; you recognize something like a clinched fist back of the words, prepared for everything upon which it may hit. That is what I call politics!"

"Oh, you are a foolish fellow," said the pastor. "Come, out with it!"

Hans read an article against the priestly party or clericals, and the piece was severely radical. It was particularly to the effect that the clergy and Christianity must be ousted from the public schools, if thinkers were to be really for a genuine and sound popular education. Christianity had already done what it could do; hereafter it lay merely in the way. "Freedom and self-government" was the war-cry now, for this generation. They might be fair enough, many of the dreams which the new time compelled us to abandon; but light and life and truth were ten times fairer than all dreams.

The chaplain sat and sulked, and looked into one of the Norse papers. "Here stands the same," said he. "No, but —? Yes, the same, and yet not the same. The Norse paper has cut out or changed all that treats directly of Christianity; the rest is the same."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hans.

"Yes, they are as wise as serpents," sighed the chaplain. "Here may plainly be seen how the matter stands. It is hidden away in politics, but the spirit they cannot conceal; it is precisely the same French spirit of hell, the spirit of revolt, the spirit of the Devil, which lifts itself against even the living God. Do you see that, pastor? Do you see how wholly these 'freedom politics,' as they are called, are held up and impregnated with this godless spirit of revolt? In truth, it becomes more and more clear that it is the part of us, the watchmen of Zion, — more now than ever before, — to watch and pray."

The pastor sat and meditated. He looked oppressed and sorrowful. It was too quiet for Hans: he moved away to Hauk and Ragna. The chaplain appeared to like this, and became more calm.

"Dear pastor," said he after a while, "just as surely as there is truth in our work, — yes, this question presses itself more and more in upon me, — as surely as there is truth in our work: that we shall watch over God's house and people, — we *cannot* remain silent and be calm when we see a spirit like this coming bearing in upon us — a spirit which is directly founded upon heathenism, and so plainly shows its Satanic origin. Shall it be? Can we answer for that before our Lord and God?"

The pastor was silent. He was in great doubt and uncertainty of mind. "I do not believe that it is right to bring politics into the house of God," said he at last.

"Politics, no! But this is not politics; this is a spirit of the times, a view of life which takes the outward garb of politics, but at the bottom is merely a new outbreak of the same old heathenism that the Church at all times has had to contend with. I, for my part, do not believe that I can keep silent with a quiet conscience."

The pastor held his peace and thought. "This is a hard question," he said finally. "May our Lord give us wisdom!"

"Amen," said the chaplain. . . .

That night the old pastor did not sleep well. He walked up and down his chamber and thought. "When it comes to the point," said he to himself, "Balle is right; there *is* something bad and evil in the spirit of the time; there *is* something devilish. Merely look, now, at this Eystein Hauk, this clever, fine fellow: he is not to be got at. He is frozen to ice and hardened to steel, slippery and smooth as a serpent. There came such an

uncanny spirit from him that he made me downright sick: no respect, no veneration even for his own father; God knows how he can hold fast to his Christian faith. They call it freedom, humanity; but it is not that. It is hate, venom, bad blood. — They will tear from them all bonds, as Balle says, raise a revolt — revolt against all that is beautiful and good, against God, against belief. H'm! Build the State, this whole earthly life, upon a heathen foundation! Sever connection with Christianity, cast the Church away from them like old trash. That is terrible! And free love, free thought — the Christian religion out of the schools — no! that is Satan himself who rages. Free thoughts in my time were not so: they were warm and beautiful; there was heart in them; they made us good and happy." He shook himself as if to throw off a chill. Should one be silent at such things? Should one look quietly on while this evil spirit eats itself in among the people? or should one, like a disciple of God, lift up the sword of the Word and the Spirit against this poisonous basilisk?

He read in the Bible and in Luther. Then he got up again and walked. The clock struck hour after hour, but the old man did not hear it. He thought only of the heavy responsibility. Was it not to profane the house of God and the holy office, to drag the struggle and strife of the day into it? Was he not set to watch over word and teaching, but not to be a judge in the world's disputes? But of his flock, the people of the Church, the Bride of Christ, whom he should watch, but who stood in the midst of a wicked world, and whose souls were harmed when such evil gusts blew? Would not every soul at the Judgment Day be demanded at his hands? And was he a good shepherd, who indeed kept watch against the wolf when the wolf came having on his right garb, but looked on and was silent when he came clothed in sheep's garments and pretended to belong among the good? He read anew in Luther. At last he knelt down and prayed for a long time, and ended with a fervent and heartfelt "Our Father."

Then he arose as if freed from doubt, looked meekly up to heaven and said, "As thou wilt, O Lord!" He seated himself in his arm-chair, weary but happy, and fell asleep for a while. Presently, however, the day grew gray in the east and he awoke. He read the morning prayers to himself, chose his text, and thought about the sermon. When the bell began to ring he went to church. He was pale, but calm and kindly. The

farmers looked at him and greeted him more warmly than usual. The pastor's wife and Ragna came shortly after; Hans and Eystein did not arrive at the church until the pastor stood in the pulpit.

The Christmas sermon was fervid and good. He spoke about the angels' song, "Peace on earth." They had seldom heard the old man preach so well. But at the end came a turn in the thought that caused some astonishment. It was about politics.

"Dear Christians," he said, "how is it in our days with 'peace on earth'? Ah, my brothers, we know that all too well. Peace has gone from us. It has vanished like a beautiful evening cloud. Evil powers rise up in these hours. The Devil is abroad, and tempts anew mankind to eat of the tree of knowledge and to tear themselves loose from God. Take heed, take heed, dear brothers! Take heed of the false prophets, who proclaim a new gospel and promise you 'freedom' and 'enlightenment,' and all that is good, — yes, promise you righteousness and power, if you will eat of the forbidden tree. They give themselves out for sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. They promise you freedom, but they give you thralldom, the thralldom of sin, which is the worst of all. They promise you blessings and joy, but they steal you away from Him who alone has blessings and freedom for our poor race. They promise you security and defense against all tyranny and oppression, but they give you gladly into his power who is the father of all tyranny and of all evil; he who is the destroyer of man from the beginning. Dear Christians, let us watch and pray! Let us prove the spirit, whether it is from God! Let us harden our ears and our hearts against false voices and magic songs that deceive, which come to us out of the dark chasms and abysses in this wicked world! Let us be fearful of this wild and sinful thought of freedom, that from Adam down has been the deep and true source of all our woe! Let us pray for 'peace on earth,' for only then can our Lord God have consideration for mankind." With this he ended his sermon.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Garland, Hamlin, an American novelist, poet, and literary and dramatic critic; was born at LaCrosse Valley, near West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860. He was educated at Cedar Valley Seminary, by Dr. Alva Bush, a prominent Baptist educator. Graduating at twenty-one, he travelled in the East for two years, earning his living by lecturing and teaching. His father had gone to Dakota; and in 1883 the son followed. In 1884 he went to Boston and spent much of his time for five years reading books in the Boston Public Library, teaching private classes meanwhile for a living. In 1890 he again started for the West, and in 1891 he published his "Main-Travelled Roads," which was quickly followed by "Jason Edwards;" "A Little Norsk, or Ol' Pap's Flaxen," and "A Member of the Third House." He published "A Spoil of Office" and "Prairie Folks" in 1892; and in 1893 he appeared before the public as a poet in a dainty volume entitled "Prairie Songs." "Crumbling Idols," a collection of essays on art, appeared in 1894. His novel entitled "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" and his "Early Life of U. S. Grant" were issued serially in "McClure's Magazine" in 1896 and 1897.

Rob and Julyie.[1]

(From "Main-Travelled Roads.")

Rob kept on safe subjects, mainly asking questions about the crops of Peterson, and when addressing the girl, inquired of the schoolmates. By skilful questioning, he kept the subject of marriage uppermost, and seemingly was getting an inventory of the girls not yet married or engaged.

It was embarrassing for the girl. She was all too well aware of the difference between her home and the home of her schoolmates and friends. She knew that it was not pleasant for her "Yankee" friends to come to visit her when they could not feel sure of a welcome from the tireless, silent, and grim-visaged old Norse, if, indeed, they could escape insult. Julia ate her food mechanically, and it could hardly be said that she enjoyed

[1] By kind permission of the author.

the brisk talk of the young man, his eyes were upon her so constantly and his smile so obviously addressed to her. She rose as soon as possible, and going outside, took a seat on a chair under the trees in the yard. She was not a coarse or dull girl. In fact, she had developed so rapidly by contact with the young people of the neighborhood that she no longer found pleasure in her own home. She did n't believe in keeping up the old-fashioned Norwegian customs, and her life with her mother was not one to breed love or confidence. She was more like a hired hand. The love of the mother for her "Yulyie" was sincere though rough and inarticulate, and it was her jealousy of the young "Yankees" that widened the chasm between the girl and herself — an inevitable result.

Rob followed the girl out into the yard, and threw himself on the grass at her feet, perfectly unconscious of the fact that this attitude was exceedingly graceful and becoming to them both. He did it because he wanted to talk to her, and the grass was cool and easy: there was n't any other chair, anyway.

"Do they keep up the ly-ceum and the sociables same as ever?"

"Yes. The others go a good 'eal, but I don't. We 're gettin' such a stock round us, and father thinks he needs me s' much, I don't git out much. I 'm gettin' sick of it."

"I sh'd think y' would," he replied, his eyes on her face.

"I c'd stand the churnin' and house-work, but when it comes t' workin' out-doors in the dirt an' hot sun, gettin' all sunburned and chapped up, it 's another thing. An' then it seems as if he gets stingier 'n' stingier every year. I ain't had a new dress in — I d'-know-how-long. He says it 's all nonsense, an' mother 's just about as bad. *She* don't want a new dress, an' so she thinks I don't." The girl was feeling the influence of a sympathetic listener and was making up for the long silence. "I 've tried t' go out t' work, but they won't let me. They 'd have t' pay a hand twenty dollars a month f'r the work I do, an' they like cheap help; but I 'm not goin' t' stand it much longer, I can tell you that."

Rob thought she was very handsome as she sat there with her eyes fixed on the horizon, while these rebellious thoughts found utterance in her quivering, passionate voice.

"Yulie! Kom haar!" roared the old man from the well.

A frown of anger and pain came into her face. She looked at Rob. "That means more work."

"Say! let me go out in your place. Come, now; what's the use — "

"No; it would n't do no good. It ain't t'-days s' much; it 's every day, and — "

"Yu*lie!*" called Peterson again, with a string of impatient Norwegian. "Batter yo' kom pooty hal quick."

"Well, all right, only I 'd like to — " Rob submitted.

"Well, good-by," she said, with a litte touch of feeling. "When d 'ye go back?"

"I don't know. I 'll see y' again before I go. Good-by."

He stood watching her slow, painful pace till she reached the well, where Otto was standing with the horse. He stood watching them as they moved out into the road and turned down toward the field. He felt that she had sent him away; but still there was a look in her eyes which was not altogether —

He gave it up in despair at last. He was not good at analyses of this nature; he was used to plain, blunt expressions. There was a woman's subtlety here quite beyond his reach.

He sauntered slowly off up the road after his talk with Julia. His head was low on his breast; he was thinking as one who is about to take a decided and important step.

He stopped at length, and turning, watched the girl moving along in the deeps of the corn. Hardly a leaf was stirring; the untempered sunlight fell in a burning flood upon the field; the grasshoppers rose, snapped, buzzed, and fell; the locust uttered its dry, heat-intensifying cry. The man lifted his head.

"It 's a d—n shame!" he said, beginning rapidly to retrace his steps. He stood leaning on the fence, awaiting the girl's coming very much as she had waited his on the round he had made before dinner. He grew impatient at the slow gait of the horse, and drummed on the rail while he whistled. Then he took off his hat, and dusted it nervously. As the horse got a little nearer he wiped his face carefully, pushed his hat back on his head, and climbed over the fence, where he stood with elbows on the middle rail as the girl and boy and horse came to the end of the furrow.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said, as she looked up.

"Jimminy Peters, it 's awful!" puffed the boy. The girl did not reply till she swung the plough about after the horse,

and set it upright into the next row. Her powerful body had a superb swaying motion at the waist as she did this — a motion whieh affeeted Rob vaguely but massively.

"I thought you 'd gone," she said, gravely, pushing baek her bonnet till he eould see her faee dewed with sweat, and pink as a rose. She had the high eheek-bones of her raee, but she had also their exquisite fairness of eolor.

"Say, Otto," asked Rob alluringly, "wan' to go swimming?"

"You bet," replied Otto.

"Well, I 'll go a round if — "

The boy dropped off the horse, not waiting to hear any more. Rob grinned, but the girl dropped her eyes, then looked away.

"Got rid o' him mighty quick. Say, Julyie, I hate like thunder t' see you out here; it ain't right. I wish you 'd — I wish — "

She eould not look at him now, and her bosom rose and fell with a motion that was not due to fatigue. Her moist hair matted around her forehead gave her a boyish look.

Rob nervously tried again, tearing splinters from the fenee. "Say, now, I 'll tell yeh what I eame baek here for — t' git married; and if you 're willin' I 'll do it to-night. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"What 've *I* got t' do 'bout it?" she finally asked, the eolor flooding her faee, and a faint smile eoming to her lips. "Go ahead. I ain't got anything — "

Rob put a splinter in his mouth and faeed her. "Oh, looky here, now, Julyie! you know what I mean. I 've got a good elaim out near Boomtown — a *rattlin'* good elaim; a shanty on it fourteen by sixteen — no tarred paper about it, and a suller to keep butter in, and a hundred aeres o' wheat just about ready to turn now. I need a wife."

Here he straightened up, threw away the splinter, and took off his hat. He was a very pleasant figure as the girl stole a look at him. His blaek laughing eyes were espeeially earnest just now. His voiee had a toueh of pleading. The popple-tree over their heads murmured applause at his eloquenee, then hushed to listen. A eloud dropped a silent shadow down upon them, and it sent a little thrill of fear through Rob, as if it were an omen of failure. As the girl remained silent, looking away, he began, man-fashion, to desire her more and more, as

he feared to lose her. He put his hat on the post again and took out his jack-knife. Her calico dress draped her supple and powerful figure simply but naturally. The stoop in her shoulders, given by labor, disappeared as she partly leaned upon the fence. The curves of her muscular arms showed through her sleeve.

"It 's all-fired lonesome f'r me out there on that claim, and it ain't no picnic f'r you here. Now, if you 'll come out there with me, you need n't do anything but cook f'r me, and after harvest we can git a good layout o' furniture, an' I 'll lath and plaster the house and put a little hell [ell] in the rear." He smiled, and so did she. He felt encouraged to say: "An' there we be, as snug as y' please. We 're close t' Boomtown, an' we can go down there to church sociables an' things, and they 're a jolly lot there."

The girl was still silent, but the man's simple enthusiasm came to her charged with passion and a sort of romance such as her hard life had known little of. There was something enticing about this trip to the West.

"What 'll my folks say?" she said at last.

A virtual surrender, but Rob was not acute enough to see it. He pressed on eagerly: —

"I don't care. Do you? They 'll jest keep y' ploughin' corn and milkin' cows till the day of judgment. Come, Julyie, I ain't got no time to fool away. I 've got t' get back t' that grain. It 's a whoopin' old crop, sure 's y'r born, an' that means sompin purty scrumptious in furniture this fall. Come, now." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder, very much as he would have touched Albert Seagraves or any other comrade. "Whaddy y' say?"

She neither started, nor shrunk, nor looked at him. She simply moved a step away. "They 'd never let me go," she replied, bitterly. "I 'm too cheap a hand. I do a man's work an' get no pay at all."

"You 'll have half o' all I e'n make," he put in.

"How long e'n you wait?" she asked, looking down at her dress.

"Just two minutes," he said, pulling out his watch. "It ain't no use t' wait. The old man 'll be jest as mad a week from now as he is to-day. Why not go now?"

"I 'm of age in a few days," she mused, wavering, calculating.

"You e'n be of age to-night if you 'll jest eall on old Squire Hatfield with me."

"All right, Rob," the girl said, turning and holding out her hand.

"That 's the talk!" he exclaimed, seizing it. "And now a kiss, to bind the bargain, as the fellah says."

"I guess we e'n get along without that."

"No, we ean't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

"It ain't goin' to seem mueh like one, anyway," she answered, with a sudden realization of how far from her dreams of eourtship this reality was.

"Say, now, Julyie, that ain't fair; it ain't treatin' me right. You don't seem to understand that I *like* you, but I do."

Rob was earried quite out of himself by the time, the plaee, and the girl. He had said a very moving thing.

The tears sprang involuntarily to the girl's eyes. "Do you mean it? If y' do, you may."

She was trembling with emotion for the first time. The sineerity of the man's voiee had gone deep.

He put his arm around her almost timidly and kissed her on the eheek, a great love for her springing up in his heart. "That settles it," he said. "Don't ery, Julyie. You 'll never be sorry for it. Don't ery. It kind o' hurts me to see it."

He hardly understood her feelings. He was only aware that she was erying, and tried in a bungling way to soothe her. But now that she had given way, she sat down in the grass and wept bitterly.

"*Yulyie!*" yelled the vigilant old Norwegian, like a distant fog-horn.

The girl sprang up; the habit of obedienee was strong.

"No; you set right there, and I 'll go round," he said. "*Otto!*"

The boy eame scrambling out of the wood half dressed. Rob tossed him upon the horse, snateheđ Julia's sun-bonnet, put his own hat on her head, and moved off down the eornrows, leaving the girl smiling through her tears as he whistled and ehirped to the horse. Farmer Peterson, seeing the familiar sun-bonnet above the eorn-rows, went baek to his work, with a sentenee of Norwegian trailing after him like the tail of a kite — something about lazy girls who didn't earn the erust of their bread, ete.

Rob was wild with delight. "Git up there, Jack! Hay, you old corn-crib! Say, Otto, can you keep your mouth shet if it puts money in your pocket?"

"Jest try me 'n' see," said the keen-eyed little scamp.

"Well, you keep quiet about my being here this afternoon, and I'll put a dollar on y'r tongue — hay? — what? — understand?"

"Show me y'r dollar," said the boy, turning about and showing his tongue.

"All right. Begin to practise now by not talkin' to me."

Rob went over the whole situation on his way back, and when he got in sight of the girl his plan was made. She stood waiting for him with a new look on her face. Her sullenness had given way to a peculiar eagerness and anxiety to believe in him. She was already living that free life in a far-off wonderful country. No more would her stern father and sullen mother force her to tasks which she hated. She 'd be a member of a new firm. She 'd work, of course, but it would be because she wanted to, and not because she was forced to. The independence and the love promised, grew more and more attractive. She laughed back with a softer light in her eyes when she saw the smiling face of Rob looking at her from her sun-bonnet.

"Now you must n't do any more o' this," he said. "You go back to the house an' tell y'r mother you 're too lame to plough any more to-day, and it 's getting late, anyhow. To-night!" he whispered quickly. "Eleven! Here!"

The girl's heart leaped with fear. "I 'm afraid."

"Not of *me*, are yeh?"

"No, I 'm not afraid of you, Rob."

"I 'm glad o' that. I — I want you — to *like* me, Julyie; won't you?"

"I 'll try," she answered, with a smile.

"To-night, then," he said, as she moved away.

"To-night. Good-by."

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her till her tall figure was lost among the drooping corn-leaves. There was a singular choking feeling in his throat. The girl's voice and face had brought up so many memories of parties and picnics and excursions on far-off holidays, and at the same time such suggestions of the future. He already felt that it was going to be an unconscionably long time before eleven o'clock.

He saw her go to the house, and then he turned and walked slowly up the dusty road. Out of the May-weed the grasshoppers sprang, buzzing and snapping their dull, red wings. Butterflies, yellow and white, fluttered around moist places in the ditch, and slender, striped water-snakes glided across the stagnant pools at sound of footsteps.

But the mind of the man was far away on his claim, building a new house, with a woman's advice and presence.

. . . . . .

It was a windless night. The katydids and an occasional cricket were the only sounds Rob could hear as he stood beside his team and strained his ear to listen. At long intervals a little breeze ran through the corn like a swift serpent, bringing to the nostrils the sappy smell of the growing corn. The horses stamped uneasily as the mosquitoes settled on their shining limbs. The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon.

"What if she don't come?" he thought. "Or *can't* come? I can't stand that. I'll go to the old man, an' say, 'Looky here' — 'Sh!"

He listened again. There was a rustling in the corn. It was not like the fitful movement of the wind; it was steady, slower, and approaching. It ceased. He whistled the wailing, sweet cry of the prairie-chicken. Then a figure came out into the road — a woman — Julia!

He took her in his arms as she came panting up to him.

"Rob!"

"Julyie!"

. . . . . .

A few words, the dull tread of swift horses, the rising of a silent train of dust, and then — the wind wandered in the growing corn, the dust fell, a dog barked down the road, and the katydids sang to the liquid contralto of the river in its shallows.

A Winter Brook.

(From "Prairie Songs.")

How sweetly you sang as you circled
The elm's rugged knees in the sod,
I know! for deep in the shade of your willows,
A barefooted boy, with a rod,

I lay in the drowsy June weather,
  And sleepily whistled in tune
To the laughter I heard in your shallows,
  Involved in the music of June.

At Dusk.

(From "Prairie Songs.")

Indolent I lie
Beneath the sky
  Thick sown with clouds that soar and float
Like stately swans upon the air,
And in the hush of dusk I hear
  The ring-dove's plaintive, liquid note
Sound faintly as a prayer.

Against the yellow sky
The grazing kine stalk slowly by;
Like wings that spread and float and flee
The clouds are drifting over me.
  The couching cattle sigh,
And from the meadow damp and dark
I hear the piping of the lark;
While falling night-hawks scream and boom,
Like rockets through the rising gloom,
And katydids with pauseless chime
Bear on the far frog's ringing rhyme.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Richard Garnett, an English librarian, editor, and poet; born in Lichfield, England, Feb. 27, 1835. Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He has edited the works of Shelley, De Quincey, Peacock, Drayton, and others; and is the author of biographies of Carlyle, Emerson, and Milton, in the "Great Writers" series. Besides contributions to periodicals and encyclopedias, he has published: "Io in Egypt, and Other Poems" (1859); "Poems from the German" (1862); "The Twilight of the Gods, and Other Tales" (1889); "Iphigenia in Delphi, a Dramatic Poem" (1890).

The Fair Circassian.

Forty Viziers saw I go
Up to the Seraglio,
Burning, each and every man,
For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappeared,
Every Vizier wore a beard;
Ere the afternoon was born,
Every Vizier came back shorn.

"Let the man that woos to win
Woo with an unhairy chin";
Thus she said, and as she bid
Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made,
Looped it to the balustrade,
Glided down and went away
To her own Circassia.

When the Sultan heard, waxed he
Somewhat wroth, and presently
In the noose themselves did lend
Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,
Guard your beards with prudent heed,
And beware the wily plans
Of the fair Circassians.

A Nocturn.

Keen winds of cloud and vaporous drift
Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift
A snowy curtain from its place,
To scan a pillowed beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendors lie
Bedded on blue unfathomed sky,
And swoon for love and deep delight,
And stillness falls on all the night.

A Little Idle Song.

Within my fancy floats
A little idle song:
O listen to the notes!
They will not keep thee long.

I seek not to complain
Of guile and banished peace;
Legitimate the strain,
But O, when would it cease?

I sing of happy fires,
Of gladness and belief;
So short a bliss requires
A melody as brief.

A Melody.

The snow falls fast upon the wave,
And is no more.
The silver swan glides o'er its grave
Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave
Their plumes along the shore.

The buoyant lily does not see
The dead abound
About its roots, but silently
Grows up in beauty, and the bee
Booms all around.

Elfin Folk.

(roumanian.)

"Sister, they say that in this dell
The gamesome elfin-people dwell,
And seize the maids that gathering stray,
And pluck their strawberries away.

"And furthermore 'tis credited
They kiss their lips to ruby red.
Why are thy lips so red? tell me,
And where thy strawberries may be?"

"Sister, our mother oft has told
That elvish folk, alert and bold,
Lurk in this darkling dell for hours
To pounce on maids that come for flowers,

"And spoil them merrily of these,
And of their chains and necklaces —
Where are thy flowers? I fain would know,
And where thy string of pearls also?"

The maidens laugh, and look so sly!
Down in the glen two youths I spy, —
One strawberries holds, and one, more vain,
Loops to his belt a pearly chain.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN (STEVENSON) GASKELL.

Elizabeth Cleghorn (Stevenson) Gaskell, an English novelist, born at Chelsea, London, Sept. 29, 1810; died at Alton, Hampshire, Nov. 12, 1865. She married William Gaskell, a clergyman of Manchester, and gave all her leisure to ministry among the poor of that city, and thus became intimately acquainted with the lives of operatives in the factories. Her first literary work was a paper entitled *An Account of Clopton Hall*, written for William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places." This was followed by short tales contributed to the *People's Journal*. "Mary Barton," her first novel, a story of manufacturing life, was published in 1848. Her next publication was "The Moorland Cottage" (1850). "Ruth," a novel, and "Cranford," a series of sketches of life in a rural town, appeared in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's other works are "North and South" (1855); a "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (1857); "Round the Sofa" (1859); "Right at Last" (1860); "Sylvia's Lovers" (1863); "Cousin Phillis," and "Wives and Daughters," the last of which was not quite completed at the time of her sudden death from heart disease.

A Love Affair of Long Ago.

(From "Cranford.")

I thought that probably my connection with Cranford would cease after Miss Jenkyns's death; at least, that it would have to be kept up by correspondence, which bears much the same relation to personal intercourse that the books of dried plants I sometimes see ("Hortus Siccus," I think they call the thing) do to the living and fresh flowers in the lanes and meadows. I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, by receiving a letter from Miss Pole (who had always come in for a supplementary week after my annual visit to Miss Jenkyns) proposing that I should go and stay with her; and then, in a couple of days after my acceptance, came a note from Miss Matty, in which, in a rather circuitous and very humble manner, she told me how much pleasure I should confer if I could spend a week or two with

her, either before or after I had been at Miss Pole's; "for," she said, "since my dear sister's death I am well aware I have no attractions to offer; it is only to the kindness of my friends that I can owe their company."

Of course I promised to come to dear Miss Matty as soon as I had ended my visit to Miss Pole; and the day after my arrival at Cranford I went to see her, much wondering what the house would be like without Miss Jenkyns, and rather dreading the changed aspect of things. Miss Matty began to cry as soon as she saw me. She was evidently nervous from having anticipated my call. I comforted her as well as I could; and I found the best consolation I could give was the honest praise that came from my heart as I spoke of the deceased. Miss Matty slowly shook her head over each virtue as it was named and attributed to her sister; and at last she could not restrain the tears which had long been silently flowing, but hid her face behind her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear Miss Matty!" said I, taking her hand — for indeed I did not know in what way to tell her how sorry I was for her, left deserted in the world. She put down her handkerchief, and said —

"My dear, I'd rather you did not call me Matty. *She* did not like it; but I did many a thing she did not like, I'm afraid — and now she's gone! If you please, my love, will you call me Matilda?"

I promised faithfully, and began to practice the new name with Miss Pole that very day; and, by degrees, Miss Matilda's feeling on the subject was known through Cranford, and we all tried to drop the more familiar name, but with so little success that by and by we gave up the attempt.

My visit to Miss Pole was very quiet. Miss Jenkyns had so long taken the lead in Cranford that, now she was gone, they hardly knew how to give a party. The Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, to whom Miss Jenkyns herself had always yielded the post of honor, was fat and inert, and very much at the mercy of her old servants. If they chose that she should give a party, they reminded her of the necessity for so doing; if not, she let it alone. There was all the more time for me to hear old-world stories from Miss Pole, while she sat knitting, and I making my father's shirts. I always took a quantity of plain sewing to Cranford; for, as we did not read much, or walk much, I found it a capital time to get through my work. One

"If you please, my love, will you call me Matilda?"

of Miss Pole's stories related to a shadow of a love affair that was dimly perceived or suspected long years before.

Presently, the time arrived when I was to remove to Miss Matilda's house. I found her timid and anxious about the arrangements for my comfort. Many a time, while I was unpacking, did she come backwards and forwards to stir the fire, which burned all the worse for being so frequently poked.

"Have you drawers enough, dear?" asked she. "I don't know exactly how my sister used to arrange them. She had capital methods. I am sure she would have trained a servant in a week to make a better fire than this, and Fanny has been with me four months."

This subject of servants was a standing grievance, and I could not wonder much at it; for if gentlemen were scarce, and almost unheard of in the "genteel society" of Cranford, they or their counterparts — handsome young men — abounded in the lower classes. The pretty neat servant-maids had their choice of desirable "followers;" and their mistresses, without having the sort of mysterious dread of men and matrimony that Miss Matilda had, might well feel a little anxious lest the heads of their comely maids should be turned by the joiner, or the butcher, or the gardener, who were obliged, by their callings, to come to the house, and who, as ill-luck would have it, were generally handsome and unmarried. Fanny's lovers, if she had any — and Miss Matilda suspected her of so many flirtations that, if she had not been very pretty, I should have doubted her having one — were a constant anxiety to her mistress. She was forbidden, by the articles of her engagement, to have "followers;" and though she had answered, innocently enough, doubling up the hem of her apron as she spoke, "Please, ma'am, I never had more than one at a time," Miss Matty prohibited that one. But a vision of a man seemed to haunt the kitchen. Fanny assured me that it was all fancy, or else I should have said myself that I had seen a man's coat-tails whisk into the scullery once, when I went on an errand into the store-room at night; and another evening, when, our watches having stopped, I went to look at the clock, there was a very odd appearance, singularly like a young man squeezed up between the clock and the back of the open kitchen door; and I thought Fanny snatched up the candle very hastily, so as to throw the shadow on the clock face, while she very positively told me the time half an hour too early, as we found out afterwards by the church

clock. But I did not add to Miss Matty's anxieties by naming my suspicions, especially as Fanny said to me, the next day, that it was such a queer kitchen for having odd shadows about it, she really was almost afraid to stay; "for you know, miss," she added, "I don't see a creature from six o'clock tea till Missus rings the bell for prayers at ten."

However, it so fell out that Fanny had to leave; and Miss Matilda begged me to stay and "settle her" with the new maid; to which I consented, after I had heard from my father that he did not want me at home. The new servant was a rough, honest-looking country girl, who had only lived in a farm place before, but I liked her looks when she came to be hired, and I promised Miss Matilda to put her in the ways of the house. The said ways were religiously such as Miss Matilda thought her sister would approve. Many a domestic rule and regulation had been a subject of plaintive whispered murmur to me during Miss Jenkyns's life; but now that she was gone, I do not think that even I, who was a favorite, durst have suggested an alteration. To give an instance: We constantly adhered to the forms which were observed, at meal times, in "my father, the rector's house." Accordingly, we had always wine and dessert; but the decanters were only filled when there was a party, and what remained was seldom touched, though we had two wine glasses apiece every day after dinner, until the next festive occasion arrived, when the state of the remainder wine was examined into in a family council. The dregs were often given to the poor; but occasionally, when a good deal had been left at the last party (five months ago, it might be), it was added to some of a fresh bottle, brought up from the cellar. I fancy poor Captain Brown did not much like wine, for I noticed he never finished his first glass, and most military men take several. Then, as to our dessert. Miss Jenkyns used to gather currants and gooseberries for it herself, which I sometimes thought would have tasted better fresh from the trees; but then, as Miss Jenkyns observed, there would have been nothing for dessert in summer-time. As it was, we felt very genteel with our two glasses apiece, and a dish of gooseberries at the top, of currants and biscuits at the sides, and two decanters at the bottom. When oranges came in, a curious proceeding was gone through. Miss Jenkyns did not like to cut the fruit; for, as she observed, the juice all ran out nobody knew where; sucking (only I think she used some more recondite word) was

in fact the only way of enjoying oranges; but then there was the unpleasant association with a ceremony frequently gone through by little babies; and so, after dessert, in orange season, Miss Jenkyns and Miss Matty used to rise up, possess themselves each of an orange in silence, and withdraw to the privacy of their own rooms to indulge in sucking oranges.

I had once or twice tried, on such occasions, to prevail on Miss Matty to stay, and had succeeded in her sister's life-time. I held up a screen, and did not look, and, as she said, she tried not to make the noise very offensive; but now that she was left alone, she seemed quite horrified when I begged her to remain with me in the warm dining-parlor, and enjoy her orange as she liked best. And so it was in everything. Miss Jenkyns's rules were made more stringent than ever, because the framer of them was gone where there could be no appeal. In all things else Miss Matilda was meek and undecided to a fault. I have heard Fanny turn her round twenty times in a morning about dinner, just as the little hussy chose; and I sometimes fancied she worked on Miss Matilda's weakness in order to bewilder her, and to make her feel more in the power of her clever servant. I determined that I would not leave her till I had seen what sort of a person Martha was; and, if I found her trustworthy, I would tell her not to trouble her mistress with every little decision.

Martha was blunt and plain-spoken to a fault; otherwise she was a brisk, well-meaning, but very ignorant girl. She had not been with us a week before Miss Matilda and I were astounded one morning by the receipt of a letter from a cousin of hers, who had been twenty or thirty years in India, and who had lately, as we had seen by the "Army List," returned to England, bringing with him an invalid wife who had never been introduced to her English relations. Major Jenkyns wrote to propose that he and his wife should spend a night at Cranford, on his way to Scotland — at the inn, if it did not suit Miss Matilda to receive them into her house; in which case they should hope to be with her as much as possible during the day. Of course, it *must* suit her, as she said; for all Cranford knew that she had her sister's bedroom at liberty; but I am sure she wished the major had stopped in India and forgotten his cousins out and out.

"Oh! how must I manage?" asked she helplessly. "If Deborah had been alive she would have known what to do

with a gentleman visitor. Must I put razors in his dressing-room? Dear! dear! and I've got none. Deborah would have had them. And slippers, and coat-brushes?" I suggested that probably he would bring all these things with him. "And after dinner, how am I to know when to get up and leave him to his wine? Deborah would have done it so well; she would have been quite in her element. Will he want coffee, do you think?" I undertook the management of the coffee, and I told her I would instruct Martha in the art of waiting—in which, it must be owned, she was terribly deficient—and that I had no doubt Major and Mrs. Jenkyns would understand the quiet mode in which a lady lived by herself in a country town. But she was sadly fluttered. I made her empty her decanters and bring up two fresh bottles of wine. I wished I could have prevented her from being present at my instructions to Martha, for she frequently cut in with some fresh direction, muddling the poor girl's mind, as she stood open-mouthed, listening to us both.

"Hand the vegetables round," said I (foolishly, I see now—for it was aiming at more than we could accomplish with quietness and simplicity); and then, seeing her look bewildered, I added, "Take the vegetables round to people, and let them help themselves."

"And mind you go first to the ladies," put in Miss Matilda. "Always go to the ladies before gentlemen when you are waiting."

"I'll do it as you tell me, ma'am," said Martha; "but I like lads best."

We felt very uncomfortable and shocked at this speech of Martha's, yet I don't think she meant any harm; and, on the whole, she attended very well to our directions, except that she "nudged" the major when he did not help himself as soon as she expected to the potatoes, while she was handing them round.

The major and his wife were quiet, unpretending people enough when they did come; languid, as all East Indians are, I suppose. We were rather dismayed at their bringing two servants with them, a Hindoo body-servant for the major, and a steady, elderly maid for his wife; but they slept at the inn, and took off a good deal of the responsibility by attending carefully to their master's and mistress's comfort. Martha, to be sure, had never ended her staring at the East Indian's white turban and brown complexion, and I saw that Miss Matilda shrunk

away from him a little as he waited at dinner. Indeed, she asked me, when they were gone, if he did not remind me of Blue Beard? On the whole, the visit was most satisfactory, and is a subject of conversation even now with Miss Matilda; at the time it greatly excited Cranford, and even stirred up the apathetic and Honorable Mrs. Jamieson to some expression of interest, when I went to call and thank her for the kind answers she had vouchsafed to Miss Matilda's inquiries as to the arrangement of a gentleman's dressing-room — answers which, I must confess, she had given in the wearied manner of the Scandinavian prophetess —

"Leave me, leave me to repose."

And *now* I come to the love affair.

It seems that Miss Pole had a cousin, once or twice removed, who had offered to Miss Matty long ago. Now this cousin lived four or five miles from Cranford on his own estate; but his property was not large enough to entitle him to rank higher than a yeoman; or rather, with something of the "pride which apes humility," he had refused to push himself on, as so many of his class had done, into the ranks of the squires. He would not allow himself to be called Thomas Holbrook, *Esq.*; he even sent back letters with this address, telling the postmistress at Cranford that his name was *Mr.* Thomas Holbrook, yeoman. He rejected all domestic innovations; he would have the house-door stand open in summer and shut in winter, without knocker or bell to summon a servant. The closed fist or the knob of the stick did this office for him if he found the door locked. He despised every refinement which had not its root deep down in humanity. If people were not ill, he saw no necessity for moderating his voice. He spoke the dialect of the country in perfection, and constantly used it in conversation; although Miss Pole (who gave me these particulars) added, that he read aloud more beautifully and with more feeling than any one she had ever heard, except the late rector.

"And how came Miss Matilda not to marry him?" asked I.

"Oh, I don't know. She was willing enough, I think; but you know cousin Thomas would not have been enough of a gentleman for the rector and Miss Jenkyns."

"Well! but they were not to marry him," said I impatiently.

"No; but they did not like Miss Matty to marry below her rank. You know she was the rector's daughter, and somehow

they are related to Sir Peter Arley: Miss Jenkyns thought a deal of that."

"Poor Miss Matty!" said I.

"Nay, now, I don't know anything more than that he offered and was refused. Miss Matty might not like him — and Miss Jenkyns might never have said a word — it is only a guess of mine."

"Has she never seen him since?" I inquired.

"No, I think not. You see Woodley, cousin Thomas's house, lies half-way between Cranford and Misselton; and I know he made Misselton his market-town very soon after he had offered to Miss Matty; and I don't think he has been into Cranford above once or twice since — once, when I was walking with Miss Matty, in High Street, and suddenly she darted from me, and went up Shire Lane. A few minutes after I was startled by meeting cousin Thomas."

"How old is he?" I asked, after a pause of castle-building.

"He must be about seventy, I think, my dear," said Miss Pole, blowing up my castle, as if by gunpowder, into small fragments.

Very soon after — at least during my long visit to Miss Matilda — I had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Holbrook; seeing, too, his first encounter with his former love, after thirty or forty years' separation. I was helping to decide whether any of the new assortment of colored silks which they had just received at the shop would do to match a gray and black mousseline-de-laine that wanted a new breadth, when a tall, thin, Don Quixote-looking old man came into the shop for some woolen gloves. I had never seen the person (who was rather striking) before, and I watched him rather attentively while Miss Matty listened to the shopman. The stranger wore a blue coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and gaiters, and drummed with his fingers on the counter until he was attended to. When he answered the shop-boy's question, "What can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day, sir?" I saw Miss Matilda start, and then suddenly sit down; and instantly I guessed who it was. She had made some inquiry which had to be carried round to the other shopman.

"Miss Jenkyns wants the black sarsenet two-and-twopence the yard;" and Mr. Holbrook had caught the name, and was across the shop in two strides.

"Matty — Miss Matilda — Miss Jenkyns! God bless my

soul! I should not have known you. How are you? how are you?" He kept shaking her hand in a way which proved the warmth of his friendship; but he repeated so often, as if to himself, "I should not have known you!" that any sentimental romance which I might be inclined to build was quite done away with by his manner.

However, he kept talking to us all the time we were in the shop; and then waving the shopman with the unpurchased gloves on one side, with "Another time, sir! another time!" he walked home with us. I am happy to say my client, Miss Matilda, also left the shop in an equally bewildered state, not having purchased either green or red silk. Mr. Holbrook was evidently full with honest loud-spoken joy at meeting his old love again; he touched on the changes that had taken place; he even spoke of Miss Jenkyns as "Your poor sister! Well, well! we have all our faults;" and bade us good-by with many a hope that he should soon see Miss Matty again. She went straight to her room, and never came back till our early tea-time, when I thought she looked as if she had been crying.

A Visit to an Old Bachelor.

A few days after, a note came from Mr. Holbrook, asking us — impartially asking both of us — in a formal, old-fashioned style, to spend a day at his house — a long June day — for it was June now. He named that he had also invited his cousin, Miss Pole; so that we might join in a fly, which could be put up at his house.

I expected Miss Matty to jump at this invitation; but no! Miss Pole and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to go. She thought it was improper; and was even half annoyed when we utterly ignored the idea of any impropriety in her going with two other ladies to see her old lover. Then came a more serious difficulty. She did not think Deborah would have liked her to go. This took us half a day's good hard talking to get over; but, at the first sentence of relenting, I seized the opportunity, and wrote and dispatched an acceptance in her name — fixing day and hour, that all might be decided and done with.

The next morning she asked me if I would go down to the shop with her; and there, after much hesitation, we chose out

three caps to be sent home and tried on, that the most becoming might be selected to take with us on Thursday.

She was in a state of silent agitation all the way to Woodley. She had evidently never been there before; and, although she little dreamt I knew anything of her early story, I could perceive she was in a tremor at the thought of seeing the place which might have been her home, and round which it is probable that many of her innocent girlish imaginations had clustered. It was a long drive there, through paved jolting lanes. Miss Matilda sat bolt upright, and looked wistfully out of the windows as we drew near the end of our journey. The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral. Woodley stood among fields; and there was an old-fashioned garden where roses and currant-bushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty background to the pinks and gilly-flowers; there was no drive up to the door. We got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight box-edged path.

"My cousin might make a drive, I think," said Miss Pole, who was afraid of earache, and had only her cap on.

"I think it is very pretty," said Miss Matty, with a soft plaintiveness in her voice, and almost in a whisper, for just then Mr. Holbrook appeared at the door, rubbing his hands in very effervescence of hospitality. He looked more like my idea of Don Quixote than ever, and yet the likeness was only external. His respectable housekeeper stood modestly at the door to bid us welcome; and, while she led the elder ladies upstairs to a bedroom, I begged to look about the garden. My request evidently pleased the old gentleman, who took me all round the place, and showed me his six and twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet. As we went along, he surprised me occasionally by repeating apt and beautiful quotations from the poets, ranging easily from Shakspeare and George Herbert to those of our own day. He did this as naturally as if he were thinking aloud, and their true and beautiful words were the best expression he could find for what he was thinking or feeling. To be sure he called Byron "my Lord Byrron," and pronounced the name Goethe strictly in accordance with the English sound of the letters — "As Goëthe says, 'Ye eververdant palaces,'" etc. Altogether, I never met with a man, before or since, who had spent so long a life in a secluded and not impressive country, with ever-increasing delight in the daily and yearly change of season and beauty.

When he and I went in, we found that dinner was nearly ready in the kitchen — for so I suppose the room ought to be called, as there were oak dressers and cupboards all round, all over by the side of the fireplace, and only a small Turkey carpet in the middle of the flag floor. The room might have been easily made into a handsome dark oak dining-parlor by removing the oven and a few other appurtenances of a kitchen, which were evidently never used, the real cooking-place being at some distance. The room in which we were expected to sit was a stiffly-furnished, ugly apartment; but that in which we did sit was what Mr. Holbrook called the counting-house, when he paid his laborers their weekly wages at a great desk near the door. The rest of the pretty sitting-room — looking into the orchard, and all covered over with dancing tree-shadows — was filled with books. They lay on the ground, they covered the walls, they strewed the table. He was evidently half-ashamed and half-proud of his extravagance in this respect. They were of all kinds — poetry and wild weird tales prevailing. He evidently chose his books in accordance with his own tastes, not because such and such were classical or established favorites.

"Ah!" he said, "we farmers ought not to have much time for reading; yet somehow one can't help it."

"What a pretty room!" said Miss Matty, *sotto voce.*

"What a pleasant place!" said I, aloud, almost simultaneously.

"Nay! if you like it," replied he; "but can you sit on these great black-leather three-cornered chairs? I like it better than the best parlor; but I thought ladies would take that for the smarter place."

It was the smarter place, but, like most smart things, not at all pretty, or pleasant, or home-like; so, while we were at dinner, the servant-girl dusted and scrubbed the counting-house chairs, and we sat there all the rest of the day.

We had pudding before meat; and I thought Mr. Holbrook was going to make some apology for his old-fashioned ways, for he began —

"I don't know whether you like new-fangled ways."

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Matty.

"No more do I," said he. "My housekeeper *will* have these in her new fashion; or else I tell her that, when I was a young man, we used to keep strictly to my father's rule, 'No broth, no ball; no ball, no beef;' and always began dinner with broth.

Then we had suet puddings, boiled in the broth with the beef; and then the meat itself. If we did not sup our broth, we had no ball, which we liked a deal better; and the beef came last of all, and only those had it who had done justice to the broth and the ball. Now folks begin with sweet things, and turn their dinners topsy-turvy."

When the ducks and green peas came, we looked at each other in dismay; we had only two-pronged black-handled forks. It is true the steel was as bright as silver; but what were we to do? Miss Matty picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs, much as Aminé ate her grains of rice after her previous feast with the Ghoul. Miss Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted, for they *would* drop between the prongs. I looked at my host: the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shoveled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungenteel thing; and, if Mr. Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would probably have seen that the good peas went away almost untouched.

After dinner a clay pipe was brought in, and a spittoon; and, asking us to retire to another room, where he would soon join us, if we disliked tobacco-smoke, he presented his pipe to Miss Matty, and requested her to fill the bowl. This was a compliment to a lady in his youth; but it was rather inappropriate to propose it as an honor to Miss Matty, who had been trained by her sister to hold smoking of every kind in utter abhorrence. But if it was a shock to her refinement, it was also a gratification to her feelings to be thus selected; so she daintily stuffed the strong tobacco into the pipe, and then we withdrew.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matty softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. "I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!"

"What a number of books he has!" said Miss Pole, looking round the room. "And how dusty they are!"

"I think it must be like one of the great Dr. Johnson's rooms," said Miss Matty. "What a superior man your cousin must be!"

"Yes!" said Miss Pole, "he's a great reader; but I am afraid he has got into very uncouth habits with living alone."

"Oh! uncouth is too hard a word. I should call him eccentric; very clever people always are!" replied Miss Matty.

When Mr. Holbrook returned, he proposed a walk in the fields; but the two elder ladies were afraid of damp and dirt, and had only very unbecoming calashes to put on over their caps; so they declined, and I was again his companion in a turn which he said he was obliged to take to see after his men. He strode along, either wholly forgetting my existence, or soothed into silence by his pipe — and yet it was not silence exactly. He walked before me with a stooping gait, his hands clasped behind him; and, as some tree or cloud, or glimpse of distant upland pastures, struck him, he quoted poetry to himself, saying it out loud in a grand, sonorous voice, with just the emphasis that true feeling and appreciation give. We came upon an old cedar-tree, which stood at one end of the house —

"The cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade."

"Capital term — 'layers!' Wonderful man!" I did not know whether he was speaking to me or not; but I put in an assenting "wonderful," although I knew nothing about it, just because I was tired of being forgotten, and of being consequently silent.

He turned sharp round. "Ay! you may say 'wonderful.' Why, when I saw the review of his poems in *Blackwood*, I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way) and ordered them. Now, what color are ash-buds in March?"

Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

"What color are they, I say?" repeated he vehemently.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

"I knew you didn't. No more did I — an old fool that I am! — till this young man comes and tells me. Black as ash-buds in March. And I've lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black; they are jet-black, madam." And he went off again, swinging along to the music of some rhyme he had got hold of.

When he came back, nothing would serve him but he must read us the poems he had been speaking of; and Miss Pole encouraged him in his proposal, I thought, because she wished me to hear his beautiful reading, of which she had boasted; but she afterwards said it was because she had got to a difficult part of her crochet, and wanted to count her stitches without

having to talk. Whatever he had proposed would have been right to Miss Matty; although she did fall sound asleep within five minutes after he had begun a long poem, called "Locksley Hall," and had a comfortable nap, unobserved, till he ended; when the cessation of his voice wakened her up, and she said, feeling that something was expected, and that Miss Pole was counting —

"What a pretty book!"

"Pretty, madam! it's beautiful! Pretty, indeed!"

"Oh, yes! I meant beautiful!" said she, fluttered at his disapproval of her word. "It is so like that beautiful poem of Dr. Johnson's my sister used to read — I forget the name of it; what was it, my dear?" turning to me.

"Which do you mean, ma'am? What was it about?"

"I don't remember what it was about, and I've quite forgotten what the name of it was; but it was written by Dr. Johnson, and was very beautiful, and very like what Mr. Holbrook has just been reading."

"I don't remember it," said he reflectively. "But I don't know Dr. Johnson's poems well. I must read them."

As we were getting into the fly to return, I heard Mr. Holbrook say he should call on the ladies soon, and inquire how they got home; and this evidently pleased and fluttered Miss Matty at the time he said it; but after we had lost sight of the old house among the trees her sentiments toward the master of it were gradually absorbed into a distressing wonder as to whether Martha had broken her word, and seized on the opportunity of her mistress's absence to have a "follower." Martha looked good, and steady, and composed enough, as she came to help us out; she was always careful of Miss Matty, and to-night she made use of this unlucky speech —

"Eh! dear ma'am, to think of your going out in an evening in such a thin shawl! It's no better than muslin. At your age, ma'am, you should be careful."

"My age!" said Miss Matty, almost speaking crossly, for her, for she was usually gentle — "my age! Why how old do you think I am, that you talk about my age?"

"Well, ma'am, I should say you were not far short of sixty: but folks' looks is often against them — and I'm sure I meant no harm."

"Martha, I'm not yet fifty-two!" said Miss Matty, with grave emphasis; for probably the remembrance of her youth had

come very vividly before her this day, and she was annoyed at finding that golden time so far away in the past.

But she never spoke of any former and more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Holbrook. She had probably met with so little sympathy in her early love that she had shut it up close in her heart; and it was only by a sort of watching, which I could hardly avoid since Miss Pole's confidence, that I saw how faithful her poor heart had been in its sorrow and its silence.

She gave me some good reason for wearing her best cap every day, and sat near the window, in spite of her rheumatism, in order to see, without being seen, down into the street.

He came. He put his open palms upon his knees, which were far apart, as he sat with his head bent down, whistling, after we had replied to his inquiries about our safe return. Suddenly he jumped up —

"Well, madam! have you any commands for Paris? I am going there in a week or two."

"To Paris!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, madam! I've never been there, and always had a wish to go; and I think if I don't go soon, I mayn't go at all; so as soon as the hay is got in I shall go, before harvest time."

We were so much astonished that we had no commissions.

Just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, with his favorite exclamation —

"God bless my soul, madam! but I nearly forgot half my errand. Here are the poems for you you admired so much the other evening at my house." He tugged away at a parcel in his coat-pocket. "Good-bye, miss," said he; "good-bye, Matty! take care of yourself." And he was gone. But he had given her a book, and he had called her Matty; just as he used to do thirty years ago.

"I wish he would not go to Paris," said Miss Matilda anxiously. "I don't believe frogs will agree with him; he used to have to be very careful what he ate, which was curious in so strong-looking a young man."

Soon after this I took my leave, giving many an injunction to Martha to look after her mistress, and to let me know if she thought that Miss Matilda was not so well; in which case I would volunteer a visit to my old friend, without noticing Martha's intelligence to her.

Accordingly I received a line or two from Martha every now and then; and, about November, I had a note to say her mistress

was "very low and sadly off her food"; the account made me so uneasy that, although Martha did not decidedly summon me, I packed up my things and went.

I received a warm welcome, in spite of the little flurry produced by my impromptu visit, for I had only been able to give a day's notice. Miss Matilda looked miserably ill; and I prepared to comfort and cosset her.

I went down to have a private talk with Martha.

"How long has your mistress been so poorly?" I asked, as I stood by the kitchen fire.

"Well, I think it's better than a fortnight; it is, I know; it was one Tuesday, after Miss Pole had been, that she went into this moping way. I thought she was tired, and it would go off with a night's rest; but no! she has gone on and on ever since, till I thought it my duty to write to you, ma'am."

"You did quite right, Martha. It is a comfort to think she has so faithful a servant about her. And I hope you find your place comfortable?"

"Well, ma'am, missus is very kind, and there's plenty to eat and drink, and no more work but what I can do easily, — but —" Martha hesitated.

"But what, Martha?"

"Why, it seems so hard of missus not to let me have any followers; there's such lots of young fellows in the town; and many a one has as much as offered to keep company with me; and I may never be in such a likely place again, and it's like wasting an opportunity. Many a girl as I know would have 'em unbeknownst to missus; but I've given my word, and I'll stick to it; or else this is just the house for missus never to be the wiser if they did come: and it's such a capable kitchen — there's such good dark corners in it — I'd be bound to hide anyone. I counted up last Sunday night — for I'll not deny I was crying because I had to shut the door in Jem Hearn's face, and he's a steady young man, fit for any girl; only I had given missus my word." Martha was all but crying again; and I had little comfort to give her, for I knew, from old experience, of the horror with which both the Miss Jenkynses looked upon "followers"; and in Miss Matty's present nervous state this dread was not likely to be lessened.

I went to see Miss Pole the next day, and took her completely by surprise, for she had not been to see Miss Matilda for two days.

"And now I must go back with you, my dear, for I promised to let her know how Mr. Holbrook went on; and, I'm sorry to say, his housekeeper has sent me word to-day that he hasn't long to live. Poor Thomas! that journey to Paris was quite too much for him. His housekeeper says he has hardly ever been round his fields since, but just sits with his hands on his knees in the counting-house, not reading or anything, but only saying what a wonderful city Paris was! Paris has much to answer for if it's killed my cousin Thomas, for a better man never lived."

"Does Miss Matilda know of his illness?" asked I — a new light as to the cause of her indisposition dawning upon me.

"Dear! to be sure, yes! Has not she told you? I let her know a fortnight ago, or more, when first I heard of it. How odd she shouldn't have told you!"

Not at all, I thought; but I did not say anything. I felt almost guilty of having spied too curiously into that tender heart, and I was not going to speak of its secrets — hidden, Miss Matty believed, from all the world. I ushered Miss Pole into Miss Matilda's little drawing-room, and then left them alone. But I was not surprised when Martha came to my bedroom door, to ask me to go down to dinner alone, for that missus had one of her bad headaches. She came into the drawing-room at tea-time, but it was evidently an effort to her; and, as if to make up for some reproachful feeling against her late sister, Miss Jenkyns, which had been troubling her all the afternoon, and for which she now felt penitent, she kept telling me how good and how clever Deborah was in her youth; how she used to settle what gowns they were to wear at all the parties (faint, ghostly ideas of grim parties, far away in the distance, when Miss Matty and Miss Pole were young!); and how Deborah and her mother had started the benefit society for the poor, and taught girls cooking and plain sewing; and how Deborah had once danced with a lord; and how she used to visit at Sir Peter Arley's, and try to remodel the quiet rectory establishment on the plans of Arley Hall, where they kept thirty servants; and how she had nursed Miss Matty through a long, long illness, of which I had never heard before, but which I now dated in my own mind as following the dismissal of the suit of Mr. Holbrook. So we talked softly and quietly of old times through the long November evening.

The next day Miss Pole brought us word that Mr. Holbrook

was dead. Miss Matty heard the news in silence; in fact, from the account of the previous day, it was only what we had to expect. Miss Pole kept calling upon us for some expression of regret, by asking if it was not sad that he was gone, and saying —

"To think of that pleasant day, last June, when he seemed so well! And he might have lived this dozen years if he had not gone to that wicked Paris, where they are always having revolutions."

She paused for some demonstration on our part. I saw Miss Matty could not speak, she was trembling so nervously; so I said what I really felt: and after a call of some duration — all the time of which I have no doubt Miss Pole thought Miss Matty received the news very calmly — our visitor took her leave.

Miss Matty made a strong effort to conceal her feelings — a concealment she practiced even with me, for she has never alluded to Mr. Holbrook again, although the book he gave her lies with her Bible on the little table by her bedside. She did not think I heard her when she asked the little milliner of Cranford to make her caps something like the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson's, or that I noticed the reply —

"But she wears widows' caps, ma'am?"

"Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows' of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

This effort at concealment was the beginning of the tremulous motion of head and hands which I have seen ever since in Miss Matty.

The evening of the day on which we heard of Mr. Holbrook's death, Miss Matilda was very silent and thoughtful; after prayers she called Martha back, and then she stood, uncertain what to say.

"Martha!" she said at last, "you are young" — and then she made so long a pause that Martha, to remind her of her half-finished sentence, dropped a curtsey, and said —

"Yes, please, ma'am; two and twenty last third of October, please, ma'am."

"And perhaps, Martha, you may sometime meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers; but if you meet with such a young man, and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. God forbid!" said she in a low voice, "that I should grieve any young hearts." She

spoke as if she were providing for some distant contingency, and was rather startled when Martha made her ready eager answer.

"Please, ma'am, there's Jem Hearn, and he's a joiner making three-and-sixpence a day, and six foot one in his stocking feet, please ma'am; and if you'll ask about him to-morrow morning, every one will give him a character for steadiness; and he 'll be glad enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound."

Though Miss Matty was startled, she submitted to Fate and Love.

Old Letters.

I HAVE often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies — careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction — any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article was by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his daughters when they send a whole instead of a half-sheet of note-paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use india-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of strings, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an india-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new — one that I picked up off the

floor nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of their sight by popping it into their own mouths and swallowing it down; and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Now Miss Matty Jenkyns was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours — she could do this in the dark, or by firelight — and when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finish stitching my wristbands, she told me to "keep blind man's holiday." They were usually brought in with tea; but we only burnt one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any evening (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep our two candles of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burnt two always. The candles took it in turns; and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty's eyes were habitually fixed on the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it and to light the other before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.

One night, I remember this candle economy particularly annoyed me. I had been very much tired of my compulsory "blind man's holiday," especially as Miss Matty had fallen asleep, and I did not like to stir the fire and run the risk of awakening her! so I could not even sit on the rug, and scorch myself sewing by firelight, according to my usual custom. I fancied Miss Matty must be dreaming of her early life; for she spoke one or two words in her uneasy sleep bearing reference to persons who were dead long before. When Martha brought in the lighted candle and tea, Miss Matty started into wakefulness, with a strange, bewildered look around, as if we were not the people she expected to see about her. There was a little sad expression that shadowed her face as she recognized me; but immediately afterwards she tried to give me her usual smile.

A POST BOY

All through tea-time her talk ran upon the days of her childhood and youth. Perhaps this reminded her of the desirableness of looking over all the old family letters, and destroying such as ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of strangers; for she had often spoken of the necessity of this task, but had always shrunk from it, with a timid dread of something painful. To-night, however, she rose up after tea and went for them — in the dark; for she piqued herself on the precise neatness of her chamber arrangements, and used to look uneasily at me when I lighted a bed-candle to go to another room for anything. When she returned there was a faint pleasant smell of Tonquin beans in the room. I had always noticed this scent about any of the things which had belonged to her mother; and many of the letters were addressed to her — yellow bundles of love-letters, sixty or seventy years old.

Miss Matty undid the packet with a sigh; but she stifled it directly, as if it were hardly right to regret the flight of time, or of life either. We agreed to look them over separately, each taking a different letter out of the same bundle and describing its contents to the other before destroying it. I never knew what sad work the reading of old letters was before that evening, though I could hardly tell why. The letters were as happy as letters could be — at least those early letters were. There was in them a vivid and intense sense of the present time, which seemed so strong and full, as if it could never pass away, and as if the warm living hearts that so expressed themselves could never die, and be as nothing to the sunny earth. I should have felt less melancholy, I believe, if the letters had been more so. I saw the tears stealing down the well-worn furrows of Miss Matty's cheeks, and her spectacles often wanted wiping. I trusted at last that she would light the other candle, for my own eyes were rather dim, and I wanted more light to see the pale, faded ink; but no, even through her tears, she saw and remembered her little economical ways.

The earliest set of letters were two bundles tied together, and ticketed (in Miss Jenkyns's handwriting), "Letters interchanged between my ever-honored father and my dearly-beloved mother, prior to their marriage, in July, 1774." I should guess that the rector of Cranford was about twenty-seven years of age when he wrote those letters; and Miss Matty told me that her mother was just eighteen at the time of her wedding. With my idea of the rector, derived from a picture in the dining-

parlor, stiff and stately, in a huge full-bottomed wig, with gown, cassock, and bands, and his hand upon a copy of the only sermon he ever published — it was strange to read these letters. They were full of eager passionate ardor; short homely sentences, right fresh from the heart (very different from the grand Latinized, Johnsonian style of the printed sermon, preached before some judge at assize time). His letters were a curious contrast to those of his girl-bride. She was evidently rather annoyed at his demands upon her for expressions of love, and could not quite understand what he meant by repeating the same thing over in so many different ways; but what she was quite clear about was a longing for a white "Paduasoy" — whatever that might be; and six or seven letters were principally occupied in asking her lover to use his influence with her parents (who evidently kept her in good order) to obtain this or that article of dress, more especially the white "Paduasoy." He cared nothing how she was dressed; she was always lovely enough for him, as he took pains to assure her, when she begged him to express in his answer a predilection for particular pieces of finery, in order that she might show what he said to her parents. But at length he seemed to find out that she would not be married till she had a "trousseau" to her mind; and then he sent her a letter, which had evidently accompanied a whole boxful of finery, and in which he requested that she might be dressed in everything her heart desired. This was the first letter, ticketed in a frail, delicate hand, "From my dearest John." Shortly afterwards they were married, I suppose, from the intermission in their correspondence.

"We must burn them, I think," said Miss Matty, looking doubtfully at me. "No one will care for them when I am gone." And one by one she dropped them into the middle of the fire, watching each blaze up, die out, and rise away, in faint, white, ghostly semblance, up the chimney, before she gave another to the same fate. The room was light enough now; but I, like her, was fascinated into watching the destruction of those letters, into which the honest warmth of a manly heart had been poured forth.

The next letter, likewise docketed by Miss Jenkyns, was indorsed, "Letter of pious congratulation and exhortation from my venerable grandfather to my beloved mother, on occasion of my own birth. Also some practical remarks on the desirability of keeping warm the extremities of infants, from my excellent grandmother."

The first part was, indeed, a severe and forcible picture of the responsibilities of mothers, and a warning against the evils that were in the world, and lying in ghastly wait for the little baby of two days old. His wife did not write, said the old gentleman, because he had forbidden it, she being indisposed with a sprained ankle, which (he said) quite incapacitated her from holding a pen. However, at the foot of the page was a small "T.O.," and on turning it over, sure enough, there was a letter to "my dear, dearest Molly," begging her, when she left her room, whatever she did, to go *up* stairs before going *down:* and telling her to wrap her baby's feet up in flannel, and keep it warm by the fire, although it was summer, for babies were so tender.

It was pretty to see from the letters, which were evidently exchanged with some frequency between the young mother and the grandmother, how the girlish vanity was being weeded out of her heart by love for her baby. The white "Paduasoy" figured again in the letters, with almost as much vigor as before. In one, it was being made into a christening cloak for the baby. It decked it when it went with its parents to spend a day or two at Arley Hall. It added to its charms when it was "the prettiest little baby that ever was seen. Dear mother, I wish you could see her! Without any parshality, I do think she will grow up a regular bewty!" I thought of Miss Jenkyns, gray, withered, and wrinkled, and I wondered if her mother had known her in the courts of heaven; and then I knew that she had, and that they stood there in angelic guise.

There was a great gap before any of the rector's letters appeared. And then his wife had changed her mode of indorsement. It was no longer from "My dearest John"; it was from "My honored Husband." The letters were written on occasion of the publication of the same Sermon which was represented in the picture. The preaching before "My Lord Judge," and the "publishing by request," was evidently the culminating point — the event of his life. It had been necessary for him to go up to London to superintend it through the press. Many friends had to be called upon, and consulted, before he could decide on any printer fit for so onerous a task; and at length it was arranged that J. and J. Rivingtons were to have the honorable responsibility. The worthy rector seemed to be strung up by the occasion to a high literary pitch, for he could hardly write a letter to his wife without cropping out into Latin. I remember the end

of one of his letters ran thus: "I shall ever hold the virtuous qualities of my Molly in remembrance, *dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus regit artus*," which, considering that the English of his correspondent was sometimes at fault in grammar, and often in spelling, might be taken as a proof of how much he "idealized his Molly"; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, "People talk a great deal about idealizing nowadays, whatever that may mean." But this was nothing to a fit of writing classical poetry which soon seized him, in which his Molly figured away as "Maria." The letter containing the *carmen* was indorsed by her, "Hebrew verses sent me by my honored husband. I thowt to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait. Mem., to send the poetry to Sir Peter Arley, as my husband desires." And in a post-scriptum note in his handwriting it was stated that the Ode had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1782.

Her letters back to her husband (treasured as fondly by him as if they had been *M. T. Ciceronis Epistolæ*) were more satisfactory to an absent husband and father than his could ever have been to her. She told him how Deborah sewed her seam very neatly every day, and read to her in the books he had sent her; how she was a very "forrard," good child, but *would* ask questions her mother could not answer; but how she did not let herself down by saying she did not know, but took to stirring the fire, or sending the "forrard" child on an errand. Matty was now the mother's darling, and promised (like her sister at her age) to be a great beauty. I was reading this aloud to Miss Matty, who smiled and sighed a little at the hope, so fondly expressed, that "little Matty might not be vain, even if she were a bewty."

"I had very pretty hair, my dear," said Miss Matilda; "and not a bad mouth." And I saw her soon afterwards adjust her cap and draw herself up.

But to return to Mrs. Jenkyns's letters. She told her husband about the poor in the parish; what homely domestic medicines she had administered; what kitchen physic she had sent. She had evidently held his displeasure as a rod in pickle over the heads of all the ne'er-do-wells. She asked for his directions about the cows and pigs; and did not always obtain them, as I have shown before.

The kind old grandmother was dead when a little boy was born, soon after the publication of the Sermon; but there was another letter of exhortation from the grandfather, more strin-

gent and admonitory than ever, now that there was a boy to be guarded from the snares of the world. He described all the various sins into which men might fall, until I wondered how any man ever came to a natural death. The gallows seemed as if it must have been the termination of the lives of most of the grandfather's friends and acquaintance; and I was not surprised at the way in which he spoke of this life being "a vale of tears."

It seemed curious that I should never have heard of this brother before; but I concluded that he had died young, or else surely his name would have been alluded to by his sisters.

By and by we came to packets of Miss Jenkyns's letters. These Miss Matty did regret to burn. She said all the others had been only interesting to those who loved the writers, and that it seemed as if it would have hurt her to allow them to fall into the hands of strangers, who had not known her dear mother, and how good she was, although she did not always spell quite in the modern fashion; but Deborah's letters were so very superior! Any one might profit by reading them. It was a long time since she had read Mrs. Chapone, but she knew she used to think that Deborah could have said the same things quite as well; and as for Mrs. Carter! people thought a deal of her letters, just because she had written *Epictetus*, but she was quite sure Deborah would never have made use of such a common expression as "I canna be fashed!"

Miss Matty did grudge burning these letters, it was evident. She would not let them be carelessly passed over with any quiet reading, and skipping, to myself. She took them from me, and even lighted the second candle in order to read them aloud with a proper emphasis, and without stumbling over the big words. Oh dear! how I wanted facts instead of reflections, before those letters were concluded! They lasted us two nights; and I won't deny that I made use of the time to think of many other things, and yet I was always at my post at the end of each sentence.

The rector's letters, and those of his wife and mother-in-law, had all been tolerably short and pithy, written in a straight hand, with the lines very close together. Sometimes the whole letter was contained on a mere scrap of paper. The paper was very yellow, and the ink very brown; some of the sheets were (as Miss Matty made me observe) the old original post, with the stamp in the corner representing a post-boy riding for life

and twanging his horn. The letters of Mrs. Jenkyns and her mother were fastened with a great round red wafer; for it was before Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* had banished wafers from polite society. It was evident, from the tenor of what was said, that franks were in great request, and were even used as a means of paying debts by needy members of Parliament. The rector sealed his epistles with an immense coat of arms, and showed by the care with which he had performed this ceremony that he expected they should be cut open, not broken by any thoughtless or impatient hand. Now, Miss Jenkyns's letters were of a later date in form and writing. She wrote on the square sheet which we have learned to call old-fashioned. Her hand was admirably calculated, together with her use of many-syllabled words, to fill up a sheet, and then came the pride and delight of crossing. Poor Miss Matty got sadly puzzled with this, for the words gathered size like snowballs, and towards the end of her letter Miss Jenkyns used to become quite sesquipedalian. In one to her father, slightly theological and controversial in its tone, she had spoken of Herod, Tetrarch of Idumea. Miss Matty read it "Herod, Petrarch of Etruria," and was just as well pleased as if she had been right.

I can't quite remember the date, but I think it was in 1805 that Miss Jenkyns wrote the longest series of letters — on occasion of her absence on a visit to some friends near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These friends were intimate with the commandant of the garrison there, and heard from him of all the preparations that were being made to repel the invasion of Bonaparte, which some people imagined might take place at the mouth of the Tyne. Miss Jenkyns was evidently very much alarmed; and the first part of her letters was often written in pretty intelligible English, conveying particulars of the preparations which were made in the family with whom she was residing against the dreaded event; the bundles of clothes that were packed up ready for a flight to Alston Moor (a wild hilly piece of ground between Northumberland and Cumberland); the signal that was to be given for this flight, and for the simultaneous turning out of the volunteers under arms — which said signal was to consist (if I remember rightly) in ringing the church bells in a particular and ominous manner. One day, when Miss Jenkyns and her hosts were at a dinner-party in Newcastle, this warning summons was actually given (not a very wise proceeding, if there be any truth in the moral

attached to the fable of the Boy and the Wolf; but so it was), and Miss Jenkyns, hardly recovered from her fright, wrote the next day to describe the sound, the breathless shock, the hurry and alarm; and then, taking breath, she added, "How trivial, my dear father, do all our apprehensions of the last evening appear, at the present moment, to calm and inquiring minds!" And here Miss Matty broke in with —

"But, indeed, my dear, they were not at all trivial or trifling at the time. I know I used to wake up in the night many a time and think I heard the tramp of the French entering Cranford. Many people talked of hiding themselves in the salt mines — and meat would have kept capitally down there, only perhaps we should have been thirsty. And my father preached a whole set of sermons on the occasion; one set in the mornings, all about David and Goliath, to spirit up the people to fighting with spades or bricks, if need were; and the other set in the afternoons, proving that Napoleon (that was another name for Bony, as we used to call him) was all the same as an Apollyon and Abaddon. I remember my father rather thought he should be asked to print this last set; but the parish had perhaps had enough of them with hearing."

Peter Marmaduke Arley Jenkyns ("poor Peter!" as Miss Matty began to call him) was at school at Shrewsbury by this time. The rector took up his pen, and rubbed up his Latin once more, to correspond with his boy. It was very clear that the lad's were what are called show letters. They were of a highly mental description, giving an account of his studies, and his intellectual hopes of various kinds, with an occasional quotation from the classics; but, now and then, the animal nature broke out in such a little sentence as this, evidently written in a trembling hurry, after the letter had been inspected: "Mother dear, do send me a cake, and put plenty of citron in." The "mother dear" probably answered her boy in the form of cakes and "goody," for there were none of her letters among this set; but a whole collection of the rector's, to whom the Latin in his boy's letters was like a trumpet to the old war-horse. I do not know much about Latin, certainly, and it is, perhaps, an ornamental language, but not very useful, I think — at least to judge from the bits I remember out of the rector's letters. One was, "You have not got that town in your map of Ireland; but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, as the Proverbia say." Presently it became very evident that

"poor Peter" got himself into many scrapes. There were letters of stilted penitence to his father, for some wrong-doing; and, among them all was a badly-written, badly-sealed, badly-directed, blotted note — "My dear, dear, dear, dearest mother, I will be a better boy; I will indeed; but don't, please, be ill for me; I am not worth it; but I will be good, darling mother."

Miss Matty could not speak for crying, after she had read this note. She gave it to me in silence, and then got up and took it to her sacred recesses in her own room, for fear, by any chance, it might get burnt. "Poor Peter!" she said; "he was always in scrapes; he was too easy. They led him wrong, and then left him in the lurch. But he was too fond of mischief. He could never resist a joke. Poor Peter!"

Poor Peter.

Poor Peter's career lay before him rather pleasantly mapped out by kind friends, but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, in this map too. He was to win honors at Shrewsbury School, and carry them thick to Cambridge, and after that, a living awaited him, the gift of his godfather, Sir Peter Arley. Poor Peter! his lot in life was very different to what his friends had hoped and planned. Miss Matty told me all about it, and I think it was a relief to her when she had done so.

He was the darling of his mother, who seemed to dote on all her children, though she was, perhaps, a little afraid of Deborah's superior acquirements. Deborah was the favorite of her father, and when Peter disappointed him she became his pride. The sole honor Peter brought away from Shrewsbury was the reputation of being the best good fellow that ever was, and of being the captain of the school in the art of practical joking. His father was disappointed, but set about remedying the matter in a manly way. He could not afford to send Peter to read with any tutor, but he could read with himself; and Miss Matty told me much of the awful preparations in the way of dictionaries and lexicons that were made in her father's study the morning Peter began.

"My poor mother!" said she. "I remember how she used to stand in the hall, just near enough the study door, to catch the tone of my father's voice. I could tell in a moment if

all was going right, by her face. And it did go right for a long time."

"What went wrong at last?" said I. "That tiresome Latin, I daresay."

"No! it was not the Latin. Peter was in high favor with my father, for he worked up well for him. But he seemed to think that the Cranford people might be joked about, and made fun of, and they did not like it; nobody does. He was always hoaxing them; 'hoaxing' is not a pretty word, my dear, and I hope you won't tell your father I used it, for I should not like him to think that I was not choice in my language, after living with such a woman as Deborah. And be sure you never use it yourself. I don't know how it slipped out of my mouth, except it was that I was thinking of poor Peter, and it was always his expression. But he was a very gentlemanly boy in many things. He was like dear Captain Brown in always being ready to help any old person or a child. Still, he did like joking and making fun; and he seemed to think the old ladies in Cranford would believe anything. There were many old ladies living here then; we are principally ladies now, I know, but we are not so old as the ladies used to be when I was a girl. I could laugh to think of some of Peter's jokes. No, my dear, I won't tell you of them, because they might not shock you as they ought to do, and they were very shocking. He even took in my father once, by dressing himself up as a lady that was passing through the town and wished to see the Rector of Cranford, 'who had published that admirable Assize Sermon.' Peter said he was awfully frightened himself when he saw how my father took it all in, and even offered to copy out all his Napoleon Bonaparte sermons for her — him, I mean — no, her, for Peter was a lady then. He told me he was more terrified than he ever was before, all the time my father was speaking. He did not think my father would have believed him; and yet if he had not, it would have been a sad thing for Peter. As it was, he was none so glad of it, for my father kept him hard at work copying out all those twelve Bonaparte sermons for the lady — that was for Peter himself, you know. He was the lady. And once when he wanted to go fishing, Peter said 'Confound the woman!' — very bad language, my dear, but Peter was not always so guarded as he should have been; my father was so angry with him, it nearly frightened me out of my wits: and yet I could hardly keep from laughing at the

little courtseys Peter kept making, quite slyly, whenever my father spoke of the lady's excellent taste and sound discrimination."

"Did Miss Jenkyns know of these tricks?" said I.

"Oh, no! Deborah would have been too much shocked. No, no one knew but me. I wish I had always known of Peter's plans; but sometimes he did not tell me. He used to say the old ladies in the town wanted something to talk about; but I don't think they did. They had the *St. James's Chronicle* three times a week, just as we have now, and we have plenty to say; and I remember the clacking noise there always was when some of the ladies got together. But, probably, schoolboys talk more than ladies. At last there was a terrible sad thing happened." Miss Matty got up, went to the door, and opened it; no one was there. She rang the bell for Martha, and when Martha came, her mistress told her to go for eggs to a farm at the other end of the town.

"I will lock the door after you, Martha. You are not afraid to go, are you?"

"No, ma'am, not at all; Jem Hearn will be only too proud to go with me."

Miss Matty drew herself up, and as soon as we were alone, she wished that Martha had more maidenly reserve.

"We'll put out the candle, my dear. We can talk just as well by firelight, you know. There! Well, you see, Deborah had gone from home for a fortnight or so; it was a very still, quiet day, I remember, overhead; and the lilacs were all in flower, so I suppose it was spring. My father had gone out to see some sick people in the parish; I recollect seeing him leave the house with his wig and shovel-hat and cane. What possessed our poor Peter I don't know; he had the sweetest temper, and yet he always seemed to like to plague Deborah. She never laughed at his jokes, and thought him ungenteel, and not careful enough about improving his mind; and that vexed him.

"Well! he went to her room, it seems, and dressed himself in her old gown, and shawl, and bonnet; just the things she used to wear in Cranford, and was known by everywhere; and he made the pillow into a little — you are sure you locked the door, my dear, for I should not like anyone to hear — into — into — a little baby, with white long clothes. It was only, as he told me afterwards, to make something to talk about in the town; he never thought of it as affecting Deborah, and he went

and walked up and down the Filbert walk — just half-hidden by the rails and half-seen; and he cuddled his pillow, just like a baby, and talked to it all the nonsense people do. Oh dear! and my father came stepping stately up the street, as he always did; and what should he see but a little black crowd of people — I daresay as many as twenty — all peeping through his garden rails. So he thought, at first, they were only looking at a new rhododendron that was in full bloom, and that he was very proud of; and he walked slower, that they might have more time to admire. And he wondered if he could make out a sermon from the occasion, and thought, perhaps, there was some relation between the rhododendrons and the lilies of the field. My poor father! When he came nearer, he began to wonder that they did not see him; but their heads were all so close together, peeping and peeping! My father was amongst them, meaning, he said, to ask them to walk into the garden with him, and admire the beautiful vegetable production, when — oh, my dear! I tremble to think of it — he looked through the rails himself, and saw—I don't know what he thought he saw, but old Clare told me his face went quite gray-white with anger, and his eyes blazed out under his frowning black brows; and he spoke out — oh, so terribly! — and bade them all stop where they were — not one of them to go, not one to stir a step; and, swift as light, he was in at the garden door, and down the Filbert walk, and seized hold of poor Peter, and tore his clothes off his back — bonnet, shawl, gown, and all — and threw the pillow among the people over the railings: and then he was very, very angry indeed, and before all the people he lifted up his cane and flogged Peter!

"My dear, that boy's trick, on that sunny day, when all seemed going straight and well, broke my mother's heart, and changed my father for life. It did, indeed. Old Clare said, Peter looked as white as my father; and stood as still as a statue to be flogged; and my father struck hard! When my father stopped to take breath, Peter said, 'Have you done enough, sir?' quite hoarsely, and still standing quite quiet. I don't know what my father said — or if he said anything. But old Clare said, Peter turned to where the people outside the railing were, and made them a low bow, as grand and as grave as any gentleman; and then walked slowly into the house. I was in the storeroom helping my mother to make cowslip wine. I cannot abide the wine now, nor the scent of the flowers; they turn me sick

and faint, as they did that day, when Peter came in, looking as haughty as any man — indeed, looking like a man, not like a boy. 'Mother!' he said, 'I am come to say, God bless you forever.' I saw his lips quiver as he spoke; and I think he durst not say anything more loving, for the purpose that was in his heart. She looked at him rather frightened, and wondering, and asked him what was to do. He did not smile or speak, but put his arms around her and kissed her as if he did not know how to leave off; and before she could speak again he was gone. We talked it over, and could not understand it, and she bade me go and seek my father, and ask what it was all about. I found him walking up and down, looking very highly displeased.

"'Tell your mother I have flogged Peter, and that he richly deserved it.'

"I durst not ask any more questions. When I told my mother, she sat down, quite faint, for a minute. I remember, a few days after, I saw the poor, withered cowslip flowers thrown out to the leaf heap, to decay and die there. There was no making of cowslip wine that year at the rectory — nor, indeed, ever after.

"Presently my mother went to my father. I know I thought of Queen Esther and King Ahasuerus; for my mother was very pretty and delicate-looking, and my father looked as terrible as King Ahasuerus. Some time after they came out together; and then my mother told me what had happened, and that she was going up to Peter's room at my father's desire — though she was not to tell Peter this — to talk the matter over with him. But no Peter was there. We looked over the house; no Peter was there! Even my father, who had not liked to join in the search at first, helped us before long. The rectory was a very old house — steps up into a room, steps down into a room, all through. At first, my mother went calling low and soft, as if to reassure the poor boy, 'Peter! Peter, dear! it's only me'; but, by and by, as the servants came back from the errands my father had sent them, in different directions, to find where Peter was — as we found he was not in the garden, nor the hayloft, nor anywhere about — my mother's cry grew louder and wilder, 'Peter! Peter, my darling! where are you?' for then she felt and understood that that long kiss meant some sad kind of 'good-bye.' The afternoon went on — my mother never resting, but seeking again and again in every possible place

that had been looked into twenty times before, nay, that she had looked into over and over again herself. My father sat with his head in his hands, not speaking except when his messengers came in, bringing no tidings; then he lifted up his face, so strong and sad, and told them to go again in some new direction. My mother kept passing from room to room, in and out of the house, moving noiselessly, but never ceasing. Neither she nor my father durst leave the house, which was the meeting-place for all the messengers. At last (and it was nearly dark) my father rose up. He took hold of my mother's arm as she came with wild, sad pace through one door, and quickly towards another. She started at the touch of his hand, for she had forgotten all in the world but Peter.

"'Molly!' said he, 'I did not think all this would happen. He looked into her face for comfort — her poor face, all wild and white; for neither she nor my father had dared to acknowledge — much less act upon — the terror that was in their hearts, lest Peter should have made away with himself. My father saw no conscious look in his wife's hot, dreary eyes, and he missed the sympathy that she had always been ready to give him — strong man as he was, and at the dumb despair in her face his tears began to flow. But when she saw this, a gentle sorrow came over her countenance, and she said, 'Dearest John! don't cry; come with me, and we'll find him,' almost as cheerfully as if she knew where he was. And she took my father's great hand in her little soft one and led him along, the tears dropping as he walked on that same unceasing, weary walk, from room to room, through house and garden.

"Oh, how I wished for Deborah! I had no time for crying, for now all seemed to depend on me. I wrote for Deborah to come home. I sent a message privately to that same Mr. Holbrook's house — poor Mr. Holbrook! — you know who I mean. I don't mean I sent a message to him, but I sent one that I could trust to know if Peter was at his house. For at one time Mr. Holbrook was an occasional visitor at the rectory — you know he was Miss Pole's cousin — and he had been very kind to Peter, and taught him how to fish — he was very kind to everybody, and I thought Peter might have gone off there. But Mr. Holbrook was from home, and Peter had never been seen. It was night now; but the doors were all wide open, and my father and mother walked on and on; it was more than an hour since he had joined her, and I don't believe they had ever spoken all

that time. I was getting the parlor fire lighted, and one of the servants was preparing tea, for I wanted them to have something to eat and drink and warm them, when old Clare asked to speak to me.

"'I have borrowed the nets from the weir, Miss Matty. Shall we drag the ponds to-night, or wait for the morning?'

"I remember staring in his face to gather his meaning; and when I did, I laughed out loud. The horror of that new thought — our bright, darling Peter, cold, and stark, and dead! I remember the ring of my own laugh now.

"The next day Deborah was at home before I was myself again. She would not have been so weak as to give way as I had done; but my screams (my horrible laughter had ended in crying) had roused my sweet, dear mother, whose poor wandering wits were called back and collected as soon as a child needed her care. She and Deborah sat by my bedside; I knew by the looks of each that there had been no news of Peter — no awful, ghastly news, which was what I most had dreaded in my dull state between sleeping and waking.

"The same result of all the searching had brought something of the same relief to my mother, to whom, I am sure, the thought that Peter might even then be hanging dead in some of the familiar home places had caused that never-ending walk of yesterday. Her soft eyes never were the same again after that; they had always a restless, craving look, as if seeking for what they could not find. Oh! it was an awful time; coming down like a thunderbolt on the still sunny day when the lilacs were all in bloom."

"Where was Mr. Peter?" said I.

"He had made his way to Liverpool; and there was war then; and some of the king's ships lay off the mouth of the Mersey; and they were only too glad to have a fine likely boy such as him (five foot nine he was) come to offer himself. The captain wrote to my father, and Peter wrote to my mother. Stay! those letters will be somewhere here."

We lighted the candle, and found the captain's letter and Peter's too. And we also found a little simple begging letter from Mrs. Jenkyns to Peter, addressed to him at the house of an old schoolfellow, whither she fancied he might have gone. They had returned it unopened; and unopened it had remained ever since, having been inadvertently put by among the other letters of that time. This is it —

"My dearest Peter — You did not think we should be so sorry as we are, I know, or you would never have gone away. You are too good. Your father sits and sighs till my heart aches to hear him. He cannot hold up his head for grief; and yet he only did what he thought was right. Perhaps he has been too severe, and perhaps I have not been kind enough; but God knows how we love you, my dear only boy. Don looks so sorry you are gone. Come back, and make us happy, who love you so much. I *know* you will come back."

But Peter did not come back. That spring day was the last time he ever saw his mother's face. The writer of the letter — the last — the only person who had ever seen what was written in it, was dead long ago; and I, a stranger, not born at the time when this occurrence took place, was the one to open it.

The captain's letter summoned the father and mother to Liverpool instantly, if they wished to see their boy; and, by some of the wild chances of life, the captain's letter had been detained somewhere, somehow.

Miss Matty went on, "And it was race-time, and all the post-horses at Cranford were gone to the races; but my father and mother set off in our own gig — and oh! my dear, they were too late — the ship was gone! And now read Peter's letter to my mother!"

It was full of love, and sorrow, and pride in his new profession, and a sore sense of his disgrace in the eyes of the people at Cranford; but ending with a passionate entreaty that she would come and see him before he left the Mersey: "Mother! we may go into battle. I hope we shall, and lick those French; but I must see you again before that time."

"And she was too late," said Miss Matty; "too late!"

We sat in silence, pondering on the full meaning of those sad, sad words. At length I asked Miss Matty to tell me how her mother bore it.

"Oh!" she said, "she was patience itself. She had never been strong, and this weakened her terribly. My father used to sit looking at her: far more sad than she was. He seemed as if he could look at nothing else when she was by; and he was so humble — so very gentle now. He would, perhaps, speak in his old way — laying down the law, as it were — and then, in a minute or two, he would come round and put his hand on our shoulders, and ask us in a low voice if he had said anything to hurt us. I did not wonder at his speaking so to Deborah, for

she was so clever; but I could not bear to hear him talking so to me.

"But, you see, he saw what we did not — that it was killing my mother. Yes! killing her (put out the candle, my dear; I can talk better in the dark), for she was but a frail woman, and ill fitted to stand the fright and shock she had gone through; and she would smile at him and comfort him, not in words, but in her looks and tones, which were always cheerful when he was there. And she would speak of how she thought Peter stood a good chance of being admiral very soon — he was so brave and clever; and how she thought of seeing him in his navy uniform, and what sort of hats admirals wore; and how much more fit he was to be a sailor than a clergyman; and all in that way, just to make my father think she was quite glad of what came of that unlucky morning's work, and the flogging which was always in his mind, as we all knew. But oh, my dear! the bitter, bitter crying she had when she was alone; and at last, as she grew weaker, she could not keep her tears in when Deborah or me was by, and would give us message after message for Peter (his ship had gone to the Mediterranean, or somewhere down there, and then he was ordered off to India, and there was no overland route then); but she still said that no one knew where their death lay in wait, and that we were not to think hers was near. We did not think it, but we knew it, as we saw her fading away.

"Well, my dear, it's very foolish of me, I know, when in all likelihood I am so near seeing her again.

"And only think, love! the very day after her death — for she did not live quite a twelvemonth after Peter went away — the very day after — came a parcel for her from India — from her poor boy. It was a large, soft white India shawl, with just a little narrow border all round; just what my mother would have liked.

"We thought it might rouse my father, for he had sat with her hand in his all night long; so Deborah took it in to him, and Peter's letter to her, and all. At first, he took no notice; and we tried to make a kind of light careless talk about the shawl, opening it out and admiring it. Then, suddenly, he got up, and spoke: 'She shall be buried in it,' he said. 'Peter shall have that comfort; and she would have liked it.'

"Well, perhaps it was not reasonable, but what could we do or say? One gives people in grief their own way. He took it

up and felt it: 'It is just such a shawl as she wished for when she was married, and her mother did not give it her. I did not know of it till after, or she should have had it — she should; but she shall have it now.'

"My mother looked so lovely in her death! She was always pretty, and now she looked fair, and waxen, and young — younger than Deborah, as she stood trembling and shivering by her. We decked her in the long soft folds; she lay smiling, as if pleased; and people came — all Cranford came — to beg to see her, for they had loved her dearly, as well they might; and the countrywomen brought posies; old Clare's wife brought some white violets, and begged they might lie on her breast.

"Deborah said to me, the day of my mother's funeral, that if she had a hundred offers she never would marry and leave my father. It was not very likely she would have so many — I don't know that she had one; but it was not less to her credit to say so. She was such a daughter to my father as I think there never was before or since. His eyes failed him, and she read book after book, and wrote, and copied, and was always at his service in any parish business. She could do many more things than my poor mother could; she even once wrote a letter to the bishop for my father. But he missed my mother sorely; the whole parish noticed it. Not that he was less active; I think he was more so, and more patient in helping every one. I did all I could to set Deborah at liberty to be with him; for I knew I was good for little, and that my best work in the world was to do odd jobs quietly, and set others at liberty. But my father was a changed man."

"Did Mr. Peter ever come home?"

"Yes, once. He came home a lieutenant; he did not get to be admiral. And he and my father were such friends! My father took him into every house in the parish, he was so proud of him. He never walked out without Peter's arm to lean upon. Deborah used to smile (I don't think we ever laughed again after my mother's death), and say she was quite put in a corner. Not but what my father always wanted her when there was letter-writing or reading to be done or anything to be settled."

"And then?" said I, after a pause.

"Then Peter went to sea again; and by and by, my father died, blessing us both, and thanking Deborah for all she had been to him; and, of course, our circumstances were changed; and, instead of living at the rectory, and keeping three maids

and a man, we had to come to this small house, and be content with a servant-of-all-work; but, as Deborah used to say, we have always lived genteelly, even if circumstances have compelled us to simplicity. Poor Deborah!"

"And Mr. Peter?" asked I.

"Oh, there was some great war in India — I forgot what they call it — and we have never heard of Peter since then. I believe he is dead myself: and it sometimes fidgets me that we have never put on mourning for him. And then again, when I sit by myself, and all the house is still, I think I hear his step coming up the street, and my heart begins to flutter and beat; but the sound always goes past — and Peter never comes.

"That's Martha back? No! *I*'ll go, my dear; *I* can always find my way in the dark, you know. And a blow of fresh air at the door will do my head good, and it's rather got a trick of aching."

So she pattered off. I had lighted the candle, to give the room a cheerful appearance against her return.

"Was it Martha?" asked I.

"Yes. And I am rather uncomfortable, for I heard such a strange noise, just as I was opening the door."

"Where?" I asked, for her eyes were round with affright.

"In the street — just outside — it sounded like" —

"Talking?" I put in, as she hesitated a little.

"No! kissing" —

THIERRY PHOT

GUILLAUMOT FILS SC.

T. GAUTIER

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Théophile Gautier, a French poet, novelist, and critic, born at Tarbes, Gascony, Aug. 31, 1811; died at Neuilly, Oct. 22, 1872. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, Paris, and on completing his college course entered the studio of Rioult. After two years' study he turned from art to literature. His first volume of "Poésies" (1830) was followed in 1832 by "Albertus," a "theological legend." In 1833 he published a volume of tales, "Les Jeunes-France," and in 1835 "Mademoiselle de Maupin," a novel which was pronounced, even in France, immoral. To this time belongs a series of critical papers on the poets of the time of Louis XIII., which were afterward published in 1843, under the title of *Les Grotesques*. In 1836 he became literary and dramatic editor of *La Presse*, in 1854 of *Le Moniteur Universel*, and in 1869 of *Le Journal Officiel*. His journalistic labors alone were enormous. It is said that a complete collection of his articles would fill three hundred volumes. He continued to write novels and poems. "La Comédie de la Morte" (1838), "Poésies" (1840), and "Émaux et Camées" (1852). Gautier traveled in most of the countries of Europe, and wrote several books embodying his observations; among them "Italia" (1853) and "Constantinople" (1854). He wrote also for the stage, "La Tricorne Enchanté" (1845) being perhaps his best play. The best of his novels are "Militona" (1847); "Le Roman de la Momie" (1856); "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (1863), and "Spirite" (1866). Besides the works of travel already mentioned are "Caprices et Zigzags," "Voyage en Russie," and "Voyage en Espagne." "L'Histoire de l'Art Dramatique en France depuis vingt-cinq Ans" contains some of his best critical papers. His last work, "Tableaux du Siège," gives a vivid picture of Paris at the time of its investment by the German troops.

A Midnight Adventure.

(From "Captain Fracasse."[1])

When Isabelle regained her own room she found a very rich and elegant casket awaiting her there, which had been placed

[1] By permission of L. C. Page & Co.

conspicuously on the dressing-table, where it could not fail to meet her eye the moment she entered the chamber. A folded paper was lying under one corner of the casket, which must have contained some very precious gems, for it was a real marvel of beauty itself. The paper was not sealed, and bore only these two words, evidently written by a weak and trembling hand, "For Isabelle." A bright flush of indignation overspread her sweet face when she perceived it, and without even yielding to her feminine curiosity so far as to open the richly carved and inlaid casket for a peep at its contents, she called for Maître Bilot, and ordered him peremptorily to take it immediately out of her room, and give it back to whomsoever owned it, for she would not suffer it to remain where it was another minute. The landlord affected astonishment, and swore by all he held sacred that he did not know who had put the casket there, nor whose it was; though it must be confessed that he had his suspicions, and felt very sure that they were correct. In truth, the obnoxious jewel-case had been secretly placed upon Isabelle's table by old Madame Léonarde, to whom the Duke of Vallombreuse had had recourse, in the hope that she might be able to aid him, and in the full belief, shared by her, that the superb diamonds which the beautiful casket contained would accomplish all that he desired with Isabelle. But his offering only served to rouse her indignation, and she spoke very severely to Maître Bilot, commanding him to remove it instantly from her sight, and to be careful not to mention this fresh affront to Captain Fracasse. The worthy landlord could not help feeling enthusiastic admiration for the conduct of the young actress, who rejected jewels that would have made a duchess envious, and as he retired bowed to her as respectfully and profoundly as he would have done to a queen. After he had withdrawn and she was left alone, Isabelle, feeling agitated and feverish, opened her window for a breath of fresh air, and to cool her burning cheeks and brow. She saw a bright light issuing from a couple of windows in the mansion of the Duke of Vallombreuse — doubtless in the room where the wounded young nobleman lay — but the garden and the little alley beneath her seemed absolutely deserted. In a moment, however, she caught a low whisper from the latter, not intended for her ears, which said, "She has not gone to bed yet." She softly leaned out of her window — the room within was not lighted, so she could not be seen — and peering anxiously into

the darkness thought she could distinguish two cloaked figures lurking in the alley, and further away, near one end of it, a third one, apparently on the watch. They seemed to feel that they were observed, and all three presently slunk away and vanished, leaving Isabelle half in doubt as to whether they were the creatures of her excited imagination, or had been real men prowling there. Tired at last of watching, without hearing or seeing anything more, she withdrew from the window, closed and secured it softly, procured a light, saw that the great, clumsy bolt on her door was properly adjusted, and made her preparations for bed; lying down at last and trying to sleep, for she was very tired, but haunted by vague fears and doubts that made her anxious and uneasy. She did not extinguish her light, but placed it near the bed, and strove to reassure herself and reason away her nameless terror; but all in vain. At every little noise — the cracking of the furniture or the falling of a cinder in the fireplace, she started up in fresh alarm, and could not close her eyes. High up in the wall of one side of her room was a small round window — a bull's eye — evidently intended to give light and air to some dark inner chamber or closet, which looked like a great black eye in the gray wall, keeping an unwinking watch upon her, and Isabelle found herself again and again glancing up at it with a shudder. It was crossed by two strong iron bars, leaving four small apertures, so that there could not possibly be any danger of intrusion from that quarter, yet she could not avoid feeling nervous about it, and at times fancied that she could see two gleaming eyeballs in its black depths. She lay for a long time perfectly motionless gazing at it, like one under a spell, and at last was paralyzed with horror when a head actually appeared at one of the four openings — a small, dark head, with wild, tangled elf-locks hanging about it; next came a long, thin arm with a claw-like hand, then the shoulder followed, and finally the whole body of a slender, emaciated little girl wriggled dexterously, though with much difficulty, through the narrow aperture, and the child dropped down upon the floor as lightly and noiselessly as a feather, a snowflake, or a waft of thistle-down. She had been deceived by Isabelle's remaining so long perfectly quiet, and believed her asleep; but when she softly approached the bed, to make sure that her victim's slumber had not been disturbed by her own advent, an expression of extreme surprise was depicted on her face, as she got a full view of the head lying

upon the pillow and the eyes fixed upon her in speechless terror. "The lady of the necklace!" she exclaimed aloud. "Yes, the lady of the necklace!" putting one hand, as she spoke, caressingly upon the string of pearl beads round her little, thin, brown neck. Isabelle, for her part, though half dead with fright, had recognized the little girl she had first seen at the Blue Sun inn, and afterwards on the road to the Château de Bruyères, in company with Agostino, the brigand. She tried to cry out for help, but the child put her hand quickly and firmly over her mouth.

"Don't scream," she said reassuringly, "nothing shall hurt you. Chiquita promised that she would never kill nor harm the good, sweet lady, who gave her the pearls that she meant to steal."

"But what have you come in here for, my poor child?" asked Isabelle, gradually recovering her composure, but filled with surprise at this strange intrusion.

"To open the great bolt on your door there that you are so careful to close every night," answered Chiquita, in the most matter-of-fact way. "They chose me for it because I am such a good climber, and as thin and supple as a snake; there are not many holes that I cannot manage to crawl through."

"And why were you to open my door, Chiquita? so that thieves could come in and steal what few things I have here? There is nothing of value among them, I assure you."

"Oh, no!" Chiquita replied disdainfully, "it was to let the men in who were to carry you off."

"My God! I am lost," cried poor Isabelle, wringing her hands in despair.

"Not at all," said Chiquita, "and you need not be so frightened. I shall just leave the bolt as it is, and they would not dare to force the door; it would make too much noise, and they would be caught at it; they're not so silly as that, never fear."

"But I should have shrieked at the top of my voice, and clung to the bedstead with all my might, if they had tried to take me," exclaimed Isabelle excitedly, "so that I would have been heard by the people in the neighboring rooms, and I'm sure they would have come to my rescue."

"A good gag will stifle any shrieks," said Chiquita sententiously, with a lofty contempt for Isabelle's ignorance that was very amusing, "and a blanket rolled tightly about the body

prevents any movements; that is an easy matter you see. They would have carried you off without the slightest difficulty, for the stable boy was bribed, and was to open the back door for them."

"Who has laid this wicked plot?" asked the poor, frightened, young girl, with a trembling voice, horror-stricken at the danger she had escaped.

"The great lord who has given them all such heaps of money; oh! such quantities of big gold pieces — by the handful," said Chiquita, her great dark eyes glittering with a fierce, covetous expression, strange and horrible to see in one so young. "But all the same, *you* gave me the pearls, and he shall not hurt you; he shall not have you if you don't want to go. I will tell them that you were awake, and there was a man in the room, so that I could not get in and open the door for them; they will all go away quietly enough; you need not be afraid. Now let me have one good look at you before I go — oh! how sweet and pretty you are — and I love you, yes I do, ever so much; almost as much as Agostino. But what is this?" cried she suddenly, pouncing upon a knife that was lying on the table near the bed. "Why, you have got the very knife I lost; it was my father's knife. Well, you may keep it — it's a good one.

> When this viper bites you, make sure
> That you must die, for there's no cure.

See, this is the way to open it, and then you use it like this; strike from below upwards — the blade goes in better that way — and it's so sharp it will go through anything. Carry it in the bosom of your dress, and it is always ready; then if anybody bothers you, out with it, and paf! you have them ripped up in no time," and the strange, eerie little creature accompanied her words with appropriate gestures, by way of illustration. This extraordinary lesson in the art of using a knife, given in the dead of night, and under such peculiar circumstances, seemed like a nightmare to Isabelle.

"Be sure you hold the knife like this, do you see? tightly clasped in your fingers — as long as you have it no one can harm you, but you can hurt them. Now, I must go — adieu, and don't forget Chiquita."

So saying, the queer little elf pushed a table up to the wall under the bull's eye, mounted it, sprang up and caught hold of

the iron bar with the agility of a monkey, swung herself up in some extraordinary fashion, wriggled through the small opening and disappeared, chanting in a rude measure, "Chiquita whisks through key-holes, and dances on the sharp points of spear-heads and the broken glass on garden walls, without ever hurting herself one bit — and nobody can catch her."

Isabelle, left alone, awaited the break of day with trembling impatience, unable to sleep after the fright and agitation she had experienced, and momentarily dreading some fresh cause of alarm; but nothing else happened to disturb her. When she joined her companions at breakfast, they were all struck with her extreme pallor, and the distressed expression of her countenance. To their anxious questions she replied by giving an account of her nocturnal adventure, and de Sigognac, furious at this fresh outrage, could scarcely be restrained from going at once to demand satisfaction for it from the Duke of Vallombreuse, to whom he did not hesitate to attribute this villainous scheme.

"I think," said Blazius, when he could make himself heard, "that we had better pack up, and be off as soon as we can for Paris; the air is becoming decidedly unwholesome for us in this place."

After a short discussion all the others agreed with him, and it was decided that they should take their departure from Poitiers the very next day.

Isabelle a Prisoner.

Isabelle sat for a long time perfectly motionless in her luxurious chamber, sunk in a sad reverie, apparently entirely oblivious of the glow of light, warmth, and comfort that closed her in — glancing up occasionally at the portrait over the chimney-piece, which seemed to be smiling down upon her and promising her protection and peace, whilst it more than ever reminded her of some dear face she had known and loved long ago. After a time, however, her mood changed. She grew restless, and rising, began to wander aimlessly about the room; but her uneasiness only increased, and finally, in desperation, she resolved to venture out into the corridor and look about her, no matter at what risk. Anything would be better than this enforced inactivity and suspense. She tried the door with a trembling hand, dreading to find herself locked in, but it was not fastened, and seeing that all was dark outside, she

took up a small lamp, that had been left burning on a side table, and boldly setting forth, went softly down the long flight of stairs, in the hope of finding some means of exit from the château on the lower floor. At the foot of the stairs she came to a large double door, one leaf of which yielded easily when she timidly tried to open it, but creaked dolefully as it turned on its hinges.

. . . . . .

She was thankful to find, at the end of the gallery, a glass door opening out upon the court. It was not fastened, and after carefully placing her lamp in a sheltered corner, where no draughts could reach it, she stepped out under the stars. It was a relief to find herself breathing freely in the fresh, pure air, though she was actually no less a prisoner than before, and as she stood looking up into the clear evening sky, and thinking of her own true lover, she seemed to feel new courage and hope springing up in her heart.

. . . . . .

Before reëntering the house she went to look at the drawbridge, with a faint hope that she might chance upon some unexpected means of escape, but all was secure there, and a little postern, opening on the moat, which she discovered near by, was also carefully fastened, with bolts and bars strong enough to keep out an army. As these seemed to be the only means of exit from the château, she felt that she was a prisoner indeed, and understood why it had not been deemed necessary to lock any of the inner doors against her. She walked slowly back to the gallery, entered it by the glass door, found her lamp burning tranquilly just where she had left it, retraced her steps swiftly through the long suite of spacious apartments already described and flew up the grand staircase to her own room, congratulating herself upon not having been detected in her wanderings. She put her lamp down in the antechamber, but paused in terror on the threshold of the inner room, stifling a shriek that had nearly escaped her as she caught sight of a strange, wild figure crouching on the hearth. But her fears were short lived, for with an exclamation of delight the intruder sprang towards her and she saw that it was Chiquita — but Chiquita in boy's clothes.

"Have you got the knife yet?" said the strange little

creature abruptly to Isabelle — "the knife with three bonny red marks."

"Yes, Chiquita, I have it here in my bosom," she replied. "But why do you ask? Is my life in danger?"

"A knife," said the child with fierce, sparkling eyes, "a knife is a faithful friend and servant; it never betrays or fails its master, if he is careful to give it a drink now and then — for a knife is often thirsty you know."

"You frighten me, you naughty child!" exclaimed Isabelle, much troubled and agitated by these sinister, extravagant words, which perhaps, she thought, might be intended as a friendly warning.

"Sharpen the edge on the marble of the chimney-piece, like this," continued Chiquita, "and polish the blade on the sole of your shoe."

"Why do you tell me all this?" cried Isabelle, turning very pale.

"For nothing in particular, only he who would defend himself gets his weapons ready — that's all."

These odd, fierce phrases greatly alarmed Isabelle, yet Chiquita's presence in her room was a wonderful relief and comfort to her. The child apparently cherished a warm and sincere affection for her, which was none the less genuine because of its having arisen from such a trivial incident — for the pearl beads were more precious than diamonds to Chiquita. She had given a voluntary promise to Isabelle never to kill or harm her, and with her strange, wild, yet exalted notions of honor she looked upon it as a solemn obligation and vow, by which she must always abide — for there was a certain savage nobility in Chiquita's character, and she could be faithful unto death. Isabelle was the only human being, except Agostino, who had been kind to her. She had smiled upon the unkempt child, and given her the coveted necklace, and Chiquita loved her for it, while she adored her beauty. Isabelle's sweet countenance, so angelically mild and pure, exercised a wonderful influence over the neglected little savage, who had always been surrounded by fierce, haggard faces, expressive of every evil passion, and disfigured by indulgence in the lowest vices, and excesses of every kind.

"But how does it happen that you are here, Chiquita?" asked Isabelle, after a short silence. "Were you sent to keep guard over me?"

"No, I came alone and of my own accord," answered Chiquita, "because I saw the light and fire. I was tired of lying all cramped up in a corner, and keeping quiet, while those beastly men drank bottle after bottle of wine, and gorged themselves with the good things set before them. I am so little, you know, so young and slender, that they pay no more attention to me than they would to a kitten asleep under the table. While they were making a great noise I slipped quietly away unperceived. The smell of the wine and the food sickened me. I am used to the sweet perfume of the heather, and the pure resinous odor of the pines. I cannot breathe in such an atmosphere as there is down below there."

"And you were not afraid to wander alone, without a light, through the long, dark corridors, and the lonely, deserted rooms?"

"Chiquita does not know what it is to be afraid — her eyes can see in the dark, and her feet never stumble. The very owls shut their eyes when they meet her, and the bats fold their wings when she comes near their haunts. Wandering ghosts stand aside to let her pass, or turn back when they see her approaching. Night is her comrade, and hides no secrets from her, and Chiquita never betrays them to the day."

Her eyes flashed and dilated as she spoke, and Isabelle looked at her with growing wonder, not unmixed with a vague sensation of fear.

"I like much better to stay here, in this heavenly quiet, by the fire with you," continued the child, "than down there in all the uproar. You are so beautiful that I love to look at you — you are like the Blessed Virgin that I have seen shining above the altar. Only from afar though, for they always chase me out of the churches with the dogs, because I am so shabby and forlorn. How white your hand is! Mine looks like a monkey's paw beside it — and your hair is as fine and soft as silk, while mine is all rough and tangled. Oh! I am so horribly ugly — you must think so too."

"No, my dear child," Isabelle replied, touched by her naïve expressions of affection and admiration, "I do not think so. You have beauty too, — you only need to make yourself neat and clean to be as pretty a little girl as one would wish to see."

"Do you really think so? Are you telling me true? I would steal fine clothes if they would make me pretty, for then Agostino would love me."

This idea brought a little flush of color to her thin brown cheeks, and for a few minutes she seemed lost in a pleasant reverie.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Isabelle, when Chiquita looked up at her again.

"In a château that belongs to the great seignior who has so much money, and who wanted to carry you off at Poitiers. I had only to draw the bolt and it would have been done then. But you gave me the pearl necklace, and I love you, and I would not do anything you did not like."

"Yet you have helped to carry me off this time," said Isabelle reproachfully. "Is it because you don't love me any more that you have given me up to my enemies?"

"Agostino ordered me, and I had to obey; besides, some other child could have played guide to the blind man as well as I, and then I could not have come into the château with you, do you see? — here I may be able to do something to help you. I am brave, active, and strong, though I am so small, and quick as lightning too — and I shall not let anybody harm you."

"Is this château very far from Paris?" asked Isabelle, drawing Chiquita up on her lap. "Did you hear any one mention the name of this place?"

"Yes, one of them called it — now what was it?" said the child, looking up at the ceiling and absently scratching her head, as if to stimulate her memory.

"Try to remember it, my child!" said Isabelle, softly stroking Chiquita's brown cheeks, which flushed with delight at the unwonted caress — no one had ever petted the poor child in her life before.

"I think that it was Val-lom-breuse," said Chiquita at last, pronouncing the syllables separately and slowly, as if listening to an inward echo. "Yes, Vallombreuse, I am sure of it now. It is the name of the seignior that your Captain Fracasse wounded in a duel — he would have done much better if he had killed him outright — saved a great deal of trouble to himself and to you. He is very wicked, that rich duke, though he does throw his gold about so freely by the handfuls — just like a man sowing grain. You hate him, don't you? and you would be glad if you could get away from him, eh!"

"Oh yes, indeed!" cried Isabelle impetuously. "But alas! it is impossible — a deep moat runs all around this château —

the drawbridge is up, the postern securely fastened — there is no way of escape."

"Chiquita laughs at bolts and bars, at high walls and deep moats. Chiquita can get out of the best guarded prison whenever she pleases, and fly away to the moon, right before the eyes of her astonished jailer. If you choose, before the sun rises your Captain Fracasse shall know where the treasure that he seeks is hidden."

. . . . . .

Meantime Isabelle, left quite alone, tried in vain to interest herself in a book she had found lying upon one of the side-tables. She read a few pages mechanically, and then, finding it impossible to fix her attention upon it, threw the volume from her and sat idly in front of the fire, which was blazing cheerily, thinking of her own true lover, and praying that he might be preserved from injury in the impending struggle. Evening came at last — a servant brought in lights, and soon after the major-domo announced a visit from the Duke of Vallombreuse. He entered at once, and greeted his fair captive with the most finished courtesy. He looked very handsome, in a superb suit of pearl gray satin, richly trimmed with crimson velvet, and Isabelle could not but admire his personal appearance much as she detested his character.

"I have come to see, my adorable Isabelle, whether *I* shall be more kindly received than my flowers," said he, drawing up a chair beside hers. "I have not the vanity to think so, but I want you to become accustomed to my presence. To-morrow another bouquet, and another visit."

"Both will be useless, my lord," she replied, "though I am sorry to have to be so rude as to say so — but I had much better be perfectly frank with you."

"Ah, well!" rejoined the duke, with a malicious smile, "I will dispense with hope, and content myself with reality. You do not know, my poor child, what a Vallombreuse can be — you, who vainly try to resist him. He has never yet known what it was to have an unsatisfied desire — he invariably gains his ends, in spite of all opposition — nothing can stop him. Tears, supplication, laments, threats, even dead bodies and smoking ruins would not daunt him. Do not tempt him too powerfully, by throwing new obstacles in his way, you imprudent child!"

Isabelle, frightened by the expression of his countenance as

he spoke thus, instinctively pushed her chair further away from his, and felt for Chiquita's knife. But the wily duke, seeing that he had made a mistake, instantly changed his tone, and begging her pardon most humbly for his vehemence, endeavored to persuade her, by many specious arguments, that she was wrong in persistently turning a deaf ear to his suit — setting forth at length, and in glowing words, all the advantages that would accrue to her if she would but yield to his wishes, and describing the happiness in store for her. While he was thus eloquently pleading his cause, Isabelle, who had given him only a divided attention, thought that she heard a peculiar little noise in the direction whence the longed-for aid was to come, and fearing that Vallombreuse might hear it also, hastened to answer him the instant that he paused, in a way to vex him still further — for she preferred his anger to his love-making. Also, she hoped that by quarreling with him she would be able to prevent his perceiving the suspicious little sound — now growing louder and more noticeable.

"The happiness that you so eloquently describe, my lord, would be for me a disgrace, which I am resolved to escape by death, if all other means fail me. You never shall have me living. Formerly I regarded you with indifference, but now I both hate and despise you, for your infamous, outrageous and violent behavior to me, your helpless victim. Yes, I may as well tell you openly — and I glory in it — that I do love the Baron de Sigognac, whom you have more than once so basely tried to assassinate, through your miserable hired ruffians."

The strange noise still kept on, and Isabelle raised her voice to drown it. At her audacious, defiant words, so distinctly and impressively enunciated — hurled at him, as it were — Vallombreuse turned pale, and his eyes flashed ominously; a light foam gathered about the corners of his mouth, and he laid hold of the handle of his sword. For an instant he thought of killing Isabelle himself, then and there. If he could not have her, at least no one else should. But he relinquished that idea almost as soon as it occurred to him, and with a hard, forced laugh said, as he sprang up and advanced impetuously towards Isabelle, who retreated before him:

"Now, by all the devils in hell, I cannot help admiring you immensely in this mood. It is a new *rôle* for you, and you are deucedly charming in it. You have got such a splendid color, and your eyes are so bright — you are superb, I declare. I am

greatly flattered at your blazing out into such dazzling beauty on my account — upon my word I am. You have done well to speak out openly — I hate deceit. So you love de Sigognac, do you? So much the better, say I — it will be all the sweeter to call you mine. It will be a pleasing variety to press ardent kisses upon sweet lips that say 'I hate you,' instead of the insipid, everlasting 'I love you,' that one gets a surfeit of from all the pretty women of one's acquaintance."

Alarmed at this coarse language, and the threatening gestures that accompanied it, Isabelle started back and drew out Chiquita's knife.

"Bravo!" cried the duke — "here comes the traditional poniard. We are being treated to a bit of high tragedy. But, my fierce little beauty, if you are well up in your Roman history, you will remember that the chaste Madame Lucretia did not make use of her dagger until *after* the assault of Sextus, the bold son of Tarquin the Proud. That ancient and much-cited example is a good one to follow."

And without paying any more attention to the knife than to a bee-sting, he had violently seized Isabelle in his arms before she could raise it to strike.

Just at that moment a loud cracking noise was heard, followed by a tremendous crash, and the casement fell clattering to the floor, with every pane of glass in it shattered; as if a giant had put his knee against it and broken it in; while a mass of branches protruded through the opening into the room. It was the top of the tree that Chiquita had made such good use of as a way of escape and return. The trunk, sawed nearly through by de Sigognac and his companions, was guided in its fall so as to make a means of access to Isabelle's window; both bridging the moat, and answering all the purposes of a ladder.

The Duke of Vallombreuse, astonished at this most extraordinary intrusion upon his love-making, released his trembling victim, and drew his sword. Chiquita, who had crept into the room unperceived when the crash came, pulled Isabelle's sleeve and whispered, "Come into this corner, out of the way; the dance is going to begin."

As she spoke, several pistol shots were heard without, and four of the duke's ruffians — who were doing garrison duty — came rushing up the stairs, four steps at a time, and dashed into the room — sword in hand, and eager for the fray.

Chiquita's Declaration of Love.

A compact crowd filled the Place de Grève, despite the early hour indicated by the clock of the Hôtel de Ville. The tall buildings on the eastern side of the square threw their shadows more than half-way across it, and upon a sinister-looking wooden framework, which rose several feet above the heads of the populace, and bore a number of ominous, dull red stains. At the windows of the houses surrounding the crowded square, a few heads were to be seen looking out from time to time, but quickly drawn back again as they perceived that the interesting performance, for which all were waiting, had not yet begun. Clinging to the transverse piece of the tall stone cross, which stood at that side of the open square nearest the river, was a forlorn, little, ragged boy, who had climbed up to it with the greatest difficulty, and was holding on with all his might, his arms clasped round the cross-piece and his legs round the upright, in a most painful and precarious position. But nothing would have induced him to abandon it, so long as he could possibly maintain himself there, no matter at what cost of discomfort, or even actual distress, for from it he had a capital view of the scaffold, and all its horribly fascinating details — the wheel upon which the criminal was to revolve, the coil of rope to bind him to it, and the heavy bar to break his bones.

If any one among the anxious crowd of spectators, however, had carefully studied the small, thin countenance of the child perched up on the tall stone cross, he would have discovered that its expression was by no means that of vulgar curiosity. It was not simply the fierce attractions of an execution that had drawn thither this wild, weird-looking young creature with his sunburnt complexion, great, flashing, dark eyes, brilliant white teeth, unkempt masses of thick, black hair, and slender brown hands — which were convulsively clinging to the rough cold stone. The delicacy of the features would seem to indicate a different sex from the dress — but nobody paid any attention to the child, and all eyes were turned towards the scaffold, or the direction from which the cart bearing the condemned criminal was to come. Among the groups close around the scaffold were several faces we have seen before; notably, the chalky countenance and fiery red nose of Malartic, and the bold

profile of Jacquemin Lampourde, also several of the ruffians engaged in the abduction of Isabelle, as well as various other *habitués* of the crowned Radish. The Place de Grève, to which sooner or later they were all pretty sure to come and expiate their crimes with their lives, seemed to exercise a singular fascination over murderers, thieves, and criminals of all sorts, who invariably gathered in force to witness an execution. They evidently could not resist it, and appeared to find a fierce satisfaction in watching the terrible spectacle that they themselves would some day probably furnish to the gaping multitude. Then the victim himself always expected his friends' attendance — he would be hurt and disappointed if his comrades did not rally round him at the last. A criminal in that position likes to see familiar faces in the throng that hems him in. It gives him courage, steadies his nerves. He cannot exhibit any signs of cowardice before those who appreciate true merit and bravery, according to his way of thinking, and pride comes to his aid. A man will meet death like a Roman under such circumstances, who would be weak as a woman if he were dispatched in private.

The criminal to be executed on that occasion was a thief, already notorious in Paris for his daring and dexterity, though he had only been there a few months. But, unfortunately for himself — though very much the reverse for the well-to-do citizens of the capital in general — he had not confined himself to his legitimate business. In his last enterprise — breaking into a private dwelling to gain possession of a large sum of money that was to be kept there for a single night — he had killed the master of the house, who was aroused by his entrance; and, not content to stop there, had also brutally murdered his wife, as she lay quietly sleeping in her bed — like a tiger, that has tasted blood and is wild for more. So atrocious a crime had roused the indignation of even his own unscrupulous, hardened companions, and it was not long ere his hiding-place was mysteriously revealed, and he was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Now he was to pay the penalty of his guilt.

As the fatal hour approached, a carriage drove down along the quay, turned into the Place de Grève, and attempted to cross it; but, becoming immediately entangled in the crowd, could make little or no progress, despite the utmost exertions of the majestic coachman and attendant lackeys to induce the people to make way for it, and let it pass. But for the grand coat

of arms and ducal coronet emblazoned on the panels, which inspired a certain awe as well as respect in the motley throng of pedestrians, the equipage would undoubtedly have been roughly dealt with — but as it was, they contented themselves with resolutely and obstinately barring its passage, after it had reached the middle of the square. The indignant coachman did not dare to urge his spirited horses forward at all hazards, ruthlessly trampling down the unlucky individuals who happened to be directly in his way, as he would certainly have done in any ordinary crowd, for the canaille, that filled the Place de Grève to overflowing, was out in too great force to be trifled with — so there was nothing for it but patience.

"These rascals are waiting for an execution, and will not stir, nor let us stir, until it is over," said a remarkably handsome young man, magnificently dressed, to his equally fine looking, though more modestly attired friend, who was seated beside him in the luxurious carriage. "The devil take the unlucky dog who must needs be broken on the wheel just when we want to cross the Place de Grève. Why couldn't he have put it off until to-morrow morning, I should like to know!"

"You may be sure that the poor wretch would be only too glad to do so if he could," answered the other, "for the occasion is a far more serious matter to him than to us."

"The best thing we can do under the circumstances, my dear de Sigognac, is to turn our heads away if the spectacle is too revolting — though it is by no means easy, when something horrible is taking place close at hand. Even Saint Augustine opened his eyes in the arena at a loud cheer from the people, though he had vowed to himself beforehand to keep them closed."

"At all events we shall not be detained here long," rejoined de Sigognac, "for there comes the prisoner. See, Vallombreuse, how the crowd gives way before him, though it will not let us move an inch."

A rickety cart, drawn by a miserable old skeleton of a horse, and surrounded by mounted guards, was slowly advancing through the dense throng towards the scaffold. In it were a venerable priest, with a long white beard, who was holding a crucifix to the lips of the condemned man, seated beside him, the executioner, placed behind his victim, and holding the end of the rope that bound him, and an assistant, who was driving

the poor old horse. The criminal, whom every one turned to gaze at, was no other than our old acquaintance, Agostino, the brigand.

"Why, what is this?" cried de Sigognac, in great surprise. "I know that man — he is the fellow who stopped us on the highway, and tried to frighten us with his band of scarecrows, as poor Matamore called them. I told you all about it when we came by the place where it happened."

"Yes, I remember perfectly," said Vallombreuse; "it was a capital story, and I had a good laugh over it. But it would seem that the ingenious rascal has been up to something more serious since then — his ambition has probably been his ruin. He certainly is no coward — only look what a good face he puts on it."

Agostino, holding his head proudly erect, but a trifle paler than usual perhaps, seemed to be searching for some one in the crowd. When the cart passed slowly in front of the stone cross, he caught sight of the little boy, who had not budged from his excessively uncomfortable and wearisome position, and a flash of joy shone in the brigand's eyes, a slight smile parted his lips, as he made an almost imperceptible sign with his head, and said in a low tone, "Chiquita!"

"My son, what was that strange word you spoke?" asked the priest. "It sounded like an outlandish woman's name. Dismiss all such subjects from your mind, and fix your thoughts on your own hopes of salvation, for you stand on the threshold of eternity."

"Yes, my father, I know it but too well, and though my hair is black and my form erect, whilst you are bowed with age, and your long beard is white as snow, you are younger now than I — every turn of the wheels, towards that scaffold yonder, ages me by ten years."

During this brief colloquy the cart had made steady progress, and in a moment more had stopped at the foot of the rude wooden steps that led up to the scaffold, which Agostino ascended slowly but unfalteringly — preceded by the assistant, supported by the priest, and followed by the executioner. In less than a minute he was firmly bound upon the wheel, and the executioner, having thrown off his showy scarlet cloak, braided with white, and rolled up his sleeves, stooped to pick up the terrible bar that lay at his feet. It was a moment of intense horror and excitement. An anxious curiosity, largely mixed

with dread, oppressed the hearts of the spectators, who stood motionless, breathless, with pale faces, and straining eyes fixed upon the tragic group on the fatal scaffold. Suddenly a strange stir ran through the crowd — the child, who was perched up on the cross, had slipped quickly down to the ground, and gliding like a serpent through the closely packed throng, reached the scaffold, cleared the steps at a bound, and appeared beside the astonished executioner, who was just in the act of raising the ponderous bar to strike, with such a wild, ghastly, yet inspired and noble countenance — lighted up by a strength of will and purpose that made it actually sublime — that the grim dealer of death paused involuntarily, and withheld the murderous blow about to fall.

"Get out of my way, thou puppet!" he roared in angry tones, as he recovered his *sang-froid*, "or thou wilt get thy accursed head smashed."

But Chiquita paid no attention to him — she did not care whether she was killed too, or not. Bending over Agostino, she passionately kissed his forehead, whispered "I love thee!" — and then, with a blow as swift as lightning, plunged into his heart the knife she had reclaimed from Isabelle. It was dealt with so firm a hand, and unerring an aim, that death was almost instantaneous — scarcely had Agostino time to murmur "Thanks."

With a wild burst of hysterical laughter the child sprang down from the scaffold, while the executioner, stupefied at her bold deed, lowered his now useless club; uncertain whether or not he should proceed to break the bones of the man already dead, and beyond his power to torture.

"Well done, Chiquita, well done, and bravely!" cried Malartic — who had recognized her in spite of her boy's clothes — losing his self-restraint in his admiration. The other ruffians, who had seen Chiquita at the Crowned Radish, and wondered at and admired her courage when she stood against the door and let Agostino fling his terrible "*navaja*" at her without moving a muscle, now grouped themselves closely together so as to effectually prevent the soldiers from pursuing her. The fracas that ensued gave Chiquita time to reach the carriage of the Duke of Vallombreuse — which taking advantage of the stir and shifting in the throng, was slowly making its way out of the place de Grève. She climbed up on the step, and catching sight of de Sigognac within, appealed to him, in scarcely

audible words, as she panted and trembled — "I saved your Isabelle, now save me!"

Vallombreuse, who had been very much interested by this strange and exciting scene, cried to the coachman, "Get on as fast as you can, even if you have to drive over the people."

But there was no need — the crowd opened as if by magic before the carriage, and closed again compactly after it had passed, so that Chiquita's pursuers could not penetrate it, or make any progress — they were completely baffled, whichever way they turned. Meanwhile the fugitive was being rapidly carried beyond their reach. As soon as the open street was gained, the coachman had urged his horses forward, and in a few minutes they reached the Porte Saint Antoine. As the report of what had occurred in the Place de Grève could not have preceded them, Vallombreuse thought it better to proceed at a more moderate pace — fearing that their very speed might arouse suspicion — and gave orders accordingly; as soon as they were fairly beyond the gate he took Chiquita into the carriage — where she seated herself, without a word, opposite to de Sigognac. Under the calmest exterior she was filled with a preternatural excitement — not a muscle of her face moved; but a bright flush glowed on her usually pale cheeks, which gave to her magnificent dark eyes — now fixed upon vacancy, and seeing nothing that was before them — a marvelous brilliancy. A complete transformation had taken place in Chiquita — this violent shock had torn asunder the childish chrysalis in which the young maiden had lain dormant — as she plunged her knife into Agostino's heart she opened her own. Her love was born of that murder — the strange, almost sexless being, half child, half goblin, that she had been until then, existed no longer — Chiquita was a woman from the moment of that heroic act of sublime devotion. Her passion, that had bloomed out in one instant, was destined to be eternal — a kiss and a stab, that was Chiquita's love story.

The carriage rolled smoothly and swiftly on its way towards Vallombreuse, and when the high, steep roof of the château came in sight the young duke said to de Sigognac, "You must go with me to my room first, where you can get rid of the dust, and freshen up a bit before I present you to my sister — who knows nothing whatever of my journey, or its motive. I have prepared a surprise for her, and I want it to be complete — so please draw down the curtain on your side, while I do the same

on mine, in order that we may not be seen, as we drive into the court, from any of the windows that command a view of it. But what are we to do with this little wretch here?"

Chiquita, who was roused from her deep reverie by the duke's question, looked gravely up at him, and said, "Let some one take me to Madame Isabelle — she will decide what is to be done with me."

With all the curtains carefully drawn down the carriage drove over the drawbridge and into the court — Vallombreuse alighted, took de Sigognac's arm, and led him silently to his own apartment, after having ordered a servant to conduct Chiquita to the presence of the Comtesse de Lineuil. At sight of her Isabelle was greatly astonished, and, laying down the book she was reading, fixed upon the poor child a look full of interest, affection, and questioning. Chiquita stood silent and motionless until the servant had retired, then, with a strange solemnity, which was entirely new in her, she went up to Isabelle, and timidly taking her hand, said:

"My knife is in Agostino's heart. I have no master now, and I must devote myself to somebody. Next to him who is dead I love you best of all the world. You gave me the pearl necklace I wished for, and you kissed me. Will you have me for your servant, your slave, your dog? Only give me a black dress, so that I may wear mourning for my lost love — it is all I ask. I will sleep on the floor outside your door, so that I shall not be in your way. When you want me, whistle for me, like this," — and she whistled shrilly — "and I will come instantly. Will you have me?"

In answer Isabelle drew Chiquita into her arms, pressed her lips to the girl's forehead warmly, and thankfully accepted this soul, that dedicated itself to her.

The Close of Day.

The daylight died; a filmy cloud
  Left lazily the zenith height,
In the calm river scarcely stirred,
  To bathe its flowing garment white.

Night came: Night saddened but serene,
  In mourning for her brother Day;
And every star before the queen
  Bent, robed in gold, to own her sway.

The turtle-dove's soft wail was heard,
The children dreaming in their sleep;
The air seemed filled with rustling wings
Of unseen birds in downy sweep.

Heaven spake to earth in murmurs low,
As when the Hebrew prophets trod
Her hills of old; one word I know
Of that mysterious speech — 'tis God.

The First Smile of Spring.

While to their vexatious toil, breathless, men are hurrying,
March, who laughs despite of showers, secretly prepares the Spring.

For the Easter daisies small, while they sleep, the cunning fellow
Paints anew their collarettes, burnishes their buttons yellow;

Goes, the sly perruquier, to the orchard, to the vine,
Powders white the almond-tree with a puff of swan's-down fine.

To the garden bare he flies, while dame Nature still reposes;
In their vests of velvet green, laces all the budding roses;

Whistles in the blackbird's ear new roulades for him to follow;
Sows the snowdrop far and near, and the violet in the hollow.

On the margin of the fountain, where the stag drinks, listening,
From his hidden hand he scatters silvery lily-buds for Spring;

Hides the crimson strawberry in the grass, for thee to seek;
Plaits a leafy hat, to shade from the glowing sun thy cheek.

Then, when all his task is done, past his reign, away he hies;
Turns his head at April's threshold; — "Springtime, you may
come!" he cries.

Departure of the Swallows.

The rain-drops plash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mold;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
"We must follow the Summer, come one, come all,
For the Winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend.
Says one, "I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cozy home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café,
Where over the threshold Hadjii sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile's green shore,
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside —
Then come to the Nile with me."

They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.

Looking Upward.

From Sixtus' fane when Michael Angelo
His work completed radiant and sublime,
The scaffold left and sought the streets below,

Nor eyes nor arms would lower for a time;
His feet knew not to walk upon the ground,
Unused to earth, so long in heavenly clime.

Upward he gazed while three long months went round;
So might an angel look who should adore
The dread triangle mystery profound.

My brother poets, while their spirits soar,
In the world's ways at every moment trip,
Walking in dreams while they the heavens explore.

The Poet and the Crowd.

One day the plain said to the idle mountain: —
Nothing ever grows upon thy wind-beaten brow!
To the poet, bending thoughtful over his lyre,
The crowd also said: — Dreamer, of what use art thou?

Full of wrath, the mountain answered the plain: —
It is I who make the harvests grow upon thy soil;
I temper the breath of the noon sun,
I stop in the skies the clouds as they fly by.

With my fingers I knead the snow into avalanches,
In my crucible I dissolve the crystals of glaciers,
And I pour out, from the tip of my white breasts,
In long silver threads, the nourishing streams.

. . . . . .

The poet, in his turn, answered the crowd: —
Allow my pale brow to rest upon my hand.
Have I not from my side, from which runs out my soul,
Made a spring gush to slake men's thirst?

The Veterans.

(From "The Old Guard.")

The thing is worth considering;
Three ghosts of old veterans
In the uniform of the Old Guard,
With two shadows of hussars!

Since the supreme battle
One has grown thin, the other stout;
The coat once made to fit them
Is either too loose or too tight.

Don't laugh, comrade;
But rather bow low
To these Achilles of an Iliad
That Homer would not have invented.

Their faces with the swarthy skin
Speak of Egypt with the burning sun,
And the snows of Russia
Still powder their white hair.

If their joints are stiff, it is because on the battlefield
Flags were their only blankets;
And if their sleeves don't fit,
It is because a cannon-ball took off their arm.

The Pot of Flowers.

Sometimes a child finds a small seed,
And at once, delighted with its bright colors,
To plant it he takes a porcelain jar
Adorned with blue dragons and strange flowers.

He goes away. The root, snake-like, stretches,
Breaks through the earth, blooms, becomes a shrub;
Each day, farther down, it sinks its fibrous foot,
Until it bursts the sides of the vessel.

The child returns: surprised, he sees the rich plant
Over the vase's débris brandishing its green spikes;
He wants to pull it out, but the stem is stubborn.
The child persists, and tears his fingers with the pointed
arrows.

Thus grew love in my simple heart;
I believed I sowed but a spring flower;
'Tis a large aloe, whose root breaks
The porcelain vase with the brilliant figures.

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